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LIFE

OF

LORD LAWRENCE

BY

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ETC.

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LIFE

OF

LORD LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PUNJAB AND DELHI.

JUNE–JULY, 1857.

I HAVE now brought my narrative of the measures taken by Sir John Lawrence for the protection of the frontier of his province, for the strengthening of its forts and arsenals, for the disarmament and safe-keeping of its mutinous Sepoys, for the raising and the distribution of fresh troops, and for the carrying on of its ordinary administration, to the point of time which I had reached at the close of the penultimate chapter of the first volume, when such progress had been made towards the attaining of his more distant, but, certainly, not less important or less arduous object, as the appearance of the Field Force before Delhi might be considered to imply. Mutiny was now, no longer, to rear its head unmolested in the capital of the Moguls. Resistance was to be opposed to its further progress from Delhi as a centre. And if fresh bodies of mutineers were still able to flock, without let or hindrance, into the city on five-sixths of its circumference, they would, at least, see, as they looked northwards from its ramparts, the British flag flying on the adjoining Ridge, and would know that the cantonments behind that Ridge, from which our officers had been driven amidst scenes of rapine and murder a few weeks before, now contained the nucleus of a British force, who were resolved to hold them till Delhi fell, against all comers

It may further be observed that it was on the very same day which witnessed the disarmament of the Sepoys at Mooltan, that the Delhi Field Force first received ocular demonstration, by the arrival of the Guides among them, of what Sir John Lawrence had already done, was doing, and was going to do in furtherance of their great enterprise; and that it was on the following day again, that the great Punishment Parade took place at Peshawur, which, as I have already shown, was changed by his remonstrances from a wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter into an act of judicial retribution. It would be difficult to say which of the three operations, all completed within twenty-four hours of each other, and at the most opposite corners of the sphere of his influence, the disarmament at Mooltan, the arrival of the Guides at Delhi, or the Punishment Parade at Peshawur, was most characteristic of the man and of his work. But, taken altogether, they form a sufficiently striking picture of that combination of mind with matter, of patience with promptitude, of wide views with the minutest grasp of details, of judicial calmness with irrepressible energy, which marked him throughout, which made him a head and shoulders taller than even the ablest and most energetic of his subordinates, and enabled him to guide the ship through the storm without, as it seems to me, giving a single order, or writing a single letter, or authorising a single course of action, which need shrink from the full light of day, or which, as we look back at it calmly at this distance of time, we can say ought, under all the circumstances of the case, to have remained unspoken, unwritten, or undone.

It was on the morning of June 9 that the Guides arrived before Delhi. They had accomplished a distance of five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days, and that too at the very hottest season of the year. There had been but three halts during the whole march, and those only by special order. It was a march hitherto unequalled in India, and in point of speed—an average of twenty-seven miles a day—it is, I believe, unequalled still. Unfortunately, they arrived just too late for the battle of Budli-ki-Serai. An ill-timed requisition by Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who had escaped with his bare life from Delhi, had called them aside from the nobler object which lay in front, to the less congenial work of burning some villages which lay along their line of march. But on the morning following the battle, before any siege operations had begun, they came in, travel-stained, but not travel-worn, light of heart and light of step, proud of their

mission, of their leader, and of their march, the vanguard of the long succession of reinforcements which Sir John Lawrence was to pour down on Delhi, and were welcomed, as well they might be, with ringing cheers by the small force of which they were henceforward to form so conspicuous a part. Nor had they been in camp more than a few hours, when they crossed swords with the enemy's cavalry, and drove them back in disorder right up to the city walls. They were unfortunate in one thing only, that Quentin Battye, the second in command, a young officer of rare promise and of conspicuous courage, fell mortally wounded in the charge.

The gallant Guides—those, at least of them who were married—had felt one cause of anxiety during the early part of their march, which Sir John Lawrence himself had managed to remove. They had been obliged to leave their wives and children behind them at Murdan; and these—as many an anxious husband or father thought—might be exposed to injury or insult at the hands of the disaffected Sepoys, or the wild borderers, who were their nearest neighbours. The corps was ordered to halt at Rawul Pindi, that the Chief Commissioner might bid them God-speed, and that their leader, Henry Daly, might hold counsel with him, with Neville Chamberlain, and with Herbert Edwardes, who had, just then, gathered there. Daly mentioned the anxieties of his men to John Lawrence, who at once promised to call their wives and families down to Rawul Pindi, and look after them there himself! And a letter of his to Daly, which must have caught up the regiment at Umballa or thereabouts, will show that he was as good as his word. 'I hope this will find you all safe, and that you will not be too late for the fight at Delhi. I send you a list of the ladies of your regiment who have arrived at this place from Murdan. They are all safe, under my protection, in my compound. I will give them the sums noted out of their husbands' pay, or until I hear from you. If the husbands purpose any alteration, let me know the specific sums which each is to receive monthly.'

There are, as it seeems to me, few more picturesque or characteristic incidents in Sir John Lawrence's life than this. The Chief Commissioner 'having the care,' like the Apostle of old, 'of all the churches,' overworked and ill in health, and yet playing the part of a humble deacon in the early church, and himself seeing that 'the widows,' aye, and the wives and children, were not neglected in 'the daily ministration;' the 'ladies of the regiment,' belonging to, perhaps, a dozen different tribes, and speaking half-a-dozen different dialects,

but all safe under his eye, all having the run of his compound, and receiving each, from his own hand, month by month, the exact sums which their more thrifty, or their more liberally disposed, husbands before Delhi might be willing to entrust to them! There was of course, a humorous side to the scene, which Sir John Lawrence himself would be the first to appreciate. But if genius is 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' here, certainly, was something of genius; and if true religion consists 'in visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction,' here was more than something of true religion.

And it may be worth while to remark here that there is often something of tenderness, or even of a fatherly solicitude, in the way in which Sir John Lawrence writes and speaks of this wild and uncouth regiment. 'Pray tell the Guides,' he writes to Daly after their first success, 'how delighted I am with their good conduct.'

'I am much afraid,' he writes on another occasion, when they had fought and won against terrible odds, 'that the poor Guides have suffered greatly. What with the enemy and cholera, their ranks must have been fearfully thinned. *Try and get them to keep themselves clean and dry.* These are great safeguards against cholera.'

When Delhi had been taken, and the Guides had done their part towards it right well, there was no regiment, or remnant of a regiment, which he was so anxious to get back into the Punjab again. 'Let the Guides come back,' he wrote, 'if you can spare them. I shall be glad to see their old battered faces again.'

There is a ring of tenderness about these extracts which, coming from the man who wrote them, is certainly noteworthy. Something of it may have been due to the strong affection which he felt for Harry Lumsden, who had originally raised, and for Henry Daly, who now led them; something also to the wild, and adventurous, and uncanny character of the men themselves; a character with which, in his earlier days at least, he would have had much sympathy. But even more, I think, is due to the fact that the regiment of Guides owed its existence to the fertile and ever-active brain of Sir Henry Lawrence, who still showed, in his letters to his brother, a lively interest in their welfare.

When I came down with the Guides (said, in conversation with me, Sir Henry Daly, a great friend of both brothers), we halted for a day at Rawul Pindi, that I might confer with Sir John. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were about to start, I went in to bid him good-bye. He was then lying on his bed in terrible suffering from

tic. 'Ah!' he said to me, as I was leaving the room, 'you will, very likely, see my brother Henry before I do. He has a terrible job down there at Lucknow.' Throughout that afternoon a succession of gloomy telegrams had been coming in to Sir John Lawrence, telling him that the Residency at Lucknow was beleaguered, and the whole country was 'up.' 'Tell him so and so,' said Sir John, and then came a string of very kindly messages. 'Ah, well!' he ended up pathetically, and I fancy that I can, even now, see his big burly body lying on the bed as he said it, 'Ah well! Henry had a greater grip on men than I ever had!'

And so Daly passed on to Delhi, laden with fraternal messages to Sir Henry Lawrence, which were never destined to be delivered. But the drift of a few remarks of his, dropped in the course of the same conversation with reference to the Lawrence brothers and some of their surroundings, seem to me well worth reproducing here :—

When I saw my chief, seven years afterwards, as Viceroy at Simla, I found him the same simple John Lawrence as of old. 'Do you remember,' I asked him, 'what you said to me about your brother Henry at Rawul Pindi, as I was going down with the Guides?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'it was quite true. Henry had a greater grip on men than I have.' The Lawrences were not like other men, nor were they like each other. Their powers were very different. 'If I were dealing with a new country,' said Edwardes to me once, 'I would take Henry through it first, and he should say what was to be done; and then I would leave John to carry it out and to modify it.' I had seen Henry at Lucknow in the April previous. He had asked me to pay him a visit; though, as he warned me, he had only one knife and fork to his name! The Mutiny was then brewing apace, and he was busy, taking every possible precaution, fortifying the Muchi Bawn, &c. He was much altered from what I remembered him in the Punjab. Knowing that I was going on to Lahore, he gave me many messages to his brother John, all of them kind ones. But he laid most stress of all on a reminder which I was to give him to be very gentle and considerate in dealing with the Sirdars. 'Ah, yes,' said John, when I gave him the message, 'that was always Henry's way.' Nicholson's boundless devotion to Henry always made him rather stiff and unfriendly to John. He was unable to appreciate even the magnanimity evidenced in those letters partly of gentle rebuke, partly of admiration, which came to him when he was moving down towards Delhi. 'I don't want long yarns from you; but just write me a line or two, that I may know what you are doing.' 'If I could knight you, I would do so on the spot.' John never deserted any friend of Henry's if he could possibly keep him, and hence his wonderful forbearance with Nicholson. He knew perfectly well that Nicholson did not like him and spoke a ainst him. But such things

never made the slighest difference in his behaviour to him or to anyone else. He had nothing mean or small in his nature; no spite or malice. He was the *biggest* man I have ever known. We used to call him 'King John' on the frontier, and it is as such that I still love to think of him.

The Movable Column, the command of which had been given, as I have related, to Neville Chamberlain, had, by this time, passed on from Rawul Pindi to Jhelum and Wuzeerabad, and was nearing Lahore. Chamberlain had been invested by General Anson, for the purposes of his command, with the rank of Brigadier-General. Otherwise, all his movements would have been hampered, and the object for which the column had been formed would have been defeated. He would have been unable to enter any military station without the leave of the Brigadier commanding it, and when he had done so, he would have been subject to his authority. The Column reached Lahore on June 4, and its presence was taken advantage of to put the finishing touch to the bold measure of disarmament which had been carried out on May 13. The 8th Light Cavalry Regiment had been disarmed, but had not, as yet, been dismounted. They might, therefore, still be formidable, and there were some indications that they were disposed to be so. By skilful arrangement they were now deprived of their horses, without bloodshed, though not without disorder. A few days afterwards, the Jullundur rising took place, and Chamberlain hurried off with his Column to Umritsur, which he reached in two forced marches; in time, that is, to anticipate any rising on the part of its excitable inhabitants, and to make Govindghur secure against attack.

But now the news of the death of Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General of the army before Delhi, reached Sir John Lawrence. He knew well how valuable Chamberlain's services were to him in the Punjab. But he felt that they would be more valuable still at Delhi. And, with his usual self-abnegation, he telegraphed to Reed, offering to allow either Chamberlain or Nicholson to fill the vacant place, and stipulating only that, if Chamberlain were taken, Nicholson, despite all considerations of seniority and age—for he was only a regimental captain—should succeed, *per saltum*, to the command of the Column, with the rank of Brigadier-General. It was no time for considerations of military etiquette or precedency. Tools must go, as in times of revolution and great emergency they seldom fail to go, to him who can best handle them. And thus, though it is not strictly accurate to say, as has been said in so many books on the Mutiny, and in so

many obituary notices of Lord Lawrence, that he himself, by his own authority, promoted Captain Nicholson to the rank of Brigadier-General, 'an appointment which he had no more legal right to make than to make him Archbishop of Canterbury;' yet it is strictly true to say that the bold idea originated with him; that it was registered by General Reed, as indeed were nearly all Sir John Lawrence's wishes and ideas by the military authorities; and that the appointment was, with few exceptions, cordially acquiesced in by the officers who found themselves superseded. Few more striking proofs of the commanding personal qualities, and of the confidence which Sir John Lawrence inspired, can be found than this. 'John Nicholson is worthy, and Sir John Lawrence has ordered it,' and there the matter ended. And it has been remarked in one of the ablest and most appreciative obituary notices of John Lawrence, from which the sentence I have just quoted comes,[1] that to such an extent did soldiers believe in him, that 'it was often said that he was the single civilian in the empire who could have taken command of an army without the resignation of any officer in it!'

Thus it happened that the two men whom, by his unvarying tact and temper, the Chief Commissioner had managed to retain in his province till this hour, now stepped at a bound, by his suggestion or his fiat, the one from his command of the Frontier Force, the other from his regimental captaincy, into posts of the highest responsibility and importance. The first became a leading spirit, till he was incapacitated by a wound, in the operations of the siege of Delhi. The second, after performing with his Column what we may well call prodigies of speed, of skill, and of valour in the Punjab, was to move down, at last, at its head to Delhi, and to bear a large part in the final operations before its walls, as well as in its assault and capture.

Neville Chamberlain reached Delhi on June 24. His arrival had been anxiously looked for, and was warmly welcomed by everyone in the camp from Sir Henry Barnard to the private soldier. 'Everything will go right,' men said, 'when Chamberlain comes;' while cooler heads, men who did not think that the walls of Delhi would fall down, like the walls of Jericho, even at the arrival of Neville Chamberlain, said that his presence there would be worth a thousand men. Nor did he come alone. With him was Alexander Taylor, of

[1] *Spectator*, July 5, 1879.

the Bengal Engineers, who had been in charge, under Robert Napier, for many years past, of one of the greatest works of the English in India, the prolongation of the Grand Trunk Road, and had succeeded in carrying it almost from Lahore to Peshawur, a distance of 256 miles. Taylor had served through both Sikh wars; had been with Robert Napier at the siege of Mooltan; and had joined Gilbert in his wild ride after the Afghans from Gujerat to the mouth of the Khyber. On the annexation of the Punjab, he had settled down to the more monotonous but not less important work of road-making, and had, ever since then, been working away at it under the high pressure which was characteristic of the Punjab Administration. It was a work encompassed by difficulties of every kind. There was not a road in the country, nor a map. 'When I was told,' he said, 'that I had to make a road to Wuzeerabad or Jhelum, the first question that occurred to me was, where are they, and how can I best find them?' The work was to be done single-handed. He had to be his own draughtsman and his own clerk, his own surveyor and leveller. He had to raise by a 'process of gentle compulsion' the labourers from the surrounding districts, to organise them and pay them with his own hands; he had to keep the accounts, which were sufficiently complicated, and—a practice which was much more honoured in the breach than the observance—to send them in punctually to his superior. He thus came in for his share of the economical pressure and the economical displeasure which fell to the lot of Napier and all those about him. And from some suggestive conversations which I have had with him, I may recall the substance of a few remarks which give at once a vivid and a pathetic picture of the Punjab and of its chiefs.

John Lawrence was no doubt a hard task-master. He lived under the highest pressure of work himself, and expected everyone under him to do the same. Nor was he often disappointed. He came up, once a year, to inspect the progress of the Grand Trunk Road, and, woe be to you, if an unlucky heap of stones happened to be left where it ought not, and his buggy came into contact with it! It was his business, he thought, not so much to praise you for what had been done, as to find out what may have been left undone. Still, if he was pleased with you, he took care to let you know it. He would listen to your defence, give you a good rap if you deserved it, and take back plain speaking from you too. He and Napier resembled one another in this, that they left ample scope for individuality and independence in their subordinates. We could not help catching the spirit of work and duty from them both. Henry

Lawrence first won our affections, and then John gave us the spirit of order, and method, and work. The two brothers managed to gather and to keep a fine set of men around them. Montgomery, Edwardes, Nicholson, Chamberlain, Becher, Reynell Taylor, Harry Lumsden, and others, were all good men, and all worked with a will. There was very little jealousy in the mean sense of the word amongst us. But it was only natural that two such masterful spirits as John Lawrence and Robert Napier, and still more as John Lawrence and Nicholson, who was turbulent and imperious to a degree, should not get on in the same sphere. As for Henry and John Lawrence, they were both earnest spirits, each meaning right from the bottom of his heart, and neither of them could or would yield to the other. There was a glow of work and duty round us all in the Punjab in those days, such as I have never felt before or since. I well remember the reaction of feeling when I went on furlough to England, the want of pressure of any kind, the self-seeking, the want of high aims which seemed to dull and dwarf you. You went back again lowered several pegs, saddened altogether. The atmosphere was different.

One incident connected with the 'turbulent and imperious' Nicholson, and told me by Taylor himself, may, in view of the way in which the two men were henceforward to be thrown together in a common cause, find a place here; the more so, as the very existence of the sect of worshippers to whom it relates has sometimes been called in question. 'One day,' said Sir Alexander Taylor, 'while I was sitting in my small bungalow at Hussan Abdul, half-way between Rawul Pindi and Attock, some twenty helmeted men, very quaintly dressed, filed in one after another, and after a courteous salute, squatted down in a row opposite to me without speaking a word. I was much taken aback at this strange apparition. I looked at them and they at me, till, at last, one of them gave utterance to their thoughts and objects. "We are Nikkul Seyn's Fakirs; you are a white Sahib; and we are come to pay our respects to you as one of Nikkul Seyn's race."' Taylor had never even heard of the existence of this strange sect before. After a little conversation, he dismissed them; and they passed on southward in the direction of Dera Ismael Khan, where the object of their adoration was then to be found. He gave them, as he always did, a good flogging for their pains. But, as in the case of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, the more he protested and the more he punished them, the more, a great deal, they worshipped him!

Another highly characteristic story, told me, for obvious reasons,

not by the hero of it, but by an equally unexceptionable authority, Edward Thornton, of the way in which Alexander Taylor came to be sent to Delhi, must not be omitted. He had been working away throughout the first month of the Mutiny as though pickaxes and spades and theodolites, not swords and bayonets and heavy guns, were the order of the day. His work was on the Grand Trunk Road, but his heart was far away at Delhi, and, from day to day, he picked up such small driblets of news as to what was going on there as the Chief Commissioner, who was receiving telegrams from all parts of the country and sending them off, thought it safe to divulge. One day, Edward Thornton, who was the Commissioner of the district, seeing Taylor at his usual task-work, said to him, 'Why, Taylor, you ought to be at Delhi, working in the trenches, instead of on this road!' 'I would give my eyes,' replied Taylor, 'to be there. But my work is here, and I do not think it right to volunteer.' Thornton adjourned to the Chief Commissioner, and told him what had passed. 'Send him,' said John Lawrence, laconically, and Thornton returned with the pregnant message. Looking round to some one who was near, Taylor said, quite simply, 'Have you got a sword?' The sword was not long forthcoming, and Taylor was off with it to Delhi.

It only remains to be added that he became the life and soul of every movement in the trenches and the batteries there, 'always cheery, always active, never sparing himself, inspiring, aiding, animating all;' that he was the idol of the younger officers; that, as I have been told by eye-witnesses, Nicholson himself, the bravest of the brave and the rashest of the rash, used, in his devotion to him, to be nervously, nay amusingly anxious, lest he should expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that when the batteries, run up by his energy under the able direction of Baird Smith, had done their work, on the night before the final assault, his friend exclaimed,—and it is almost the last of his recorded utterances,—'If I survive to-morrow, I will let all the world know that it was Alec Taylor who took Delhi.'[1]

On passing through Rawul Pindi to take command of the Column, Nicholson had had much conversation with his chief upon a matter which, as I shall show hereafter, was the subject of considerable difference of opinion between the ruler of the Punjab and the most

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. iii. p. 575.

restive of his subordinate officers. He left it on the 17th, and, on the following day, he wrote from Jhelum as follows :—

I forgot before starting to say one or two things I had omitted saying. One was to thank you for my appointment. I know you recommended it on *public* grounds, but I do not feel the less obliged to you. Another was to tell you that I have dismissed old grievances (whether real or imaginary) from my mind, and, as far as I am concerned, bygones are bygones. In return, I would ask you not to judge me over-hastily or hardly.

Strange things were doubtless to be expected in the way of deeds of daring as well as of contempt of all authority and rule, when John Nicholson found himself a Brigadier-General at the head of a small army. And expectation was not destined to be disappointed. But of this I will speak hereafter.

Meanwhile it was clear that John Lawrence was stripping his province, little by little, of his most dependable troops and of the officers whom he knew best, men who would be a tower of strength to him, could they be near at hand, if an uprising should occur in the Punjab. Rothney and Coke, Chamberlain and Taylor, had already gone to Delhi, and Nicholson, at the head of his Column, was shifting about with all the speed and erratic movements of a meteor, anywhere between Peshawur, his former field of duty, and Umballa.

And now the question arose, who was to fill the gap which Nicholson had left at Peshawur? No one, indeed, could hope to become what he had been, alike 'the terror and the idol' of the wild tribes of the frontier, and there was only one man in the whole of the Punjab who had had any considerable experience of the Peshawur work and people. This was Hugh James, who, since Temple had gone on furlough, had been 'acting' as John Lawrence's Secretary, had been at his elbow ever since the Mutiny broke out, and so had become familiar with all his ways and plans. He, of course, could not be spared. But, in spite of the advice of Herbert Edwardes, who would gain most by his presence, he was spared. 'You are to go back to Peshawur,' said his chief, 'and I will get on with anybody.'

The 'anybody' soon appeared in the person of Arthur Brandreth, a man of much vigour and ability, who has since filled, for many years, the post in which John Lawrence first rose to eminence, the Commissionership of the Trans-Sutlej States, and who became, from that day forward, one of his most intimate friends. Still he was not endowed by nature with some of the gifts which would seem to be

most essential for a Private Secretary at a time of such overwhelming work and anxiety. 'He is an Excellent Secretary,' said his chief, with a sardonic smile, 'and I would gladly have him as a son-in-law, but I can neither hear a word that he speaks, nor read a line that he writes!' And Arthur Brandreth, in his turn, has given, partly, in a letter to the 'Times,' written soon after Lord Lawrence's death, and, partly, in conversations with myself, a vigorous and appreciative description of his chief's work and character.

My first introduction to Lord Lawrence was in March 1853. I was sent for by him. I found him in a room with four or five *munshis* hard at work. Just then a box with official papers came in. The key was not to be found. A very slight search was made, when John Lawrence said abruptly, 'Break it open, break it open.' This was done, a glance taken at the contents, and then, and not till then, he turned to me and had a friendly talk. When I came to Rawul Pindi in June 1857, to take the post of 'acting' Secretary in place of James, he said to me, 'Well, Brandreth, you are come to be my Secretary, are you? you must be reticent, remember, all Secretaries must be. But you need not be so reticent as James, for he won't tell even me!'

And in the letter to the 'Times,' to which I have already referred, Arthur Brandreth speaks of his Chief in words which I think that the facts already recorded in this biography will more than justify.

Few men of such greatness and such strength have been so singularly forgetful of self, so peculiarly quiet and retiring. I recollect well when I came home with him after the Mutiny causing him real displeasure by a threat (uttered of course in jest) that I would let the Mayor of Dover know he was coming, and it is owing to this dislike of his to any praise or even any mention of himself, coupled with the non-publication of his despatches in the Indian papers, that we really know so little of the grandeur and completeness of his arrangements during the great Indian crisis. As I worked at the same table with him during the greater part of the Mutiny, I had special opportunities of thoroughly observing his work, and wish I could give an idea of his extraordinary foresight, which seemed to see the most distant results of any course taken, his earnest devotion to his work, the clearness and vigour of his orders, his wonderful knowledge of men, and his care in selecting them for the various duties. As soon as he heard the first news of the Meerut risings, he wrote both to Lord Canning and the Court, giving such a remarkably clear view of the probable course of the Mutiny, that it must ever remain a monument of his foresight and sagacity.

Brandreth then goes on to speak, from his personal knowledge, of a stroke of policy, which neither the letters of Sir John Lawrence to his friends, nor my conversations with them, would have brought out so clearly. I have, therefore, forborne to refer to it till I should be able to quote his own words :—

Sir John Lawrence then took a step which has been little understood, but which really saved Upper India. He sent for old Nihal Sing Chachi, Sir F. Currie's and his own Sikh aide-de-camp, and with him, made out lists of all the Sikh chiefs who had suffered for the rebellion of 1848, and wrote at once to each, before they understood the news, urging them to retrieve their character and come down at once with their retainers, naming the number to be brought by each. As they came in, he organised and sent them off to Delhi. I well recollect the pains he took personally to inspect each retainer or recruit, and see how far he was fit for service, and how glad he was to secure any specimen of the old Sikh Cavalry. He then took great pains, after long discussions with Macpherson, to select an officer for them, who would have an influence over them, and sent them on to Delhi. It was fortunate that his foresight led him to take such a step. We soon found that inquiries were being made in most of the dangerous parts of the country for leaders to take advantage of this opportunity. But none could be found. They were at Delhi, and several intercepted letters from there showed that many of the chiefs felt the mistake they had made, although they wrote that, now they were at Delhi, nothing remained but to fight for the English.

Nihal Sing Chachi was a remarkable man from every point of view. Sir John Lawrence thought him one of the most remarkable natives with whom he had ever come in contact; and, as such, he deserves more than a mere passing mention here. He was brave as a lion, very intelligent, and—a much rarer quality among the natives of India, men accustomed for ages to foreign conquests and foreign oppression—honest as the day. He was, moreover, warmly attached to the English rule, and he showed his affection,—not, as do too many of our friends among the natives, and as they are too often encouraged to do,—by echoing all that their rulers say and by a servile compliance with their wishes, but rather by speaking his mind freely, whether his views were likely to be palatable or not. Such a man was sure to win the confidence of Sir John Lawrence, and in a crisis like that of the Mutiny, his advice on many subjects would be worth more than that of the ablest English officers. For, being a native, he would be able to penetrate behind that impenetrable veil which, unfortunately, still separates the vast majority of our country-

men from those whom they rule. He had been one of the 'illustrious garrison' at Jellalabad, and it had been remarked of him that he had got to know the character of each of its defenders as well as they could know it themselves! He had long been a friend of Edward Thornton, in whose Division he lived, and John Lawrence, who was always ready to listen to what anyone who had special sources of information had to say, and was always able, by his strong good sense, to separate the grain from the chaff, was glad to avail himself of his unique acquaintance with the under-currents of native feeling in the Punjab.

In the earlier days of the Mutiny, Sir John Lawrence, as I have shown, had been disposed, with that prudence which never forsook him, to think twice before he committed himself to the dangerous and two-edged measure of arming the old Sikhs who had fought against us so few years previously. 'You had better employ them,' said Nihal Sing, 'or they may go against you.' The advice was not altogether reassuring. It showed that the weapon was two-edged still. But John Lawrence chose what appeared to him, on reflection, to be the lesser danger, and so committed the old Sikhs to our side before the greater came. 'Why does not the Chief Commissioner employ Hodson?' said the same shrewd observer of human nature, on one occasion to Thornton. 'He ought to employ Hodson. Hodson would do good work at Delhi.' 'No doubt he would,' said Thornton. 'But he is one of the only three Englishmen in India that I have known who cannot be trusted.' Nihal Sing was silent for a moment, as though the idea was new to him, and then said, 'I have known only three natives who *could* be trusted.'

John Lawrence knew Hodson, much better than even Nihal Sing, and knowing the man, his weakness and his strength, and feeling that if there was much of the born leader, there was also much of the freebooter in his composition, was, as we have seen, not willing to employ him in the Punjab again. But when he heard that General Anson had already given him work in which he had few peers, he allowed Montgomery to raise some men for him at Lahore and to send them down to Delhi, where they formed the nucleus of the renowned 'Hodson's Horse.'

And how were things going on at Delhi meanwhile? Some people, and those not usually of the most sanguine temperament, had believed that to see Delhi would be to walk into it; that the mutineers would take to flight when we appeared, or if not, that they

would offer only a feeble resistance, and that the population would at once declare itself in our favour. It is likely enough that such would have been the result had General Hewitt possessed, ordinary sagacity or vigour, and, following up the flying troopers on the night of May 10, appeared at Delhi before the palace walls were stained with innocent blood, and before the feeble descendant of the Moguls had been mobbed or muddled into the belief that he might yet restore the Mogul empire. It is possible, again, that such might have been the result had the move upon Delhi taken place—as John Lawrence had endeavoured to ensure—a fortnight sooner than it did. Possible, but hardly probable. And just as there were many people in England who complained because the battle of the Alma had not been followed up by a rush upon Sebastopol, even so there were many in India who regarded the battle of Budli-ki-Serai as half a defeat, because it was not crowned by the immediate capture of Delhi. Indeed, so general was the belief that Delhi must fall as soon as our troops appeared before it, that, about the middle of June, it was believed far and wide that it had actually fallen. Even Lord and Lady Canning believed it for some twenty-four hours. But once established upon the Ridge, General Barnard saw, at a glance, that the operations of a regular siege were out of the question. Was, then, an assault or a surprise possible? The younger and more adventurous spirits in the camp thought that it was. By permission of the General, though hardly with his approval, the details of such an assault were arranged by four young officers—Hodson, Wilberforce, Greathed, Chesney, and Maunsell. The powder bags for blowing in the gates had already been provided; the assaulting columns were drawn up, ready and eager for the start, when a few words spoken by Brigadier Graves to General Barnard, words such as the Greeks or Romans would have put down to a direct interposition of heaven, a φήμη, or a *vox opportune emissa*, caused the whole project to be abandoned for the present. A few days later it was mooted again at a Council of War. The political arguments advanced by Hervey Greathed and the young Engineers in favour of an immediate attempt, seemed to be as unanswerable as the military arguments advanced by Archdale Wilson, and Reed, and Barnard were unanswerable against it. This being the case, the more prudent, or, as some thought them, the more timid, counsels carried the day. And, judging by the event and by the deliberate opinion of men who, like Sir Neville Chamberlain or Sir Henry

Norman, went through the whole siege, it was well that they did so.

Meanwhile there was fighting enough for the most ardent spirits in the English camp. Hardly a day passed in which our small force was not compelled to face desperate attacks delivered at one point or another, in the front or in the rear of our position, by vastly superior bodies of the foe, whose religious and national fanaticism had been stimulated to the utmost by copious draughts of bhang. The deeds of personal and collective prowess displayed in repelling these attacks by men like Reid with his Ghoorkas, and Daly with his Guides; by Tombs and Brind, Renny and Fagan of the Artillery; by Hope Grant, Watson and Probyn of the Cavalry; by Showers, Seaton, and Coke of the Infantry; by Hodson everywhen and everywhere, afford a tempting field for minute description and glowing eulogy. But they imply such a vast amount of detail, and they have been described already in so many histories of the Mutiny, that I am compelled to regard them as beyond my limits. Suffice it to say that the attacks of the enemy were always beaten off with heavy loss.

But the question could not but recur again and again, whether we were gaining aught by these daily victories; whether we were not losing, proportionately, far more by our few than the enemy by their many casualties. Everything, in fact, was against us. Disguise it from ourselves as we might, we were the besieged, not the besiegers. The enemy's guns were of heavier calibre, were much more numerous, and, to our surprise, were better worked than ours. 'They are in the ratio of four to one,' says Barnard, in one of his letters. 'I saw no better Artillery practice in the Crimea,' he says in another. The enemy had our range exactly, while we failed to find theirs. Our shot fell, many of them, harmlessly, short of the city walls, in the wooded gardens of the suburbs. Theirs fell fast and thick where our men were at the thickest, on every point of vantage, round the Flag Staff Tower, round the old Observatory, round Hindu Rao's house, where one single round shot that came crashing in killed nine and wounded four of our men. Our heavy ordnance ammunition soon began to run short. We were obliged to economise it to the utmost, and were fain to pick up the balls that dropped around us, and fire them back towards the city. The arsenals of Delhi supplied our enemies with inexhaustible quantities of shot and shell, which they fired away almost at haphazard, and in reckless profusion, knowing

that they could not lose, and must needs gain something in the process. Ague and fever and cholera were at work in our ranks, sapping the strength of our men and filling the hospitals. Sunstroke, too, called for its quota of victims, and our wily enemies took care to select the time when the June sun was at its fiercest for the delivery of their most desperate attacks.

Day after day, news reached the camp that fresh bands of mutineers, stained with blood,—the blood of their officers, and, sometimes also, of their wives and children,—were arriving to swell the garrison of the city, and were more than filling the gaps which we had made in their ranks. One day, early in the siege, it was the 60th Native Infantry, who ought to have been disarmed by Anson at Umballa and were now flocking into Delhi from Rohtuck, four hundred strong, leaving their officers to take refuge, as an equivalent, with us. Another day, June 18, it was the Nusserabad Brigade, consisting of two regiments and six guns. A third day, it was four whole regiments from Jullundur and Phillour, few of whom, if the General in command had done his duty when the rising took place, would have lived to tell the tale. Then again, it was the Bareilly or Rohilcund Brigade, consisting of some four thousand men of all arms, which was believed to be approaching, or the still more formidable Gwalior Contingent, which, while it concentrated its main body for the siege of Agra, would, it was feared, be able also to send a detachment down to Delhi. The arrival of each fresh batch of mutineers was signalised by an attack delivered, next day, with ever greater zest on our ever-dwindling numbers; and if our casualties each day were few, each one of them was severely felt. One day, it was Quentin Battye at the head of the Guides who fell, while every officer but one in the corps was wounded. Another day, the lot fell on Colonel Yule, of the 9th Lancers, a member of an illustrious brotherhood; while Arthur Becher, the Quartermaster-General of the force, and Daly, the dashing head of the Guides, were severely wounded. A third day, it was Neville Chamberlain who was laid low by a wound which was to incapacitate him from active service during the remainder of the siege. Now, it was the forty-second anniversary of Waterloo (June 18), which was to put to the test the mettle of those whose fathers had been conquerors there; and now, again, it was the centenary of Plassy (June 23), which, as priests and prophets, omens and dreams had agreed in foretelling, was to witness

our final overthrow. Why should not the Empire which had been founded in a day perish also in a day?

Unfortunately, such few precautions as might have been taken to minimise the demoralising influence of this desultory and protracted warfare were, for some cause or other, not adopted by the military authorities. There was no regular system of reliefs, and consequently, when the alarm sounded, which it sometimes did two or three times over in a single night, every man in the force had to be on the alert. The alarm was often a false one. But this did not make it less demoralising or less destructive. There was no stint, no stay. No one in camp could count on even a few hours of unbroken rest. Barnard, it must be remembered in justice to him, was new to the country and found himself suddenly thrust into a position which might have puzzled and perplexed the most experienced and energetic of the Company's officers. Assuredly it was from no want of will or effort on his part that everything which might have been done to lessen the discomforts and the miseries of the men was not done. He was ever unsparing of himself. He was to be seen at all hours of the night and day, in all parts of the camp, encouraging, sympathising, commending.[1] His great fault, and it was, perhaps, inevitable that it should be brought into prominence under the unprecedented circumstances in which he was placed, was a want of self-reliance. He was swayed this way and that by his advisers. Now he was for an assault, now for a siege, then for an assault again, and then, as he hinted in some of his last letters to John Lawrence, for a possible withdrawal. He agreed, in fact, with the last comer. Perhaps, too, he felt himself hampered, as he also hinted to Lawrence, by the presence in the same field of General Reed, the 'Provincial' Commander-in-Chief.

He had long shown signs of breaking down under his extreme anxiety, and now it was whispered that sleep was beginning to fail him.[2] It was the beginning of the end. The greatest military commanders, Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Wellington, Napoleon, have all been famous for their power of sleeping whenever they wished to do so. Without that power, humiliating as it may seem to confess it, they could not have been such great commanders. I have already remarked that Sir John Lawrence himself was probably saved from

[1] See *Narrative of Campaign of the Delhi Army*, by Major H. Norman, p. 22.
[2] Kaye, vol. ii. p. 558.

breaking down altogether in the early days of the Mutiny by the way in which he could drop asleep directly his work was over, could be aroused to send forth an all-important telegram, and then drop off again in sweet forgetfulness. But 'nature's kind nurse' came not now to Barnard. He had hoped, indeed, for great relief from the presence of Neville Chamberlain, and then again from that of Baird Smith, the new Chief Engineer, a man of the highest ability and energy, who reached the camp on July 3, anxious at once to begin regular siege operations. But Baird Smith found that nothing was ready. There was a scarcity of tools, and a scarcity of workmen. There were no sand-bags and few heavy guns. Worse than all, there was not shot and shell enough for a single day's bombardment. So he was obliged to fall back on what Chamberlain and Reed, Barnard, and he himself all called 'a gamester's throw,' or 'the hazard of a die,' the project of an assault. But the 'throw' was not to be thrown, nor the first sod of the regular siege works to be upturned by order of the General in command. The hand of death was already upon Barnard, and thus two Commanders of the Delhi field force passed from the scene before a single step had been taken towards the capture of the place.

Such was the general course of events at Delhi during the month of June and such the general outlook of the siege. Why was it not given up as hopeless, and how was it that the constant drain upon our numbers and our resources did not cause even the bolder spirits in our camp to advocate a withdrawal from so bootless an enterprise?

There was one reason and only one. Sir John Lawrence had been the prime instigator of the advance on Delhi; and everybody in the camp knew well that he was not the man to let the enterprise fall through for want of any help that he could give. Force of circumstances and force of character combined had placed him in a position as regards the whole North-West of India which was absolutely unique. What mattered it that Lord Canning and that Mr. Colvin were cut off from all communication with Delhi by a broad belt of mutiny? What mattered it to the army that one Commander-in-Chief after another was carried off by death, or went away, apparently death-stricken, to the hills, if John Lawrence, who was more to them than the Commander-in-Chief, more even than the Governor-General, still remained? There he was at Rawul Pindi, hearing everything, weighing everything, deciding everything, directing

everything; it might almost be said,—so admirable were his means of information, his Intelligence Department throughout his province,—seeing everything. His was a mind that was able to look before as well as after, after as well as before. He it was who held in his hand the tangled threads of every military movement and every political combination, from Delhi to Peshawur, and from Peshawur again to Mooltan, or,—thanks to the warm co-operation of Bartle Frere,—even to Kurrachi. His was the name that was on everybody's lips; his the figure that filled the background, at least, of everybody's thoughts. In the camp before Delhi, such was his permeating influence that many of the native troops would not be persuaded that he was not there in person. Within the city itself such was the terror of his name, and so firm was the belief that it was he and no one else who made their success impossible, that when the spirits of the mutineers were flagging, no more potent method of rousing them to enthusiasm could be found than to parade through the streets of Delhi a more than usually stalwart and fair-skinned Kashmeri whom they had captured in one of their raids, and declare to the credulous masses that their prisoner was the redoubtable Jan Larens himself![1] The leaders of the Mutiny showed, by so doing, their keen insight into the conditions of the struggle. Had anything happened to John Lawrence, who, we may well ask, would have been able to take the reins which fell from his hands? Who would have been statesman as well as soldier enough for the crisis, and how and when is it likely that Delhi would have fallen?

I have said that Sir John Lawrence knew everything that went on at Delhi as well, perhaps better, than if he had been on the Ridge himself. He was able, as I have pointed out in the case of his own province, to take a bird's-eye view of the whole. If he was not able to use the apparently decisive, but often curiously misleading formula, 'I was there and therefore I know it was so,' he could say, 'I was not there, but by comparing all the reports I have received at this distance of time and place, I can, perhaps, form a truer judgment of the bearing of the whole operation on the prospects of the siege, than many of those who were.' He knew, in fact, the strength and the weakness of each of his correspondents, and weighing them one against the other, was able to assign to each statement its proper value. On every projected movement, if there was time for it, he

[1] Cave Browne's *Punjab and Delhi*, vol. ii. p. 140.

was consulted beforehand, not so much because he himself, as because those who were before Delhi wished that it should be so. The particulars of each day's engagement were telegraphed to him first, and afterwards detailed in writing, by a cloud of witnesses. Each General in succession, Anson, Barnard, Reed, Archdale Wilson, corresponded with him precisely as if he were, what he never was, their official superior, often deferred to his judgment, or humbly excused themselves if they were obliged to differ from it. It is to be noted also that his communications with Delhi increased in number and in interest as the siege dragged its slow length along. It was not only the Commander-in-Chief who sent him an almost daily journal with comments or anticipations on the past, the present, and the future operations of the siege; but Greathed and Daly, Norman, Chamberlain, and Nicholson poured out their troubles or their hopes to him often 'in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' in letters which lie before me.

But, interesting as these letters are, it is my business, in my limited space, to illustrate what I have said about Sir John Lawrence by quotations from the letters which were written by, rather than from those which were written to him; to show how, ruling as he did a province which was full of inflammatory elements, he managed, with prudent audacity, to turn what might have been the sources of danger into fresh evidence of his strength; how, by a self-emptying process not often found in rulers, he drained it of everything which it could supply, and so met each successive want of the besiegers of Delhi; how, with his eyes always fixed on that distant goal, he yet used no unworthy means towards it, and never overlooked anything that lay beneath his feet. It will be remembered throughout that I am often obliged to dismiss in a couple of lines plans and operations which required, first, much anxious thought and inquiry in his responsible solitude at Rawul Pindi, and then scores of letters and explanations and cautions to his subordinates, before anyone of them could be safely carried into practice.

There was, for example, a want of gunners at Delhi. Sir John Lawrence, having first convinced himself that it was safe to do so, called boldly on the old Sikh artillerymen who had dealt death into our ranks in the two Sikh wars, to leave their ploughs and go and deal death in our defence, on the rebellious city. Sappers, and miners, and pioneers were wanted. On the suggestion of Edwardes, who was always fertile in expedients, Sir John, with a full sense of

his responsibility and after a laborious investigation, picked out large body of Muzbi Sikhs of the despised 'Sweeper' caste, who had been employed on the Bari Doab canal, and were now waiting with 'idle hands' for that 'something to do' which was not unlikely to mean 'mischief' and sent them down to Delhi. They did excellent service there, overcame the prejudice against their employment, and were afterwards enrolled in the 27th Bengal Pioneers; while another regiment of Muzbis, formed after the same model, have served with credit both in China and in Abyssinia. When dependable native troops were wanted at Meerut, to set the Europeans free for service before Delhi, it was not some of his veterans—for he had no more to spare—but some of his newly raised Punjabis whom Sir John sent thither to fill the gap. When there was a rising among the Hurriana Light Infantry, and the flames of mutiny and murder had already overspread the whole of Sirsa, Hansi, and Hissar, instead of treating these districts,—as many lesser men might have been disposed to do, —as mere outliers to the Punjab, he ordered Van Cortlandt, a man marked out by all his previous history for the purpose, to cross the Sutlej with 500 Sikhs whom he had just raised, to reconquer the country, and then to occupy the districts in the Delhi neighbourhood which lay to the rear of our besieging army. These important duties, helped by the levies of Raja Jowahir Sing and others which were sent down from time to time, Van Cortlandt performed with marked success. Even the Nawab of Bawahulpore, who, as Sir John Lawrence knew, was little to be trusted, was forced by his strong will to contribute a small contingent to the expedition and so, in a measure, to commit himself to our side.

How Sir John Lawrence stripped himself of his best officers and his most dependable troops, I have already shown, and must continue to show, till the Mutiny is at an end. But men, without arms, and money, and baggage animals, would have been little use, and each and all of these came also from the Punjab. It was from the Punjab arsenals of Phillour and Ferozepore that two Siege Trains were fitted out, the first, in May, to enable the siege of Delhi to begin, the second, in August, to bring it to an end. It was from the Punjab and Scinde that the troops came which escorted the two Trains in safety. It was from the Punjab that vast quantities of elephants, camels, bullocks, and country carts were gathered together, under the direction of Barnes and Briggs, and with admirable skill, were organized into a Transport Train, of which thirty waggons were to

start each day for Delhi, from each of the three great stations of Umballa, Loodiana, and Kurnal. It was from the Punjab treasuries, which were scattered over the country and had been saved from plunder by the instant precautions of Lawrence and Montgomery, that the sinews of war,—the money for paying the troops and for doing everything that was done at Delhi,—were unstintingly supplied. If sandbags were wanted for the Engineers, or saddles for the Horse Artillery, or tents for the European troops, it was from the Punjab that they all came. The manufacturing classes of Loodiana, disaffected as they were, sent off, under the energetic pressure applied to them by George Ricketts, three hundred thousand yards of tent-cloth manufactured by themselves!

Thus in every way, under John Lawrence's administration, the Punjab was paying back to India all and much more than all that it owed; and a few letters selected from the hundreds in my possession, written by him during the months of June and July, will take up the personal aspect of the story where I last dropped it, and illustrate the part borne by himself in everything that was going on.

To General Reed, who, as 'Provincial' Commander-in-Chief, was on his way down from Rawul Pindi to Delhi, he was fertile in suggestions prompted by his minute knowledge of the city and district.

Rawul Pindi: June 1, 1857.

My dear General,—All well since you left this. Peshawur quite quiet as yet. In the meantime, we are getting reliable native troops up there. I hope you have not suffered by the trip. It must be very trying in such weather. . . . . I recommend that, on your approach to Delhi, you issue proclamations, calling on respectable men to leave the mutineers and rally round us. I would also promise their lives to such men as have not committed murder, who surrender. Thus the Sepoys of the 74th Native Infantry are said to have behaved well to the last, and to have saved their officers. If this be true, their lives might well be spared. In fact, short of restoring them to the service, everything else might be promised them. By a judicious exercise of clemency and severity, you will produce a considerable effect. The very issue of your proclamations will sow dissension among the insurgents, and they will begin to distrust each other. I do not think that Delhi will hold out. But if it does, and you take it by storm, I suggest that you have a strong Reserve at hand in good order, or your men may be cut up, when in disorder, plundering in the town. The *citizens* will not fight if they can possibly help it. I doubt their fighting at all. If the town is surrendered, take possession of the fort (the palace). It commands everything, and 500 or 1000 men in it, are

safe from an insurrection of 100,000. The victory on the Hindun will do great things for us.

To Edwardes, a few days later, he gives a minute account of the fortifications as he had known them, which is not without interest.

As regards Delhi, it will, no doubt, be ruinous if any delay take place before the walls. On the other hand, it will be necessary to make the attack with prudent audacity. We were thirty years fortifying the place, or rather improving the Mohammedan fortifications, and spent many lacs of rupees. The walls are high, of cut stone, set in mortar, some seven or eight feet thick, and we built many bastions to flank the walls. But the main defence is the ditch, which is deep, very wide, and in good order. My own idea is, that if no unguarded spot for a surprise is found, the plan would be to advance under the protection of the mosque outside the Ajmere gate, and effect a lodgment. Then, batter down the crenelated top of the wall or parapet, which is not more than three feet thick, and thus prevent the enemy from defending the approach to the gateway, &c. But I sent off a scheme to Sir Henry Barnard last night, copy of which I enclose. I think that if the passage be not guarded,—and nothing is more likely than that it is not,—two hundred picked infantry would get in and carry the Cashmere gate, before the Poorbeas were wide-awake. The Guides would be just the boys for such an enterprise, and would steal up unnoticed. The wall on this side is so placed that, unless you jump up on the parapet and peep over, you can see nothing which is going on down below. Brigadier Cotton may depend on my supporting him in every way possible. In regard to the particular matters you mention, I am ready to go 'the whole animal' to his heart's content.

One of the greatest dangers against which Sir John Lawrence had to guard throughout the crisis in the Punjab was the overflowing zeal of his lieutenants. It was a fault on virtue's side; one with which he had every sympathy, which he had himself done his best to stimulate, and of which, in quiet times, he could hardly have had too much. But, in times like these, he felt that unless held in check by a strong hand, and by full knowledge of all that was going on, it might prove hardly less dangerous than its opposite. From first to last, it was his policy to enlist no more men than might be absolutely necessary to preserve the peace and supply the drain for Hindustan. He felt, as he expressed it, the expediency of, as far as possible, preventing the Punjabis from seeing that the physical force of the country was on their side, or from feeling that they were the right arm of the British power. But when leave had once been given to raise levies,

every officer was naturally anxious to find vent for his energies and to show his zeal by raising as many as possible, and that, sometimes, without consulting his chief. Each District officer knew of course what little he could, under the best of circumstances, do himself, but he could not possibly realise the sum-total of danger to the province as a whole, which so many littles would make up. The Chief Commissioner knew it well. He had his eye on every part, and was compelled sometimes to put the drag on. Here are one or two letters, samples of many others, which bear upon the subject, and illustrate his unique knowledge of all the races of the Punjab :—

Rawul Pindi : June 10, 1857.

My dear Brigadier (Sydney Cotton),—I think it is worthy of consideration what number of Pathans you enlist in a regiment. One officer is mad after Pathans, another after Sikhs, another after Poorbeas, and so on. In spite of some care, some of our Punjab corps were, not long ago, nearly all Poorbea ! They were such in spirit. But this has been checked and remedied. Sensible officers will tell you that Pathans are first-rate fellows on a hillside. But they are fickle, faithless, and fanatical. The man who will give you his head to-day will cut your throat to-morrow. The Sikh, though not a braver man than the Pathan, has perhaps more sustained courage. He will not do such desperate deeds, perhaps, but he is sure and certain. They have a strong military feeling and do not mind discipline, which the Pathan hates. Further, the Pathan only serves to collect a little money, and then cuts the service. The Sikh sticks to it. I think, therefore, that we should be careful not to have too many Pathans. My proposition for a regiment of ten companies is, four of Sikhs, two of Hill Rajputs, two of Punjabi Mohammedans, two of Pathans. In Peshawur, if you like, you might have a third of Pathans. The Punjabi Mohammedan is a brave soldier, with perhaps less dash than the Pathan, but more steady and less fanatical and ferocious. I myself look on the latter as a very dangerous character.

To Montgomery he writes in a similar strain :—

June 21, 1857.

My dear Montgomery,—We must not go too fast ; we must not raise too many men in the Punjab, be they Mohammedan or be they Sikh. Too many Punjabis may breed grief. I have now arranged for 40,000 Punjab troops ; that is, 20,000 old corps, and 20,000 new. This is ample. More will be dangerous. These, moreover, do not include levies and new mounted police, who must aggregate five or six thousand more. Recollect we have but seven and a half corps of European Infantry to keep all these in order. People go too fast. I see Barnes is raising

levies and now wants to put European officers to them. I know nothing about this. Please God, by October next, if the Punjabis remain staunch we shall be able to send 20,000 disciplined troops to Hindustan to aid our Europeans in reconquering it. But, in the meantime, these very Punjabis will be a source of danger, if too numerous. Please show this to Macpherson, your Adjutant-General.

It may be interesting to note here the extent to which, in spite of all impediments, he was able to carry out the prudent principles he had laid down. Of the aggregate of fifty-eight thousand men of which the Punjab army (including the Military Police) was found to consist towards the close of the Mutiny, not less than thirty-four thousand had been called into existence by John Lawrence during it! It is obvious at a glance what a formidable danger this new and vast army might have proved, had it been drawn chiefly from the Sikhs, or from only one or two of the more prominent races in the country. But such was not the case. It was composed, owing to the Chief Commissioner's ever-watchful care, of men drawn from the greatest possible variety of races, and differing from each other in religion, birthplace, habits, and dialect. There were two thousand hillmen, eight thousand mixed Hindus and Hindustanis, thirteen thousand Sikhs, and twenty-four thousand Mohammedans. These last, it will be observed, formed about a half of the whole, but they were drawn from many different tribes who had nothing in common except their religion, and were, many of them, as alien to the Sikhs as were the Hindustanis themselves. Seldom has the somewhat sinister maxim, *divide et impera*, been acted upon by a ruler with less selfish motives or with more beneficent or more triumphant results.

To Daly of the Guides John Lawrence writes with characteristic heartiness:—

Rawul Pindi: June 15, 1857.

My dear Daly,—I was glad to get your letter of the 10th, and rejoiced to hear how admirably the Guides had behaved. Poor Battye! we all grieve for him greatly. We are sending you every man we can muster, Rothney's Sikhs, Coke's regiment, and some Punjab Cavalry, also a regiment and a half of Europeans and some two hundred Artillerymen. We are getting Hughes's Cavalry also up, and will push it on too, I hope. I have seen from the first that native troops will be greatly wanted at Delhi, and but for General Johnstone's folly, Rothney's Sikhs and Nicholson's Cavalry would have been with you by this time. I have offered to send either Chamberlain or Nicholson

to Headquarters, whichever General Reed likes; the one who remains to command the Movable Column. Both are first-rate soldiers, good in council and strong in fight. I wish we had a few others like them. I expect Nicholson here on his way down to-morrow, as I want to get him *en route* by the time the Chief's reply is received. Pray tell the Guides how delighted I am with their good conduct. If I can do anything for you in any way, pray command me.

From Sir John Lawrence's letters to Lord Canning, all of which are masterly, I select here three or four :—

Rawul Pindi : June 14, 1857.

My Lord,—We are all well in this quarter, and exerting ourselves to reinforce the army at Delhi, without compromising ourselves in the Punjab. Our great anxiety was Peshawur, which now, owing to the energetic measures adopted, seems pretty secure. It was a great misfortune that half the men of the Punjab corps were at their homes on furlough. They are all flocking back and display an excellent spirit.

No doubt what we most urgently require is plenty of European soldiers. But just now at Delhi, every faithful native soldier is almost as valuable as his European comrade. Without native troops in a season like this, a body of Europeans must become disorganised. The mismanagement at Meerut and the delay at Headquarters have changed what was a mere *émeute* into a struggle for supremacy. At this moment, I do not think that a corps of native Infantry in the Bengal Presidency is staunch, and most of the Regular Cavalry, and many of the Irregular Cavalry from Hindustan, are in the same state. The Mohammedans of the Regular Cavalry, where they have broken out, have displayed a more active, vindictive, and fanatical spirit than the Hindus. But these traits are characteristic of the race.

Some years ago, when General Hewitt was appointed to the Peshawur Division, I pointed out that he was utterly unfit for such a charge. We were mercifully preserved during his incumbency for about three years, when he was transferred to Meerut; and your Lordship will have seen the mess he has made of his charge. I hear that the ammunition of the Meerut Artillery was in the Delhi magazines; their cattle grazing beyond Delhi. But even if the General had scoured the country for five miles round his cantonment, he would have kept it quiet, and obtained carriage. The European Infantry, when they came down from the hills, had but ten rounds of ammunition, while the native troops had forty! It is almost a miracle that the Siege Train got safe down from Phillour. Its main escort was the Nabha Chief's contingent. Our great calamity, hitherto, has been the disaffection of the Jullundur native troops. . . .

General Reed is already calling for reinforcements. We are sending off H.M.'s 8th from Jullundur, a wing of the 61st from Ferozepore, Coke's regiment of Rifles, the 4th Sikhs and some Punjab Cavalry, besides some European Artillery. A detachment of the Bombay Fusiliers is expected at Mooltan about the 28th, and I hope that the rest of the corps will not be long behind. As we get rid of our Regular native regiments, we are able to employ our European and Punjab corps from all parts but Peshawur. The 1st Punjab Cavalry is now on its way from Mooltan to Ferozepore. We have despatched a large body of levies and some contingents to endeavour to recover Sirsa, and push their way towards Hansi and Delhi.

I do not think that there is any man of much ability at Headquarters. The best officer on the staff is Captain Norman, who saw a good deal of service at Peshawur. But he is young, and not a pushing character. General Reed himself is feeble and much worn, and seems very unfit for hard service. I have offered him either Brigadier Chamberlain, or Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholson, both first-rate officers. He wants to take Chamberlain, but, in that case, Nicholson should be made a Brigadier-General, and be placed in command of the Movable Column. To give it to an ordinary man is to make no use of it. If ever we are to break through the old system, and place competent men in difficult positions, it is now, when our very rule in India is endangered. But I do hope that your Lordship will have this done.

Maharaja Golab Sing is profuse in his offers of service, and I have told him that, possibly, I may borrow some money of him. Many in this quarter anticipate that he will take part against us, but I can see no immediate prospect of his doing so. At his age, and with his health, he cannot desire to enter into new struggles, and, moreover, he has much to apprehend from the bad example to his own army of an insurgent soldiery. His son is said to dislike us, and to have some ambition. But I think I could raise such a disturbance in his own country as would keep him quiet. At any rate, I anticipate no danger from that quarter.

The Sikh chiefs of the Cis-Sutlej States have behaved admirably. In fact, I cannot praise the Maharaja of Puttiala and the Raja of Jheend's exertions too much. But for their aid, we should never have got the army and Siege Train to Delhi. I am not fond of native chiefs. I have seen great evil done by them. But I am bound to say that these two deserve almost any reward your Lordship could bestow. I think a letter to them at once would do good. We cannot tell what we may require of them.

Sir John Lawrence wrote regularly to Lord Canning, but, owing to the press of work and the disturbed state of the country,

few letters were written by Lord Canning to him, and fewer still reached him. All communications between the Punjab and the Capital, it will be remembered, had to go round by Kurrachi and Bombay.

Rawul Pindi: June 29, 1857.

My Lord,—I have not heard from your Lordship since the 26th of last month. We get no news whatever from below Allahabad and Cawnpore, and very seldom so far down. I gather that Lucknow still holds out, and that all the European regiments which were expected have arrived. We have given, or are giving, every man we can spare for Delhi, and the force before the city must be seven or eight thousand men. But the insurgents must now have become very numerous, and are evidently very enterprising. They continually attempt to turn our flanks and cut off our communications with Kurnal.

Our position is a very strong one along a low ridge of rock. Its defects are its extent, and the low suburbs of the town which extend along its right flank. If we had troops enough to hold the whole ground in strength, from the Jumna to the canal, it would be very strong indeed. I doubt much if we shall be able to take the place until the cold weather, and before reinforcements arrive from England.

Our soldiers fight admirably, but I do not think that our leaders are as able and active as is desirable. The old paralysing system of seniority is still in full force. Neville Chamberlain has joined, but has been ill ever since his arrival, probably consequent on the exposure attending a rapid journey. If his health admits of active exertion, he will prove a host in himself. I urged General Reed to supersede General Hewitt at Meerut, but he demurred, and affects to think that Hewitt can do no harm now. Your Lordship may depend on it that such an officer must be a fatal incubus on all around him. So long as he is in command, the troops at Meerut will do nothing. There is but one opinion throughout the army. An active officer with half his means might do great things. He might, for instance, prevent the Rohilkund Brigade from crossing the Ganges. He might have the country scoured all along the right bank of the Jumna, and the Goojurs kept in order.

We are doing well in the Punjab. Nothing can exceed the good conduct of the people, the enthusiasm of the Punjab troops, and the zeal of our officers. The old Sikhs are coming forward in every quarter for service. The Punjab force and Military Police will amount, in another month or six weeks, to nearly forty thousand men. I could raise any number of soldiers. But I do not like to collect more. I think it sound policy not to have too many, until I see more European troops in the arena. Directly I heard that regiments were arriving, I should like to add to our force, so as to be able to send down a good body early in the cold weather.

Next to European soldiers, we require money. The North-West Provinces, for the time, are lost. The country is overrun by banditti. Trade is paralysed. The ground is not sown, and the crops of last harvest even are wasted. I think that England must come forward in this crisis and supply the sinews of war. We shall also require all kinds of warlike stores—rifles, muskets, ammunition. In a short time, there will scarcely be ammunition for the Enfield rifles in use. Four thousand now in the Ferozepore magazine are not distributed to the European regiments on this account. I do not think that more than a million of the proper kind of cartridges are available. It appears that they are made with a particular kind of powder. I have asked Lord Elphinstone to endeavour to supply a quantity of it. I have offered General Reed to send him down a couple of thousand of Golab Sing's troops to maintain his communications with Kurnal. There is some risk, no doubt, in this measure; but much less than now occurs from the want of men for this duty. The loss of our convoys would prove very calamitous. I think it will be politic to go on subsidising Ameer Dost Mohammed. It will not do to stop payment just now.

Again, he writes to Lord Canning on July 5 :—

I enclose copy of a letter from Sir H. Barnard before Delhi which will show you what he considered were our prospects on the 1st instant. Since then, the sortie of the 3rd has taken place, of which we have heard nothing except that the insurgents had been repulsed. From the letters which I have seen from the army, it would appear that the mutineers show great enterprise, but do not fight well, except their Artillery, which, strange to say, is considered to be served well and to be admirably directed. This, however, I do not believe. Our casualties show that such cannot be the case. But all natives are clever at taking up positions which our officers, as a rule, go straight at. The continued reinforcements which the mutineers receive is the most unfortunate part of the business. Not only are their numbers thus recruited, but their courage also is sustained. It is very sad to think of the several excellent opportunities our officers have had of inflicting severe punishment which they have neglected. When I pointed out to General Reed that General Hewitt ought to be removed from his command, he seemed to think that the latter had done rather well than otherwise! I feel convinced that such is not the opinion of the army, and that, if we are to weather the present storm, we must have very different commanders from General Hewitt. Such a soldier as Lumsden, Nicholson, Daly, and many others whom I could mention, would have prevented the Rohilkund Brigade from crossing, and, had they found it already crossed, would have inflicted great loss on it before it could have reached Delhi. Officers affirm, but I cannot credit it, that the insurgents moved with eight

hundred carts, with elephants, and with treasure. A good officer, with two or three hundred men, will succeed where an incapable one will fail, with many hundreds—nay, where such a man will not make an effort.

As regards the Punjab, we can do very well with our own means, but we shall not be able to give any more effective assistance, I fear, to the Commander-in-Chief, at least in European troops—especially if we continue to hold Peshawur. He has three of our Punjab corps of Infantry, the Guides, the 1st Punjab Infantry, and the 4th Sikhs. The two former are the best we have. The Punjab Cavalry was never very good, and half of it is composed of Hindustanis. We have raised a considerable body of Sikh and Pathan Cavalry, some of which have gone to Delhi; some form escorts for convoys, and the greater part are holding, or helping to hold, the frontier. But we could manage to send down a considerable number still, and have offered to do so.

I trust that your Lordship has written home urgently for plenty of European troops. Too many cannot come out. The more soldiers and money England can send, the cheaper it will be in the end. I should not be surprised if disaffection spread to the Bombay army, which has many Hindustanis in its ranks. I can raise any number of good Infantry in the Punjab in the space of three months. The arrangements already made will give us 14,490 Infantry, and, if necessary, the four companies of each of the seventeen corps (that is without including the Guides) could form the nucleus of the seventeen new regiments, thus adding some 7,850 men to the force. Thus we should have twenty regiments of Punjab Infantry and fourteen police battalions, equal to 31,280 soldiers.

Should your Lordship approve of this proposal and will let me have due notice, I could commence carrying out the scheme, so as to have the additional regiments ready by the time the troops were arrived from England or a little afterwards.

After the fall of Delhi, or a little after that period, I would suggest that as many of the Hindustan Sepoys as desired it should be allowed to take their discharge. As they now are, they are worse than useless, being both dangerous and expensive. We are obliged, not only to pay them, but our loyal soldiers are hampered by having to watch them.

I would strongly urge on your Lordship the propriety of coming up the country as early as possible after the arrival of the European troops, and getting by your side three or four of the best officers in the country. You could, with their aid, elaborate a scheme for reforming the army and placing it on a proper basis in a very short time. But, unless this be done, months may elapse without any real results. If we take Delhi, I am inclined to think that disaffection will cease to spread. At any rate, it will lose its power. Without guns and material or any strong fortress to fall back on, the insurgents must dwindle away. But if Delhi do not

fall, we shall have a hard task to preserve our supremacy until October and November, before which time I apprehend that no large reinforcements can arrive. However, even then, we should recover our hold in the country, provided able officers be selected to command. The country will be reconquered as rapidly as it has been lost. I see that there are eleven regiments at the Cape and nine at Malta. Could not your Lordship send for two or three from the former place?

2 P.M.—A message has just come in from Delhi, copy of which I have added to my official letter, stating that Major Coke had recovered Alipore and repulsed the insurgents, and refers to an offer which was said to have come from the King to put the place into our hands.

On the following day, he writes again :—

July 6.

Yesterday evening I received a message from the Commander-in-Chief. Copy of it and of my reply is herewith enclosed. As I said to General Reed, I am not aware of your Lordship's views ; but I am myself fully convinced in my own mind that the policy which I have indicated is that which circumstances dictate.

Did we possess the means, there can be no question that it would be desirable to storm Delhi and destroy or expel the mutineers. But it is clear that we cannot take the town by a regular siege, and that there is much danger that an assault will fail. In the latter case we should have to wait for reinforcements from England with a crippled and dispirited army. There is no knowing, no foreseeing to what extent disaffection and mutiny may not extend. The most important political consequences may be anticipated from depriving the mutineers of Delhi. The minds of all native chiefs will be assured, and the insurgents will be left without a stronghold and rallying point. The desertion of the King will cripple the whole of the Mohammedan party. Without heavy guns, without strong fortifications, they must disperse and dwindle away. I doubt very much if the King will be able to give us Delhi, or, what is the same thing, enable us to take it without loss. But if he can manage to admit a single regiment into the palace, Delhi would become untenable to the enemy.

General Barnard's letter of the 1st does not give me the impression that he is satisfied with our position. I gather that, if left to his own judgment, he would rather not risk an assault. But he is unable to see the difficulties and complications which delay must involve. He cannot grasp the whole political bearings of his situation. Delay, no doubt, is an evil of the first magnitude, but failure would prove infinitely more calamitous.

I do not believe that there is a single regiment of the line in the Bengal Presidency, with the exception of the 66th (Ghoorkas), who will not desert us. I know no regiment in the Punjab composed of Hindu-

stanis which I would trust. Exclusive of the Punjabi troops, the Kumaon battalion and the 1st Irregular Cavalry are the only corps likely to remain staunch. The army before Delhi is in a very critical state. Though well able to fight a pitched battle in the field, it has much difficulty in maintaining its position, owing to the smallness of its numbers, the peculiarities of the ground, and the absence of a sufficient body of reliable Cavalry. The flank of the army is continually turned when the insurgents get into its rear; and though the troops drive them away, the movements are repeated. If the enemy had only the skill to detach a force higher up, I do not see what is to prevent their interrupting our communications and cutting off our supplies.

From Delhi to Umballa, a distance of upwards of one hundred and ten miles, the whole line is open to attack. General Barnard's account of the state of our troops after the battle of the 23rd ultimo was most dispiriting. And, even now, though he quotes our success in so many conflicts, we have never yet inflicted such a loss as to deter the enemy from renewing the struggle in the open field. We can get no news from below of any authenticity. One day, Sir H. Wheeler is said to be surrounded at Cawnpore, with difficulty maintaining himself. Another day, it is reported that he is marching on Agra. But, from whatever quarter certain information is received, we hear of disaffection and mutiny.

I had written so far when I received a message from Delhi that Sir H. Barnard died yesterday of cholera. This fearful scourge attacked the army at Kurnal going down, and again appeared at Delhi, where the Guides lost some men; but a timely fall of rain drove it away. In this season of the year, and still more, probably, a couple of months later, much sickness may be anticipated.

I take this opportunity of enclosing a note, which I have had by me for some days, from Brigadier-General S. Cotton. In it is a valuable suggestion for the employment of officers of the Indian army with regiments when they first land. Few Englishmen on their arrival in India will believe in the fatal effects of the Bengal sun. The men are out all day and get into mischief, and the medical officers are not aware of the necessity for dealing promptly with disease. I have often heard that regiments lose more men in the first year of their service than in the next three or four. Now I think that General Cotton's precautions would save many lives. We are all quiet in the Punjab. Recruiting going on famously.

P.S.—If you will take the best officer available, I suggest that you appoint Brigadier-General Chamberlain to the command of the army before Delhi.

While John Lawrence was doing all that these letters imply to sustain the army before Delhi, dangers were thickening at his own

doors. At each of the three military stations of Sealkote, Jhelum, and Rawul Pindi, mutiny was smouldering, and might at any time burst into a flame. At each of them there was a regiment or more of Hindustanis, many of whom were wavering even then, and all of them would, beyond doubt, turn against us in the event of a reverse before Delhi, or even of any prolonged inaction there. At Sealkote and Jhelum there was not a single European soldier of the line. At Rawul Pindi there were only 500, together with six guns and a few Artillerymen, and what were they amongst so many?

Sealkote had been originally selected as the site of a cantonment by Sir Charles Napier, that it might act as a check on Golab Sing. That danger had never hitherto been a real one. But it might become real now, when the sword of even the weak and wily Dogra Rajpoot, if it were thrown into the evenly balanced scale, might weigh it down against us. Jhelum and Rawul Pindi were both situated on the Grand Trunk Road between Lahore and Peshawur, and it was obvious that a successful rising at either of them would cut the Punjab in two halves, and would leave Huzara and Peshawur, as John Lawrence was fond of expressing it, 'in the air.' Would it be possible to put off the evil day till Delhi should fall, when the danger, it might be hoped, would disappear of itself? Or would it be better to attempt to disarm the troops at one or other of the three places, at the risk of causing a general rising all along the line?

Such was the question which pressed for decision. Sir John Lawrence determined first to try delay, and advised the military authorities at each of the three stations to weed out their worst characters, to promise the 'Order of Merit' to anyone who should do us conspicuous service, and to encourage their men to 'volunteer' for active service against the mutineers. This last process would not, of course, induce our officers to relax a single precaution against treachery. But it might serve to employ and amuse the men, to confirm the wavering and to discourage the malcontents. Finding that the regiment at Rawul Pindi had thus 'volunteered,' he made them a speech which seems to have roused real enthusiasm among them, and as he went away he 'could hear them cheering for a long distance as they returned to their lines.'

But Delhi did not fall, and gave no sign of doing so. 'Symptoms of uneasiness,' to adopt the euphemism common at the time, began to show themselves among the Sepoys at these unprotected stations, and were soon followed by those of active disaffection. The danger

was at its greatest at Jhelum, and Sir John Lawrence determined to lessen it there, in the only way in which he could do so, by increasing that at his own doors. He brought two of the disaffected companies to Rawul Pindi from Jhelum, and supplied their place by a strong body of Military Police, and of horse and foot levies which were above suspicion. The danger being thus equalised, it was time, he thought, to attempt the simultaneous disarmament at both places. Half of his small number of guns and more than half of his small body of Europeans he sent off to Jhelum, and, with the small remainder, he prepared to disarm the regiment at Rawul Pindi.

It was the 7th of July. The plan was carefully matured with the military authorities, but just as he was about to address the men, they became alarmed, broke away, got into their lines, and armed themselves. 'But, by good management and the influence of the officers of the 58th, who behaved admirably, nearly all the men gave up their arms. Some forty ran off, but were pursued and killed or taken.' Such was the plain, unvarnished account given by Sir John Lawrence to Lord Canning. It was never his way to speak boastfully of what he had done himself, and I cannot find in any of his letters to his friends describing the events of the day, aught which implies that it was very nearly being his last day, that he had been in any exceptional danger, or had put forth any exceptional effort.

Fortunately his 'acting' Secretary, Arthur Brandreth, has not been so reticent, and now that Lord Lawrence is beyond the reach of human praise or blame, he has told us something of the personal courage and personal influence of his chief on this eventful day, which we should, probably, never have heard from his own lips.

I well recollect (he says) Lord Lawrence's anxiety about the arrangements for the disarmament, so as to avoid, if possible, any bloodshed. He knew the native soldiers well, and recognised how few of them were really ill-disposed—how entirely the majority were led away by their ignorance and stupidity, which left them an easy prey to the designing emissaries of the Oude nobles. That disarmament very nearly ended Lord Lawrence's career. The Artillery had orders to fire, the moment the mutineers broke, to prevent their obtaining the cover of their lines, where they could have defended themselves. Owing to the accidental discharge of a cavalry carbine, the mutineers were alarmed and broke, before Lawrence, who, with his usual disregard of himself was standing in front of them, had time to address them. And the guns would at once have swept Lawrence and his party from the field, but for the promptitude of the

Brigadier, Colonel Campbell, luckily an old artilleryman. The mutineers consequently got to their lines, but Lawrence at once galloped after them, and, regardless of the eagerness with which they were all loading around them, called to them to listen and not to cause their own destruction. He thought nothing of his own peril in his anxiety to save them; and, with Colonel Barstow's aid, he was successful. It was curious as we rode up and down the line to see the frightened excitement of the men. All had by this time loaded, and a single mistake or false step would have led to the first shot, and then we could not have restrained them. But under the eye of such a chief everyone did his best to restore confidence by reason and argument, and, as above mentioned, successfully. It was this eager personal work which led to so much of Lord Lawrence's success.

How much Sir John Lawrence himself rejoiced at the saving of human life, which was the result of his efforts, may be gathered from a letter he wrote a few days afterwards to General Sydney Cotton, who was likely to have many similar opportunities.

I must say that I was very glad we did not fire on the 58th. Our forbearance had a good effect. If anything can convince the Sepoys that we are sincerely desirous to save them, it would be by such conduct. In talking to them that day, I asked them why they had bolted. They replied, 'Because you were going to fire the guns on us.' I replied, 'If such were our intention, why did we not fire? The fact that we did not do so, when you ran, ought to convince you of this.' They remarked, 'But why take away our arms? We had committed no fault.' I added 'True, you had not; but your relations and friends and countrymen had. We only do it to protect ourselves. The arms are not yours, they belong to Government, to give or to take away.' The officers behaved exceedingly well, and the corps, so far as I can judge, is a good one. But, just now, we can trust none of them. Even our own Punjabis in some cases get contaminated.

It would be well if the spirit of this and other letters of Sir John Lawrence had pervaded all that was said and written and done during the crisis of the Mutiny, and, still more, after all danger was over. We can hardly be surprised that it was not so, but it is impossible to deny that Englishmen would, in that case, have been able to look back upon the records of the heroic struggle with an unalloyed satisfaction which they can hardly feel now. The literature of the time, English as well as Indian, contains records of word and deed which it is impossible to justify or even to excuse. It is easy, no doubt, for those who have never known what it is to carry their lives in their hands, for a period of many months together, amidst a vast alien

population, and can look back calmly, at a respectful distance of time and place, on all that happened then, to be too harsh in their condemnation of those who lost something of their heads and of their hearts in the agony of the struggle. But it is certainly not easy to admire too much those few who managed to retain the command of both, men who struck their hardest when it was necessary to strike, but who sheathed the sword as soon as it was possible to do so; men who, in dealing out stern justice, never forgot to temper it with mercy, and refused to condemn a whole race for the crimes, or the ignorance, or, it may be, the blind panic, of a very small part of it, and among such men Sir John Lawrence must, in my judgment, always hold one of the most conspicuous places.

The Jhelum business did not end so fortunately, but the Chief Commissioner was not to blame for it. The arrangements for the disarmament had been made with at least equal care. A larger force than that which remained at Rawul Pindi, some 500 men in all, had been detached for the duty, and John Lawrence himself had strongly advised—he could not do more—the officer in command, that in case the Sepoys should take refuge in their lines, our attack should be delivered, not in the front, where the lines were more defensible, but in the rear, where they were quite unprotected. The 14th Native Regiment at Jhelum had long borne a bad name, and seeing, early on the morning of the 7th, the Rawul Pindi force approaching, they loaded and rushed for their lines. Our attack was delivered in front, and was repulsed with heavy loss. A running and a desperate fight was maintained throughout the day, and when night fell, the rebels had, with difficulty, been driven to an adjoining village, and we had lost a gun, 100 horses, and 150 men. The fighting seemed likely to be renewed on the following day. But, during the night, the Sepoys lost heart and fled, and in one way or another, within a week or two, almost all of them fell into our hands.

The telegraph had carried, hour by hour, to Sir John Lawrence, who was at Rawul Pindi, full details of the progress of the fight. He had been, as we have seen, in sufficient peril himself on the morning of that day. But he called a council of officers at his house, and with a confidence in himself and in the future which must have been contagious, proposed to send off to Jhelum nearly half of all the force that remained to him! They were off in a few hours under orders to do a forced march of thirty miles on that, and of forty on the following night; so that in thirty-six hours at latest the disaster

would be retrieved. 'I well remember,' says Brandreth, 'our finding the supply of powder-cases insufficient, and Sir John at once decided to sent off *all* with the reinforcements, leaving us dependent on what Colonel Cox could make up during the night.'

It was a short-lived success for the mutineers. But it had lasted long enough to give the signal for the rising at Sealkote, which had been so long feared, and under circumstances of unusual difficulty, had been so long postponed.

There were at Sealkote, under Brigadier Brind, about 700 armed Sepoys and 250 mounted troopers. The European force which had been stationed in that large cantonment at the outbreak of the Mutiny had after full deliberation, and with a full sense of his responsibility, been withdrawn from it by Sir John Lawrence to form a part of the Movable Column. Few more difficult questions had come before him. The local authorities, naturally enough, took a local view, and were for standing fast where they were. But the Chief Commissioner, seeing that there were not enough Europeans to hold all the Stations, and, at the same time, to give the maximum of efficiency to the Movable Column, determined to run the lesser risk, and to withdraw the Europeans from a position which no one but Sir Charles Napier had ever thought to be a place of prime importance, and which Sir John Lawrence himself was convinced was safe, even now, from all attack by Golab Sing. At the same time, he advised Brigadier Brind, if he doubted the fidelity of his native troops, to disarm them before the Europeans left. Afterwards, it would be too late. They had, hitherto, shown no open sign of discontent, and Brind, generously declining to secure his own safety and that of his officers at the expense of his men, for six weeks from that time, by dint of extraordinary tact and courage, managed to keep them straight. He knew that he was sitting on a powder magazine, but was bound to do so with a smiling face.

At last, the spark was applied by the momentary success of the mutineers at Jhelum. The infantry connived at the escape of their officers. But the troopers, who were more blood-thirstily inclined, murdered every European on whom they could lay hands, Brind himself, a missionary with his family, and two much respected doctors among the number. The work of plunder followed. All the houses in the Station were sacked, the cutcherries destroyed, the jail broken open, the prisoners set free, and worse than all, some of the officers of the Punjab Military Police—the one instance in the whole of the

Mutiny in which they did so—played us false. Even the domestic servants, whose devotion and fidelity were generally proverbial, turned upon their masters.

But, even here, there were many redeeming points in the conduct of the mutineers. They appear to have regarded their officers, especially Colonel Farquharson and Captain Caulfield of the 46th, with genuine affection. They kept them safely under guard the whole day and then allowed them to escape. On parting with them several of the men shed tears, touched their feet—the most respectful mode of native salutation—and deplored the separation. On being uged not to join in the Mutiny, they said they could not avoid it, they must needs fight for the general cause. So confident did they feel of success, that they offered to secure Colonel Farquharson 2,000 rupees a month and a residence in the Hills if he would consent to make common cause with them, and retain his command! This was an incident which touched Sir John Lawrence deeply, and to which he was fond of recurring when he heard wholesale denunciations of the Sepoys, and demands for more and more wholesale executions.

The work of plunder over, the mutineers with one old gun which belonged to the Station, marched off in good order for Delhi. And Delhi they would probably have reached, had not John Nicholson with his Column lain just so far off from their route as to make it seem impossible that he could intercept them. By his famous flank march, involving as it did miracles of speed and endurance, he managed to throw himself across their route, and, by the curious irony of destiny, with the very European force which, if it had been detained at Sealkote, might have overawed them there!

But of this more presently. And meanwhile we must try to follow the first acts of the newly-fledged Brigadier-General with especial reference to the relations which, true to his erratic and masterful self, he still bore to the subject of this biography. I have said that strange things might be expected when Nicholson found himself, for the first time, at the head of an army in the field, and not many days passed before he showed that, in spite of his good resolutions, he would be true to himself, alike in his impetuous gallantry and in his sublime disregard of all authority. He had told Sir John Lawrence in a letter which I have already quoted that, so far as he was concerned, 'bygones should be bygones;' and it was well that he had done so, for there were enough grounds of complaint and misunderstanding

ahead, to satisfy the most insatiable appetite for that species of excitement.

'I was glad,' writes John Lawrence, 'to receive your last note, and to find that you had given up all old matters. I assure you that I endeavour in all public affairs to be guided by a sense of my duty. Where I can conciliate those working with me, it is my object to do so. When I can not, I try to offend them as little as possible.'

Already, on leaving Rawul Pindi, Nicholson had taken a step which might have involved a breach with any man who was less considerate than his chief. He had pressed Sir John Lawrence, in conversation, to increase the size of his Column by transferring to it the one European regiment which kept the Sepoys of that place and of Jhelum in check, and was ultimately to be used in disarming them both. Sir John had pointed out in reply that the Column was amply large enough for what it had to do in the Punjab, and that to abandon Rawul Pindi would be to sever the line of communication between Lahore and Peshawur, and to ensure disorganisation in the surrounding districts. Nothing should induce him to take so desperate a step, till a still more desperate state of things at Delhi should compel him to send his last man thither.

Nicholson left Rawul Pindi, and straightway wrote to General Gowan advising him to withdraw the European troops, whether Sir John Lawrence consented or not! With characteristic frankness he told his chief what he had done, and added what it was hardly necessary to add, that he had done it only from a sense of duty. With equally characteristic magnanimity and forbearance, Sir John replied, 'I am sorry that I cannot agree with you in your views about Rawul Pindi. So long as you have a European regiment with the Movable force, I do not think that the 500 European Infantry of H.M.'s 24th can well be better disposed of than at this spot. But I quite understand and admit the grounds on which you wrote to the General.'

Nicholson joined the Column at Jullundur on June 21, and his first act gave sufficient proof that a master spirit was in the field. To the mixed amazement and delight of those who composed the Column he started with it, two days later, as if he was going straight to Delhi. But he had other purposes in view. And by a series of admirable arrangements, every one of which was carried out exactly as it ought to be, he succeeded with 800 Europeans in disarming two whole regiments, the 33rd and 35th, one of which formed part of his Column already, and which, had he taken it to Delhi, would have joined the mutineers at once; the other, an equally suspicious regiment, which

had been ordered to join him from Hoshiarpore on his line of march. Not a shot was fired, nor a drop of blood shed. Sir John Lawrence was delighted with the act itself, and with the manner in which it had been carried out. But hearing from Nicholson none of the particulars, he ventured in the letter which I have already quoted to ask that he should be kept informed of what was done and the grounds for doing it. 'I have no doubt that it is all right, and that it is on the safe side, but I wish to hear of what is done, and the grounds of it. A few words will suffice. It looks foolish, my being in charge of the Punjab and telling Government that this and that has been done, and not being able to add a line as to the reason.'

The explanation came in time, and his chief at once replied, July 7:—'I am perfectly satisfied with your note of the 5th. Pray don't think I want to bother you. I cannot and do not expect that, after knocking about all day in the sun, you should write long yarns. On such occasions, a couple of lines demi-officially will satisfy me, until I get a copy of your formal report. All I want is to know what is done, and the reason.'

Nicholson now returned from Phillour to Umritsur, and, hearing of the half-successful rising at Jhelum, he at once disarmed the regiment which was stationed there. Two days later, the still worse news of the complete success of the mutineers at Sealkote reached him, and, judging of the feelings of the wing of cavalry which belonged to his column, by what its other wing had just done at Sealkote, he disarmed that also, and then gathered himself up for his famous spring upon the mutineers, who, flushed with their success, and never dreaming that he was within striking distance, had set out from Sealkote with their faces turned towards Delhi. Their line lay, so Nicholson thought most probable, through Goordaspore, near the Ravi. Thence they would move on Nurpore and Hoshiarpore, and picking up disaffected detachments of horse or foot, Regulars or Irregulars, at each of these places, would bear down, with ever-gathering momentum, on the rear of our hard-pressed forces before Delhi. Could he reach Goordaspore in time to prevent this? It was over forty miles away. The mutineers had two full days' start of him; and the July sun, which must be fatal to not a few of his European soldiers, would be little or no impediment to the Sepoys. It seemed a wild-goose chase. But those who knew Nicholson well, knew that, more than once before now, he had made the impossible to seem possible enough.

The rest of the day (the 10th) was spent in sweeping off into his

camp every gig and cart, every horse and pony which could be found plying on the road between Lahore and Umritsur. Many a soldier who had never crossed a horse before found himself suddenly mounted, to the imminent risk of his neck, on a charger taken from the dismounted troopers; while *ekkas* (light carts), warranted to carry two passengers only, were forced to accommodate four. Even so, not a few men had to go on foot.

At dusk, the march began, and, during the comparative cool of the night, gun-carriages and over-crowded carts and walkers managed to traverse in company some twenty-six miles of road. But eighteen more miles still lay before them, and these beneath the full fury of the July sun. Awnings made of the branches of trees were extemporised by the men who rode on the *ekkas* and gun-carriages, and the rough jokes of the soldiers as they started afresh, and the variety of the equipages and breakdowns, recalled to more than one eye-witness the road to Epsom on the Derby day. But this could not last long. Men began to fall exhausted or dead by the roadside; and one incident of the march, which has, I think, never found its way into print, is too characteristic of Nicholson to be omitted here.

When the sun was at its fiercest, the Column neared a grove of trees which seemed to promise a refreshing shade; and some of the officers, seeing the exhausted state of their men, suggested that a halt of an hour or two might well be called to enabled them to throw themselves on the ground and snatch an interval of repose. 'No,' sternly replied Nicholson; 'we must press on.' But he yielded to more urgent expostulations, and the worn-out men were soon asleep beneath the trees. After an interval, it occurred to one of their number as he woke from his sleep to ask where the general was. Not seeing him amongst the sleepers on the ground, he looked back to the road which they had left, and there, in the very middle of it, in the full glare of the sun, sitting bolt upright upon his horse, and perfectly motionless, he saw John Nicholson waiting, as, unknown to them all, he had been waiting from the beginning, with impatient patience till his men should have had their rest out. The silent protest did its work. The exhausted men started up with a strength which was not altogether their own, and in the course of the afternoon the whole column reached Goordaspore.

Next morning, news came that the mutineers were in the act of crossing the Ravi at the Trimmu Ghaut, or ferry, about nine miles off. There was no time to be lost, and a second march, under the

same burning sun, brought the avenger of blood face to face with his foes. The mutinous troopers, who had done most of the work at Sealkote, inflamed by *bhang*, charged gallantly on Nicholson's mounted police, and put them to a headlong flight, which was not stopped till they reached Goordaspore. But the Black Bess of the mutineers was no match for the Enfield rifle, nor was the single broken-down station gun which they had carried off from Sealkote able to hold its own against Nicholson's nine. They were soon driven back towards the river, whose rising waters had made the ford, by which they had so lately crossed, to be unfordable, and they straightway found themselves cooped up in an island in the middle of the stream, while Nicholson was threatening them from one bank, and, as they believed, a pursuing force from Jhelum on the other. Had Nicholson's mounted police stood firm, they could have ridden down the mutineers and cut them to pieces in their flight towards the river. His infantry, worn out by their long march, could do nothing now in the way of pursuit.

But Nicholson could afford to wait; for the mutineers were without boats and could not escape from the island. Three days sufficed to rest his troops and to collect boats, and, on the morning of the 16th, while his nine guns engrossed the attention of the mutineers, he crossed unobserved to the lower part of the island, and, putting himself, as though he were a simple subaltern, at the head of his men, led them against the foe. The single gun was now turned full on his column. It was worked by a fine old havildar, who was evidently prepared to die at his post. Nicholson, famous of old for his feats of swordsmanship, went at him, sword in hand, and, dealing him a blow slantwise on his shoulder, with that one stroke cut him clean in two, one half of his body falling on one, the other on the other side of his sword. 'Not a bad sliver that!' he said quietly to his aide-de-camp, Randall, who was at his side, and then pursued the flying Sepoys, driving them into the river and destroying them to the last man. Thus, in one short week from its outbreak, the Sealkote Brigade had ceased to exist.

Sir John Lawrence's satisfaction at this exploit of his new Brigadier-General was great, for he estimated rightly its bearing on the general issue of the struggle. Through the medium of his Secretary he expressed himself on the subject thus:—

As an evidence to Government of what can be done by a really able officer who desires to overtake his enemy, I am to record that the troops

made a march of upwards of forty miles on the night of the 11th, and advanced and defeated the insurgents immediately after their arrival. . . . Thus, at an aggregate loss of forty-six soldiers, only twelve of whom lost their lives, Brigadier-General Nicholson disposed of a regiment of native Infantry and a wing of Regular Cavalry, thus giving practical evidence of what can be accomplished by a really efficient commander. . . . The importance of this affair is very considerable. The effect on the country at large will be beneficial. But its main result consists in the loss which has been, directly or indirectly, inflicted on the general cause of the mutineers in Hindustan as well as in the Punjab. The Sealkote mutineers, encouraged by the success of those at Jullundur, evidently intended to sweep across the country, picking up on their route the 2nd Irregular Cavalry at Goordaspore with whom they had an understanding, the 4th Native Infantry at Nurpore and Kangra, and probably many of the disarmed Sepoys of the 33rd, 35th, and 54th at Jullundur and Umritsur, and would probably have reached Delhi with three or four thousand good native soldiers, to the infinite encouragement of the insurgents in that city. Whereas, as the matter now stands, fully a thousand mutineers have been destroyed, and all disarmed soldiers will be awed by their fate.

It was always Sir John Lawrence's way to look on each event in its remote as well as its immediate consequences; as part, that is, of a whole; and, in that spirit, he went on now to comment on the contrast which the doings at Sealkote presented to those at Jullundur, Rohilkund, and Meerut.

The injury which the junction of the Jullundur and Rohilkund mutineers with the insurgents at Delhi has caused to British interests it will be difficult to over-estimate. The Chief Commissioner believes that, but for their arrival, the city would long ago have been in our possession. It was not merely the addition which the insurgents gained that was of such importance, though, even in that light, it was of great value. But the almost triumphal advance of these bodies of troops showed to the insurgents that the British Government was nearly powerless over wide and important parts of the country. The moral influence of such a circumstance must have been very great, and that such was the effect of our mistakes must be evident, when it is remembered that the most resolute and powerful attacks on our troops invariably followed the accession of each reinforcement to the enemy.

Sir John Lawrence now made up his mind that no Poorbea regiment in the Punjab should be allowed to retain its arms longer than was absolutely necessary. The 4th Native Infantry at Kangra and Nurpore had already been disarmed by Reynell Taylor; and the

10th Light Cavalry at Ferozepore gave up their arms and horses at the command of Brigadier Innes. There had been no definite reason to suspect either of them; but the outbreak at Sealkote made it necessary, in these troublous times, to take away the means to do ill deeds, even from those who might not seem disposed to use them. And now, John Lawrence, who had at length left his solitary station at Rawul Pindi, where he had planned and done so much, sent for Nicholson to Lahore and, to his infinite delight, gave him the long-looked-for order to march for Delhi.

CHAPTER II.

ABANDONMENT OF PESHAWUR.

JUNE–AUGUST, 1857.

THE letters of Sir John Lawrence which I have hitherto quoted, and the actions which I have recorded, are all of them based, more or less, upon the supposition that Delhi would soon fall. And that it might fall the sooner and with more overwhelming effect upon the prospects of the Mutiny generally, he was doing, as we have seen, all that man could do. But what if it should not fall? John Lawrence would not have been the statesman that he was; he would not have governed the Punjab as he did govern it, had he shut his eyes to the other and only too possible alternative that our attack, when at last it was delivered, might fail, and that our small and hard-pressed army upon the Ridge might have to retreat, if indeed it could still do so, towards the Punjab. In that case, he knew well that the country between the Jumna and the Sutlej would rise against us; that the Regular troops who had hitherto remained passive would throw off the disguise; that their example would be followed by the Irregular Cavalry, and that again, only too probably, by the inhabitants of the Punjab generally. There was a point, he well knew, beyond which the loyalty even of the Sikhs could not be strained. He knew the natives of India far too intimately to imagine that, govern them as we may, we can ever look for more from them than a passive contentment or acquiescence in our rule, the rule of a people who differ from themselves in habits, character, language, colour, and religion. And he took his measures accordingly. In public he always held cheerful and inspiriting language, but he never disguised from himself nor from his more trusted subordinates that he contemplated also the possibility of failure. If he always hoped for the best, he was always also preparing for the worst. And what he was prepared to do, if the worst came to the worst, he communicated, confidentially, with a full sense of his responsibility and with perfect coolness—the coolness of

a brave man—almost at the beginning of the struggle, to those whom it most concerned to know it.

He was prepared, if matters came to that extremity, to ask Dost Mohammed to occupy Peshawur, with the understanding that, if he remained true to us, it should revert to him when the struggle was over. We were to retire to Attock and hold the line of the Indus in force, thus setting free some 3,000 European troops from a place which, during three months at least of the year, is the white man's hospital, and, so long as we hold it, must always, it is to be feared, continue to be the white man's grave. A large portion of the troops thus disengaged from Peshawur would be sent at once to Delhi, and would make the early termination of the siege a certainty; while the gift of Peshawur to the Afghans, to whom it had recently belonged, and who were always ardently longing for its recovery, would do more, he thought, than anything else to secure their permanent friendship and their active alliance in case of an invasion from beyond.

This, then, is what he was prepared to do, if the safety of the Empire or, what in his judgment, at this juncture, was the same thing, the prosecution of the siege of Delhi, demanded it. That he was prepared calmly to face the outcry which such a proposal would create, at the time, among his lieutenants at Peshawur, and afterwards among the shortsighted and uninstructed throughout India and at home, is not the least striking proof of his moral courage. It shows that he regarded the struggle with the eye of a statesman as well as of a soldier, that he embraced its imperial as well as its local aspects.

The proposal therefore, in itself, seems to call for little in the way of defence or explanation; and, if I treat of it in more detail than may appear necessary, I do so for three reasons. First, because, as Sir John Lawrence's biographer, I cannot fail to see, in the correspondence before me, how large a part of his most anxious thoughts the question occupied. Secondly, because, as I have said, his treatment of it seems to me to indicate his statesmanlike insight no less than his moral courage; and thirdly and principally, because owing to the heat of party spirit which has, unfortunately, of late years been imported into Indian questions, there have not been wanting men in high station who, in ignorance or otherwise, have endeavoured to make capital out of it for purposes of their own, and so to discredit the just and wise frontier policy with which Lord Lawrence's name will always be honourably identified. In a debate in the House of Lords on December 9, 1878, on the Afghan war,

into which the policy of the Government had just then precipitated us, Lord Cranbrook, who was at that time Secretary of State for India, used the following words: 'Would you have asked the Ameer to let you send a friendly mission to explain what the relations between him and you ought to be, or would you, with *the retiring modesty* which a noble lord exhibited on a former occasion, have wished England to retire behind the Indus?' In the course of a weighty speech delivered on the same evening, a speech every word of which might have been written to-day as a description of what has happened, rather than—as what it was—a solemn and prophetic forecast of what would happen, and which if it had been listened to might, even then, have saved thousands of lives and millions of money as well as something which ought to be more valuable to England than either, Lord Lawrence, with a dignity which must have made one man at least among his hearers feel somewhat uncomfortable, remarked that he was quite prepared to defend the policy proposed by him in 1857, at a proper time and place, if challenged to do so.

The challenge, of course, was not forthcoming, and Lord Lawrence considered that the attempt made by Lord Cranbrook to cast a slur on his reputation had been prompted by party motives only—as indeed it had—and that it was altogether unworthy of the speaker. He did, however, desire that the attack should be answered calmly by some one who had access to the whole of his papers, and this, not so much with any view of re-establishing his own reputation—which neither he himself nor any person whose opinion was of value could consider to be impaired—as of ensuring that a full and truthful account should be given to the world of the circumstances which influenced him in his proposal, under certain eventualities, to retire from Peshawur. This wish he expressed to a near relative and friend in the following June. But before the task had been begun, in the very next week, all England and all India heard with a thrill of sorrow, which the events of succeeding years have certainly not tended to diminish, that Lord Lawrence was no more.

It now rests with me to decide what answer, if any, shall be given to Lord Cranbrook's taunt, a taunt echoed since then, in the heat of party conflict, by many lesser men. The wish expressed by Lord Lawrence to his son-in-law, Colonel Randall, a few days before his death seems to me to settle the question, and to make it a sacred duty to set forth fully—and as far as possible in his own words—what he did or did not propose with respect to Peshawur.

The difficulty is chiefly one of selection. If I had room to quote the whole correspondence there would be little to explain and less to defend, as, assuredly, there is nothing to conceal. Any explanations or connecting links which may seem necessary, I shall make as short as possible, and, for the rest, shall leave Sir John Lawrence to give his own views in his own words.

We have seen at how early a period in the history of the Mutiny the danger of Peshawur, and the urgent remonstrances of his friends there, had obliged Sir John Lawrence to recall two regiments which he had already despatched towards Delhi, to the defence of the famous valley. He did what he was bound to do and did it ungrudgingly. But looking forward to the future, and observing how the mutineers at Delhi were being daily reinforced, he took occasion, on June 9, to inform his Peshawur friends that if it came to be a question of starving the siege of Delhi in order that more troops might be massed upon the frontier, he would be prepared to draw in that frontier.

Rawul Pindi: June 9, 1857.

My dear Edwardes,—. . . I have done all I could to urge vigorous and prompt action at Delhi, and only stopped when I perceived that I might do more harm than good. Delay is only a less misfortune than a repulse. I have no confidence in the Headquarter folks, and unless we are specially aided from the Almighty, any disaster may occur. . . .

If Delhi does not fall at once, or if any disaster occur there, all the Regular army, and probably all the Irregular Cavalry, will fall away. Last night (at Jullundur) the two native corps of Infantry, with the exception of one hundred and twenty men, and nearly all the sixth Cavalry, mutinied. They were joined at Phillour by the 3rd Native Infantry. The dawk this morning brought the rumour that the 15th and 30th had mutinied at Nusserabad, and the Brigade at Bareilly, and so the game goes on. Day after day, more and more regiments fall away.

I think we must look ahead and consider what should be done, in the event of disaster at Delhi. My decided opinion is that, in that case, we must concentrate. All our safety depends on this. If we attempt to hold the whole country, we shall be cut up in detail. The important points in the Punjab are Peshawur, Mooltan, and Lahore, including Umritsur. But I do not think that we can hold Peshawur and the other places also, in the event of disaster. We could easily retire from Peshawur, early in the day. But, at the eleventh hour, it would be difficult, perhaps, impossible. Depend on it, that, if this disaffection goes on, it will spread to the Irregulars even of the Punjab force. They will see that our

European force is small and scattered over the country. The Ameer will also come down and endeavour to gain Peshawur.

I would make a merit of our necessities. I would invite him down, ask him to take care of Peshawur, and promise that Government should give it to him if he remained true to us. If anything would make him true, this would. He would surely sooner hold Peshawur as our friend than as our enemy. Peshawur would accomplish his heart's desire, and would do more to make the Afghans friendly to us than anything else which we could do. We could then hold Attock in strength, and have the Indus for our barrier. It is a formidable one, if rightly used. We would bring the greater part of our European regiments down here and organise our arrangements.

Peshawur is only useful to us in the event of an invasion. In every other respect it is a source of weakness and expense. By giving it up, we free ourselves from many complications, and, in the event of an invasion, we might still, if necessary, cross the river for a time. It will be said, if we give up Peshawur, we must give up Kohat and the Derajat. I would certainly give up Kohat with Peshawur. The Derajat I would keep, at any rate for the present. But I confess I am prepared to give it all up, if necessary. It seems to me madness to endeavour to keep the outskirts o our dominions, when it will be a desperate struggle to retain the latter at all. If things go on as they are now doing, it must come to a life and death struggle. With six or seven thousand Europeans in good health and spirits, and plenty of ammunition and guns, the probability is that we can hold our own and save our magazines. Only reflect what will be the condition of our Europeans at Peshawur in August and September, worn down by the climate and dispirited by our constant misfortunes. They may even fall a prey to the Irregular force we are now raising. But, at Rawul Pindi, with a good climate and a friendly population, we should be prepared to advance, in any direction, directly the cold weather sets in, and, by that time, twenty thousand Europeans will have arrived from England.

It will be urged that a retrograde move will injure our prestige. This seems to me a weak argument. There is much in prestige, up to a certain point. Beyond that, it is a feeble reed on which to lean. European troops advancing in good order to an attack, well handled and well in hand, are greatly aided by the prestige which attends them. But let them be mismanaged and receive a check, where is then their prestige? The 24th Queen's at Chillianwallah marched to the attack 1,150 strong with the assurance of victory. When they fell back after their repulse a few Sikh horsemen followed them and cut up many of them.

I do not think we could hold Peshawur if we lose the country cis-Indus and are cooped up in the fort at Lahore. But even if we did, to what purpose? We could not hope to maintain ourselves there until India was reconquered.

Pray think of what I have said, and consult Brigadiers S. Cotton and Nicholson, but nobody else. No man will retrace his steps more unwillingly than myself. But there is a point when to hold on savours more of obstinacy than of wisdom.

On the following day, he sent a copy of this letter to Lord Canning, and commented on it as follows :—

My Lord,—. . . I trust that your Lordship has written urgently to England for reinforcements; 20,000 infantry will not be a man too many, perhaps, not enough. We are doing our best to maintain our position. As the Regulars mutiny and fall away we raise Irregular corps. I shall do my best in the confidence of your support.

The three great points in the Punjab to hold are, Peshawur, Lahore (including Umritsur), and Mooltan. If we can hold these firmly, we retain our occupation of the Punjab. But if any disaster occur at Delhi, or even, if much delay occurs, and should the Hindustani cavalry desert us, I myself do not think that, under these circumstances, we can do so.

It appears to me that by holding on too long on all, we may lose all. Like mariners at sea in a tempest, I would sacrifice a portion to save the rest. I enclose copy of a letter which I sent to Colonel Edwardes yesterday regarding Peshawur. I rather think he will be for maintaining ourselves there. I should be glad if your Lordship could send me a telegraphic message through Lord Elphinstone expressive of your wishes. A line will suffice. 'Hold on to Peshawur to the last,' or, 'You may act as may appear expedient in regard to Peshawur,' will explain your views.

I would not give up Peshawur so long as I saw a prospect of success. But I cannot help foreseeing that in August and September the larger portion of the Europeans will be prostrated by sickness. They might then be destroyed without much difficulty. But, even should this not happen, they will be of little use for months. There are some 3,500 Europeans there, including Artillery, a body who, if in good health and well commanded, would beat 20,000 native troops. But these same soldiers worn down by sickness, and dispirited by successive combats with large bodies of insurgents who will not close, but will buzz around them, might be so weakened that even if the major part crossed the Indus, they would prove of little value in an impending struggle.

I myself see no value in Peshawur or Kohat except as furnishing a good base of operations in the event of a general invasion from the west, and as a good practical school for our officers. But many good soldiers affirm that the Indus would prove a better boundary. One great argument in favour of surrendering Peshawur is that it would do more to reconcile the Afghans to us, to unite their interests with ours, than anything else which we could do. So long as we hold Peshawur, it is vain

to expect that the Afghans, in the event of a great invasion, will be true to us. Officers will urge that a retirement from Peshawur must prove disastrous. I cannot see this. An army unbeaten can retire with success, just as it may advance with success. Much will depend on the commander, and, fortunately, there is a good one there.

It is difficult to conceive the calamities which may follow a disaster at Delhi. Native accounts, even now, describe the upper portion of the Gangetic Doab as perfectly disorganised, bands of freebooters roaming about without fear. From Delhi due west to the frontier of Bahawulpore and Bickaneer, the condition of the country is even worse. Even if troops were sent out from England the week after the news of the Delhi massacre arrived, they cannot be in Calcutta, Bombay, and Kurrachi before October, and up the country before December. What may not be our condition by that time?

Your Lordship may depend on my doing all in my power to stem the tide and maintain our supremacy. I think it would be useful if you could delegate to me your authority to act on your behalf in the Punjab during this crisis.

The Peshawur authorities were not likely to acquiesce in their chief's view of the comparative importance of Peshawur and of Delhi. They would hardly have been mortal if they had done so. They immediately held a council at which Edwardes, Nicholson, and Cotton were present; and Edwardes, acting as their mouthpiece, wrote in forcible terms protesting against the bare supposition.

June 11.

My dear John,—We are unanimously of opinion that with God's help we *can* and *will* hold Peshawur, let the worst come to the worst, and that it would be a fatal policy to abandon it and to retire across the Indus. It is the anchor of the Punjab, and if you take it up the whole ship will drift to sea. For keeping the mastery of the Punjab there are only two obligatory points—the Peshawur Valley and the Manjha. All the rest are mere dependencies. . . . We think then that all the European force should be concentrated at Peshawur and in the Manjha. . . . Holding these two points, you will hold the whole Punjab. . . . Europeans cannot retreat. Without rum, without beef, without success, they would soon be without hope, without organisation. Cabul would come again. . . . As a general remark I believe when it comes to our ceding territory we abandon our position in India and shall soon be in the sea. We hope earnestly that you will stand or fall at Peshawur. It must be done somewhere. Let us do it in the front, giving up nothing.

Unanswerable, no doubt, and vigorous and manly, all of this was; but I observe that Sir John Lawrence has written across the letter

from which I have given a few extracts, the pregnant remark—'The plan here sketched out would have required us to retain all the European troops in the Punjab.' And was it not equally unanswerable, did it not show equal manliness and vigour, and did it not show a much wider grasp of all the conditions of the problem to say, as John Lawrence did, there is one thing which I consider would be even more fatal than the abandonment of Peshawur, and that is the abandonment of the siege of Delhi? We can doubtless, as you say, ride out the storm in the Punjab, if we determine to keep every European and every native soldier who is now within it around us, but what of India? Peshawur is not India, though it is natural that you should now write as if it were. The Punjab is not India, though it would be even more natural if I, as its chief ruler, were to act as if it were India lies beyond and above them *both*, and I will send the last available European and the last available native levies to the front, and get on without them, as I best can, rather than allow the historic capital of India, the heart of India, to remain in the hands of our enemies, or to drive our army in disaster from before its walls.

Such was the gist of all Sir John Lawrence's letters on this subject, and such the policy on which he was prepared to act so long as the danger which he contemplated was either probable or possible. But, meanwhile, he replied with characteristic modesty and frankness to some of Edwardes's arguments:—

You may all be right about Kohat and Peshawur, and I do not feel that I am likely to be a good judge. But I confess that I do not think with you that we could hold these places *if the disaffection spreads*. We must hold Mooltan. It is our only means of communication with the seaboard and with Bombay. There is no one who could hold it for us. Bahawulpore is already wavering in its fidelity, and will not continue true if we are pressed. . . . If we give up all the country but Peshawur and the Manjha, we shall starve. We shall get no revenue from the country, or supplies of cash from Bombay. The two bodies of troops, one at Peshawur and one at Lahore, will be isolated. With the trans-Indus force transferred to this side of the river we could hold the country, collect the revenue, keep open our communications, and give the Europeans all they require. I do not think that the Ameer would follow us across the Indus. Even had he the will, he would not have the power. The difference between the trans-Indus Mohammedan and his co-religionist on this side is the difference between a demon and a human being who believes in a bad religion. The one race are the descendants of the conquering hordes, the other of the converted Hindus. You will more

easily hold a thousand square miles on this side of the Indus than a hundred on that. . . . But enough of this. I hope that no necessity will arise.

Meanwhile, as the plot thickened, as Delhi did not fall or give any sign of falling, and as the Chief Commissioner went on draining his province of its men and of its materials for war, the line of argument taken up by Edwardes, and those for whom he spoke, became more urgent and alarmist, as, assuredly, it was also more shortsighted and provincial.

We are all of opinion (he says on the 26th of June) that you must not go on throwing away your resources in detail by meeting General Reed's demands for reinforcements. Delhi is not India, and if General Reed cannot take it with eight thousand men, he will not take it with nine thousand or ten thousand. However important a point, it is only a point, and enough has been done for it. . . . Make a stand! Anchor, Hardy, anchor! Tell General Reed he can have no more men from here, and must either get into Delhi with the men he has got, or get reinforcements from below,[1] or abandon the siege and fall back on the Sutlej. Don't try too much. We are outnumbered. Stick to what we can do. Let us hold the Punjab *coûte que coûte*, and not give up one European necessary for that duty. . . . Don't yield an inch of frontier; gather up your forces and restrict yourself to the defence of the Punjab. You cannot spare more Europeans from the Punjab. Make sure of one practicable policy. If General Reed with all the men you have sent him cannot take Delhi, let Delhi go. Decide on it at once and make the Punjab snug before the rains. Don't let yourself be sucked to death by inches in the way Reed is doing. He has his difficulties. We have ours. You have made vast efforts for him, and no one, hereafter, considering these movements, can blame you for now securing your own province. Not that I would say, Secure your own province, if the Empire required its sacrifice. We could sacrifice any other province without a pang or a doubt, but the Empire's reconquest depends on the Punjab. . . . My own belief is that on the reinforcements now being sent reaching General Reed, Delhi will be stormed successfully. If not, another thousand Europeans will not turn the scale—while their removal will endanger the Punjab. Pray take your own line. It is not selfish. It is the good of the Empire. Don't get engulfed in Delhi.

And, a few days later, June 30, he writes again :—

You have indeed denuded the Punjab to an anxious extent to help General Reed, and my earnest advice to you is to send not a man more.

[1] There were *no* reinforcements to be had 'from below'—i.e. from the North-West Provinces. They had too much to do to hold their own.

Nor should this force, the Peshawur garrison, be any further drawn on. It is true we are strong now, and it may look selfish to keep the troops. But you need to be strong somewhere, when all is generally so weak. And the frontier must be strong.

What must have been the result, the inevitable result, had Sir John Lawrence yielded to these reiterated, these egregiously short-sighted appeals to him not to send a man more to Delhi? What but the certain destruction of our force before that place? An assault had been given up by the military authorities as hopeless, unless or until large reinforcements should arrive from the Punjab. A regular siege was obviously impossible. The enemy were receiving weekly or daily reinforcements, and had at their disposal an unlimited amount of all the material of war. The direct and practical answer which John Lawrence gave to this and every other appeal of the kind may perhaps best be shown by an extract from an earlier letter of June 17 to Hervey Greathed, who had written from before Delhi to tell him of the unexpected numbers of the enemy, and of the excellence of their artillery practice.

We are sending you down every soldier we can spare. I calculate that, by July 1, you ought to have 3,250 men from us. Thus—

7 companies of Her Majesty's 8th, full	600
5 „ „ „ 61st, „	450
European Artillerymen	200
1st Punjab Rifles (Coke's)	800
4th Sikhs „ (Rothney's)	800
Punjab Cavalry	400
	3,250

In fifteen days afterwards, we could send the 1st Punjab Cavalry, now on its way from Mooltan—say 500 sabres—and, probably, twenty days after this, the 2nd Punjab Rifles, now at Mooltan. The latter cannot move until the Beluch Battalion arrives from Sukkur, for it has to watch the native corps whom we have just disarmed. Even, to do thus much, we have had to weaken ourselves a good deal. We have still thirteen regiments of armed native infantry to watch, and a frontier of eight hundred miles to guard. By-the-by, we have the Kumaon Battalion also available, and I purpose sending them down. They do not muster above four hundred and fifty men. I had cause to suspect them in the first instance, and put them in a corner where they could not well do harm. But, since then, I have reason to believe them staunch, and will send them down. They are most anxious to emulate the good conduct of the Ghoorka corps now with the army.

What wonder that the force before Delhi felt that, in the person of the man who could write thus and promise thus and perform thus, they had a base of operations, an arsenal, a commissariat, a very tower of strength, which, come what might, would not fail them? And he did not fail them. No sooner was this large body of reinforcements on their way to Delhi than a demand came from General Reed for the Movable Column itself. This demand John Lawrence could not grant as yet. He entirely agreed with Edwardes that he must retain his hold on the Punjab, even in preference to taking Delhi. The difference between them was chiefly as to the frontier—whether, if matters came to extremities, the 3,000 Europeans and the large body of native troops at Peshawur would be more useful locked up there, or in preserving the peace throughout the Punjab and pushing the siege of Delhi. On the presence of the Movable Column in the Punjab at that moment depended, he knew well, not only the general protection of the country, but the overawing of some six or seven Poorbea regiments which he had not yet found it advisable or possible to deprive of their arms. When once they had been disarmed he would send the Movable Column, with Nicholson at its head, down to Delhi also.

Sir John Lawrence had conversed much with Nicholson on the Peshawur question as he passed through Rawul Pindi to take the command of the Column. But the vehement expostulations of his famous 'Warden of the Marches' had proved as powerless to turn him from his purpose, as were the more rhetorical letters of the Commissioner of Peshawur.

I had a long talk (he says on June 18) with Nicholson, and twice heard all that he had to say as to the policy of maintaining ourselves at Peshawur. I have weighed well what he and you have said, but I cannot concur in it. I am persuaded that, *in the event of a great disaster*, it would be our best policy to abandon Peshawur and Kohat. I am convinced that we should concentrate under those circumstances. With Peshawur in our hands and all the rest of the country in a flame, the force at Peshawur would be 'in the air' as it were. There, that force is locked up. On this side of the Indus, a third of it would hold the country and give the remainder for employment down below.

I believe that the Sikhs did hold other places besides Lahore and Peshawur. They held, for instance, Mooltan and the Kohistan of Kangra and Huzara in strength. But I can see no analogy in what they did or should have done and in what should be our policy. We know that this Doab in nowise depends on the right bank of the Indus. The

races are different; their political and social condition has long been dissimilar. The Sikhs held these tracts for sixty years before they crossed the Indus. Peshawur was always a source of weakness and danger to them. But for his vanity, Runjeet Singh would have given it up. Burnes in 1838 points this out.

Peshawur and Kohat, between them, cost us half a million of money annually. Should we weather this storm, the main difficulty to solve will be how to meet the cost of the new system which will be necessary. We have already from one to two millions annually on the wrong side in finance. I do not deny the value of Peshawur, but I think it too expensive and too dangerous an appendage to maintain with advantage. Our system will not allow us to hold such tracts as Peshawur and Kohat with thorough security. The biggest ass, the greatest fool in the Bengal army may any day be in command. However, I will not bother you more. I pray God it may not come to this. As the enemy are so strong, the more sallies they make the better for us.

But Edwardes was as resolute and unchanging as his chief, and, on the 22nd, John Lawrence wrote again developing his views on the situation.

I do not think that you give due weight to my arguments regarding the frontier, nor sufficiently consider all the difficulties of our occupation of the Trans-Indus lands. I will, however, after this, say no more on the subject. I see several advantages in the possession of the Trans-Indus districts, and, at one time, felt convinced that we were right in taking them. It was the advice I gave Lord Dalhousie previous to annexation, when he consulted me on the subject. But time and experience have led me to alter my views. I consider the expense very great. It costs annually sums which we can ill spare. The expense is yearly increasing. The occupation is difficult and precarious. Any disaster there is a calamity difficult to remedy. The climate is insalubrious, the warfare unsuited to our genius and habits. I would guarantee to hold the line of the Indus with one-half of the troops which the outer range requires.

And then, to come to our present position: Here we are with three European regiments, a large Artillery, and some of our best native troops locked up across the Indus; troops which, if at Delhi, would decide the contest in a week. What have we got for all the rest of the Punjab? We have barely 2,000 Europeans—I doubt if we have so many—holding the forts of Phillour, Govindghur, Ferozepore, and Mooltan. We have not a man more with a white face whom we can spare. We cannot concentrate more than we have now done, except by giving up Rawul Pindi and eventually, Peshawur. Should the Sikhs rise, our position, on this side the Indus, will be well-nigh desperate. With the Peshawur force on this

side, we should be irresistibly strong. There was no one thing which tended so much to the ruin of Napoleon in 1814 as the tenacity with which, after the disaster at Leipsic, he clung to the line of the Elbe instead of falling back at once to that of the Rhine. He thus compromised all his garrisons beyond the Elbe, and when he was beaten in the field these gradually had to surrender. But these troops would have given him the victory had they been at his side at Bautzen and the other conflicts which followed Leipsic. But enough of this.

It was towards the close of June and at the beginning of July that the prospects in the Punjab were at their worst. There were louder and ever louder calls from Delhi for reinforcements. The difficulty of meeting them was growing greater, and the protests of Edwardes and the Peshawur chiefs against the policy of draining the Punjab were becoming more urgent and imperative. It had been hoped by the authorities of Delhi, no less than by Edwardes and by Lawrence, that when the last of the 3,200 fresh troops should have arrived upon the Ridge by the beginning of July, the long-postponed attack would at last be made. But this hope was already vanishing into air. 'I estimate,' says John Lawrence to Edwardes on June 29, 'that, when all our reinforcements arrive, we shall have between seven and eight thousand men before Delhi. But I am sorry to say they appear quite unequal to taking the place. They cannot indeed secure their communications in the rear.'

No message had as yet arrived from Lord Canning as to what should be done if matters came to an extremity, and yet everything seemed to show that the time was drawing near when the question would be one, not of contingent or hypothetical, but of immediate and practical politics; when the fatal choice would have to be made whether the Chief Commissioner should order our forces to withdraw from Peshawur or should declare that he had not another man to send to Delhi. His own mind was quite made up. 'Delhi is the 'critical point, and I feel I am bound to send every one that I can muster down.' The Peshawur authorities were equally clear in their view, for it was at this time that they sent the joint remonstrance from which I have quoted such copious extracts. The European Infantry now in the Punjab amounted only to 5,600 men. Of these, nearly half were in the Peshawur valley. The small remainder had, in conjunction with the Irregulars, to garrison the Capital, to hold the forts of Mooltan and Govindghur, the arsenals of Phillour and Ferozepore, the cantonments of Rawul Pindi and Jullundur, and the

passage of the Indus at Attock. They had to contribute eight hundred of their number to the Movable Column, to keep some six or seven Poorbea regiments which still retained their arms from rising, and to prevent those which had already been disarmed from taking themselves off to Delhi. An insurrection, therefore, might, at any time, take place, and Sir John Lawrence made all the preparations by which he might utilise his small force to the utmost, might secure all the most important points, might disarm the Poorbea regiments, and now, even now, send off one more European regiment to Delhi!

But his letters show his extreme anxiety.

If the China reinforcements (he says on June 26) arrive soon, we may still do well, but, otherwise, I do not myself anticipate we shall weather the storm, more especially if you all remain across the Indus.

To abandon Peshawur (he says to George Barnes, to whom, as well as to Bartle Frere and Neville Chamberlain, he communicated his thoughts on the subject), would set free 3,000 Europeans, 24 guns, and four beautiful corps of Punjab troops. This would be a desperate measure. But anything is better than not taking Delhi. If we cannot take the place, we cannot retreat. . . . Of course it (the abandonment of Peshawur) would be a sign of weakness. But are we not weak? It is mere temerity to say we are not so. On this side the Indus, we would defy all the hill tribes, Afghans, and the like, and consolidate our power, and reorganise our army. By clinging to our Trans-Indus possessions we may ruin ourselves past redemption.

And again he writes to Edwardes, on June 30:—

What I have said on this subject is founded on much thought and full conviction. I am neither fond of Indian politics, nor desire to dogmatise on them. It is possible that I may be wrong, but for the life of me I cannot see it. I admit the goodness of the present boundary, but I affirm we pay too dearly for it. And even could we afford it financially, which I do not think we can, the present question is, Can we maintain it in the present crisis? I know myself that I would give it up joyfully, to have the European troops and Punjab force which is now trans-Indus, before Delhi. We should then see an instantaneous change in affairs. The enemy would be driven within the walls, and another week would see us masters of the place. Surely you cannot fail to see the ruinous consequences of delay. Gwalior has gone; a day or so hence, we shall hear of the Nerbudda being up; then Nagpore; and, by the time our European troops are out, we shall have, literally, to recover all India. Only think of the miseries which, in the meantime, are being endured by our country-

men and countrywomen in various parts of India. The evils which will have been caused by General Hewitt's incompetency, on May 10, and the subsequent delay in not marching on Delhi, will probably be felt for the next fifty years.

I add here an extract from an official despatch to Lord Canning, dated June 25, in which Sir John Lawrence sums up his own and his opponents' views thus :—

If we maintained Peshawur, and the Punjab troops remained loyal, we could still hold our own; but if they turn against us we must shut ourselves up in our forts, until an army from England can work its way up to the Punjab. On the other hand, if we retire from Peshawur and Kohat, we could probably hold all the country cis-Indus, and at any rate have all our European troops in hand, ready to act together. We should be among a peaceable, and not, as in Peshawur, among a hostile population. We should, in every view that the Chief Commissioner can take of the case, be in an infinitely stronger position than if we retained Peshawur. Brigadier Cotton, Colonel Edwardes, and Nicholson are against this plan, and consider that Peshawur must be held to the last, even though we have to give up all the intervening country between it and Lahore. They answer that we cannot retire from Peshawur with safety, and that such a movement will be the signal for a general insurrection. This would probably be the case trans-Indus, but our troops would have no more than forty miles to move, and though they have a river to cross, the passage can be commanded by our guns. On this side the Indus, there would be no insurrection till the eleventh hour, for the people are not only well-disposed, but, what is still more important, unarmed. It is, doubtless, a choice of two evils, neither of which I would adopt until the last moment, but it is a choice which we may have to make, and if it prove a wrong one, may prove fatal.

Early in July, a letter came from Hervey Greathed, which not only announced that the notion of an assault had been given up, but —in spite of the reinforcements which were arriving day by day from the Punjab—hinted, in no obscure terms, that some even of the bolder and more adventurous spirits in the camp, of whom he himself was certainly one, were beginning to utter the ominous word, retreat.

July 4, 1857.

The determination to take Delhi by assault has been twice on the eve of execution, and I no longer feel confident that it will be again so far matured. And, supposing I am right, the question will arise whether we should maintain our position, or raise the siege, and dispose of our forces as may best secure the public interests until a second campaign be opened.

A fortnight later, came a more alarming letter still from General Archdale Wilson himself, a man on whose accession to power, in place of Reed, Sir John Lawrence and others had been disposed, and not without some reason, to place the highest hopes.

July 18.

I have consulted with Colonel Baird Smith, the Chief Engineer with the Force, and we have both come to the conclusion that any attempt now to assault Delhi must end in defeat and disaster. The force consists, at present, of 2,200 Europeans and 1,500 natives, or a total of 3,700 bayonets. . . . To enable me, however, to hold this position, I must be strongly reinforced, and that speedily. I hear there is no chance of relief from the forces collecting below, as their attention has been directed towards Oude. I therefore earnestly call upon you to send me, as quickly as possible, such support as you can from the Punjab. . . . I candidly tell you that, unless speedily reinforced, this force will soon be so reduced by casualties and sickness, that nothing will be left but a retreat to Kurnal. The disasters attending such an unfortunate proceeding I cannot calculate. May I request an immediate reply by telegraph, stating what aid in reinforcements you can afford me, and when I may expect them to join my camp.

What was to be done now? Edwardes and Cotton and Nicholson had again and again warned John Lawrence that he was denuding the Punjab to a dangerous extent, and that he ought not, under any circumstances, to send another European to Delhi. They had told him also, and told him truly, that after the Herculean exertions which he had made to reinforce the army before Delhi, no one could blame him if he now made his own province secure and refused to see dangers which it was convenient for him not to see. No one indeed! But it never occurred to John Lawrence, if he saw his way clear to do a thing, to ask whether he would be praised or blamed for doing it. 'I look'—he wrote to Barnes in words which might have been the motto of his whole life and, not least, of the last few months of it—'I look for neither fame nor abuse. All I wish is to do my duty, and save our rule and those connected with it.' Noble words, which those who have taunted him, during the recent paroxysm of aggressive war, with his 'retiring modesty,' that is to say with his moral courage, would do well to try to understand!

And how did he answer General Archdale Wilson's urgent appeal? Quick as thought—quick, at all events, as the electric wire could take it—back went the inspiriting message.

July 21.

I have received yours of the 18th. We can send you off at once 1,700 men, thus—

Her Majesty's 52nd	600
Military Police	400
Kumaon Battery	400
Mooltani Horse	200
Nine-pounder Battery	100

These to be followed up by some 2,000 more. Why not get a portion of the Meerut Force?

It was a message which might well breathe fresh heart and hope into the small force upon the Ridge, who had sunk down under the influence of the reiterated attacks of the enemy, of exposure to the sun, of fatigue, and of disease, to the number of 3,700 effectives. But John Lawrence was determined to do more, and, if possible, to make the word 'retreat' to be a word that should not be so much as whispered at Delhi. And he wrote as follows to Norman, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Force, and to Daly of the Guides, two kindred spirits to whom he knew that he would not write in vain.

Lahore: July 24.

My dear Norman,—You will have found that I have done all I can in the way of reinforcements. Within the next fifteen days you ought to get the Kumaon Battalion, the 52nd Queen's, and the wing of the 61st, besides a new corps of Punjab Infantry formed out of the Police Battalions of Kangra and Umritsur. There are no Poorbeas in any of them. Green's corps, minus its Poorbeas, ought to be down very soon. In short, I hope that these reinforcements will make you all quite comfortable. I do not think that after this we can send you any more Europeans. Exclusive of the Peshawur force, we are retaining barely 2,400 Infantry to hold the country and keep all the armed and disarmed regiments quiet. . . . If you cannot take Delhi with the aid now sent, at least hold your own, and let Pandy break his head against your entrenchments. You will, by this policy, wear him out. But retreat is out of the question. It will be followed by ruin and disgrace. My idea is that General Wilson should send the new Corps, the 7th Punjab Infantry, under Stafford to Saharunpore, and bring the Ghoorkas to the army. I would also send a wing of Green's corps to Meerut, and bring a large part of the 60th Rifles to Delhi. Again, when the Beluchis get to Delhi, they might go to Meerut, and the wing of Green's come over. Thus you would have your best soldiers at Delhi, the second best at Meerut, and the young ones at Saharunpore, quite good enough to settle the Goojurs and other

rascals. . . . The Punjab is very quiet, and, so far as I can judge, loyal also. Please God, I will keep it so. But recollect, if you fall back from Delhi, our cause is gone. Neither the Punjab nor anywhere else can stand. Show this to General Wilson.

To Daly he writes :—

If we are beaten at Delhi and have to retreat, our army will be destroyed. Neither Peshawur nor even the Punjab will then be of much good. Both will go. Whereas the Peshawur and Kohat force would give 9,000, besides some 30 guns. Now, in my mind, such a force brought into the field in time will turn the tide, or, at any rate, stem it, until the cold weather. But such a force, when the army before Delhi is gone, and the Punjab in insurrection, will be swallowed up in the general whirlwind. I hope and expect that there will be no occasion for the sacrifice. But no man can say what is in store for us, and *it is necessary that we take a statesmanlike view of the subject*, and decide on the line of policy to be followed. Otherwise, when the time comes, we shall be unable to act. Read this to Chamberlain, and let me know his views. I am for holding Lahore and Mooltan to extremity, and no more, sending the women and children down to Kurrachi, if things go wrong at Delhi.

To Edwardes, of course, he told what he had done, and announced once more what he calls his 'unalterable resolution.'

July 24.

. . . If matters do not prosper, if more aid be required and Government leave the matter to me, I will recall all the troops from Kohat and Peshawur, and send every man we can spare, which would be the greater part of the Europeans and all the Punjabis, to Delhi. The battle, in my judgment, is to be won or lost at Delhi, and nowhere else. If our army retreat from Delhi, it is lost. Nothing but disgrace and ruin will follow. If it stand fast, I will not see it perish for want of aid. This would be ungrateful and impolitic. If it succumb to numbers, our fate will be sealed. We have about 2,400 Europeans, including 300 men now on their way from Kurrachi. We could not hold Mooltan and Lahore long. The former is the sole line of retreat, or for aid. It must be held as long as we can manage it. The fort at Lahore is now crammed with women and children. What could we do when those of all the out-stations come in? By attempting to hold Peshawur, we simply throw away our chance —such a chance as 6,000 good soldiers added to the force at Delhi, or the remnant of it, would give. This is my unalterable resolution, if the matter be left in my hands.

Having placed once more before Lord Canning, from whom he

had, as yet, received no message of any kind, the alternatives proposed, he adds :—

It is for your Lordship to decide which course we are to pursue. In the event of misfortune at Delhi, are we to leave that army to its fate, and endeavour to hold our own, or shall we, by a timely retirement from across the Indus, consolidate our resources on the Punjab, and maintain the struggle under the walls of Delhi? I pray that your Lordship will decide one way or the other. If we are left to decide the matter ourselves, time will be lost in vain discussions, and by the time we decide upon the proper course to follow, it will prove too late to act effectually.

I asked for 'full powers' from your Lordship, with a view of acting on my own judgment in this and other important matters. Power would give strength and unity of action. I would try and save Government from dangers by the selection of the best men available for commands, and by the prompt removal from authority of incapable men, but I have no desire to press your Lordship on this or any other point. I will do all I can for the public good and leave the rest to a higher power. We have some good men in the Punjab, and the unanimity which has prevailed has hitherto been remarkable. I have let Nicholson go off to Delhi with the reinforcements, for he is the ablest soldier we have on this side of India.

To General Cotton a few days later (July 30) he says :—

What think you? We have not 4,500 effective Europeans and Native Cavalry and Infantry before Delhi. There are 1,100 laid up sick or with wounds. God grant that our reinforcements may arrive in time! I anticipate that 1,100 Europeans and 1,300 Native Infantry will be down by the 15th proximo. My policy is to support the army as far as possible. If it fail all will fail. This is the crisis of our fate.

The crisis indeed it was. Chamberlain and Norman, Daly and Wilson were all writing to John Lawrence to say that what they wanted was not raw levies of any kind, but seasoned troops, European and Native, and of these he, even he, felt at last that he had no more to spare. 'I have sent all I can, perhaps more than I ought to have sent.' The Neemuch mutineers had just poured into Delhi. The ghastly massacre at Cawnpore had taken place, and the tales of foul treachery, of women and children slaughtered in cold blood and subjected, as was then believed—though wrongly believed—to indignities which were worse than death, had stirred to fever heat the pulses of even the more self-restrained of our soldiers upon the Ridge, and had excited wild yearnings for revenge, which, so long as the

guilty city frowned in its unbroken strength before them, could not be gratified. At Lahore itself, the 26th Regiment, which had long been disarmed, had broken out, almost under the eyes of the Chief Commissioner, directly after his arrival there, into mutiny and murder, and had managed to move off as an organised force. Alarming letters were coming in, some from Cashmere, saying that Golab Sing, who—whatever his crimes towards his subjects—had been true to those who had placed him on his throne, was on his deathbed, and suggesting that a change of rulers might, very probably, involve a change of policy; others from Lumsden at Candahar, warning Sir John Lawrence that the delay before Delhi was exciting great attention there, and that the Afghans were 'longing to have a slap at us.

But here, as elsewhere, the darkest hour was that before the dawn. On August 1, the small army on the Ridge won a decisive victory over the mutineers. News arrived that the force intended for China had been intercepted, had landed at Calcutta, and was being pushed up the country; that the English Government had decided, directly they heard of the outbreak, to send out reinforcements to India; that Havelock, after winning victory after victory in his brilliant march, had reached, though he had not yet cleansed, the human shambles at Cawnpore, that he was about to relieve Lucknow, and then press on for Agra and Delhi; that, though Golab Sing was dead, his son Runbeer continued to tread in his safe and easy footsteps, and was prepared to send down a Cashmere contingent, 3,250 strong, under the control of Richard Lawrence, to Delhi; that the mutineers of the 26th Regiment had been overtaken and killed almost to the last man, and that the Afghans, seeing which way the wind was blowing, instead of invading India were anxious, as Edwardes wrote, to aid us in reconquering it. And thus before the message sent *viâ* Madras and Bombay from Lord Canning to Sir John Lawrence, 'Hold on to Peshawur to the last,' reached him on the 7th of the month, the tide had turned decisively in our favour, and he was able in mentioning the matter to Edwardes to speak thus about it: 'The Governor-General bids me hold on to the last at Peshawur. I do not, however, now think that we shall be driven to any extremity. The tide is turning very decidedly against the mutineers at Delhi, and, before long, I hope to see them all destroyed. Not a man of the 26th appears to have escaped; and we have all the other corps pitched in cantonments, under the range of the guns.'

Thus ended the Peshawur episode. The question had ceased to be a burning question before Lord Canning's decision arrived, and simply because John Lawrence's arduous exertions had made it possible that it should do so. I have treated the subject at considerable length for the reasons which I have already given. Nor do I think that anyone who has given even a cursory glance at the extracts I have made—whether he is disposed to agree with Edwardes or with Lawrence; to think that Peshawur or Delhi was of the most vital importance—will ever venture to reproduce Lord Cranbrook's sneer, or to regard it otherwise than Sir John Lawrence himself regarded it. For it is, beyond question, clear from the letters I have quoted that Sir John Lawrence proposed to abandon Peshawur, only under certain conditions, which, though they did not occur, might have occurred at any time, and would, most certainly, have done so, had it not been for his moral courage and his unflagging exertions. It is also clear from them that he was convinced that on the capture of Delhi within a reasonable time not only the continuance of our rule, but the life of every Englishman in Upper India depended, and that no sacrifice would be too great to make if that object could not be attained without it. When therefore—and I sometimes use here the words of the friend who, at Lord Lawrence's request, has made a special study of all the Peshawur documents, and with whose conclusions I find myself, after an independent study of them, in thorough agreement—the siege of Delhi had been protracted to the utmost limits consistent with the safety of the Empire; when every soldier who could be spared from the Punjab had been hurried down to the scene of danger; if the general in command had then still declared that the number of his troops was unequal to the task before them, or if he had been unsuccessful in the assault, which would have been the wiser course to pursue? Retain Peshawur and leave the troops at Delhi either to maintain their position as best they might, or fall back to Kurnal, pursued by the triumphant soldiery from behind and surrounded by a hostile population in front and on either flank? Or, abandon Peshawur, hold Attock in strength, and reinforce the army at Delhi with the bulk of the troops thus made available? I incline to think that most calmly judging people would say that the wiser course was that suggested by the man who was responsible for the whole of the province, and who had shown throughout that he took not the provincial or the local, but the imperial view of the situation. He knew, and he was the only man in the Punjab who did know, the whole of the

facts of the case. It was to John Lawrence and not to Edwardes, or to Nicholson, or to Cotton, that reports came in to every part of the province detailing the exact needs and dangers of each. It was he who knew, through natives like Nihal Sing, and a host of others, exactly where the shoe pinched, and what was the amount of strain upon their loyalty which the Punjab population were likely to bear. He knew exactly—what Edwardes and Nicholson and Cotton could only guess—the extent to which, in compliance with their requisitions, as well as those of others of his lieutenants, he had denuded the heart of his province that he might maintain its extremities. In particular, his frequent communications with Barnes, Van Cortlandt, and others, showed him the exact condition of the Cis-Sutlej States, and the inflammable nature of the materials through which our army, if it were defeated, would have to cut its way.

He proposed, it will be observed, not to abandon Peshawur to its fate, 'to leave it in the air,' but, formally, to cede it to the Afghans. It was a step sufficiently opposed to the views which have, of late, been prevalent in official circles in England and in India. But it was not a step which John Lawrence, with all his immense knowledge of the frontier and of the Hindu, Punjabi, and Pathan races, with his keen appreciation also of the danger to India which the approach of Russia might involve, thought, either then or later, would be to our disadvantage. Of course, nothing but imperious and imperial necessity, nothing but the *salus populi suprema lex* would have induced him to retire from Peshawur while there were still disturbances within our frontier. But, none the less, he thought that what might then have seemed a measure of desperation, would, afterwards, prove a source of strength and stability to the whole of our empire in the East.

Lord Canning, writing at the other end of India, and knowing nothing of what was passing in the Punjab, except such fragments of news as those few letters of Sir John Lawrence which ever reached their destination, gave him, thought, it is said, that the proposal might be the result of failing health, of over-tension on the nerves, such as may well fall during a great crisis on a very Hercules. But that such was not the case is clear from the whole series of extracts I have given; from the positive, though incidental statement of John Lawrence himself, which I find in a letter to Edwardes of June 18: 'My face, thank you, is quite well. The aches and pains all went away in a most extraordinary manner after you left;' and from the fact that when the mutiny in the Punjab was over and the reconstruction of

the empire was under discussion, he deliberately proposed, in an elaborate *memorandum*, extracts from which I now proceed to give, to retire from the Peshawur valley, and that from these views, to the end of his life, he never swerved.

After discussing at length the rival plans of Neville Chamberlain and Herbert Edwardes for holding the Peshawur valley, he proceeds to indicate his own views as follows :—

. . . But the Chief Commissioner is strongly inclined to the opinion that the best policy would be to make the whole valley and Kohat over to the Afghans, and confine ourselves to the line of the Indus in that quarter.

The Chief Commissioner has arrived at this conclusion after careful consideration and much reluctance. His views were all the other way. It has only been by slow degrees and long consideration that he has formed this opinion.

The line of the Indus possesses the following advantages over that of the mountain range. It is considerably shorter, and therefore requires fewer troops for its defence.

The river is in itself a mighty bulwark, broad, deep, and rapid. It has no fords. Maharaja Runjeet Sing once, indeed, crossed his cavalry near Jorbella into Eusufzaie, but he lost five hundred horsemen in so doing. An able engineer, at a moderate cost, would make the left bank of the Indus impregnable against an invader. The boats would be all on our side, secure under our batteries. On the right bank of the Indus there is no timber procurable from which to make rafts, even if an enemy dared to essay the passage.

The Chief Commissioner does not affirm that the passage of the Indus would be impracticable to a military body under any circumstances, but, that in the presence of an enemy of any ordinary activity it ought to prove ruinous to all those who effected a landing on the left bank.

Again, in a strong position cis-Indus, we should be among a comparatively civilised and obedient people. We should be in a healthy country, close to our resources. All along the Indus down to Kalabagh, the bank is steep, high and rugged, and, up to this point, we might have steamers plying all the year round, a great addition to our strength. And for what objects do we hold Peshawur and Kohat which could not be attained by the occupation of the left bank of the Indus in strength? These districts cost us, under the best arrangements, at least fourfold their income. This money, otherwise expended, would add to our material resources greatly. We really neither conciliate the people nor the Afghan nation. If the friendship of the Afghans is to be gained, if it is indeed worth having, this object is more likely to be accomplished by surrendering these important possessions, which to them would prove invaluable, but

to us would ever continue a fruitful source of danger, expense, and loss of life. So long as we hold Peshawur, the Afghans must have a strong inducement to side against us in any invasion of India. By confining ourselves to the line of the Indus, as far down as the confines of Bunnoo, we should avoid the necessity of maintaining a large body of native troops, in round numbers, probably, ten thousand men.

It may be urged that, if we surrender Peshawur and Kohat, we shall eventually be compelled to give up the Derajat also, and perhaps Scinde. The Chief Commissioner does not think this will be necessary. The Derajat indeed, but for the advantage of holding both banks of the Indus, is not worth having. It never has paid, nor can pay the cost of its occupation. The people, however, are of a very different character from those of Kohat and Peshawur; the inhabitants of the adjacent mountains are more manageable than those of the range further north. The navigability of the Indus up to Kalabagh by properly constructed steamers would prove a great advantage. However, in the event of formidable invasion from the westward, it would be a question whether we should not for a time abandon the Derajat, and confine ourselves to the line of the Indus.

Neither the Punjab nor India generally are one whit more secure by our holding the line of the Suleiman ranges than that of the Indus. So long as we are strong in the country, we have really nothing to fear. It may be safely predicted that there is but one invasion from the west which can ever prove formidable. There is but one which will ever occur, so long as we are strong at home. Our danger in India has been proved—as some had foreseen—to come much more from within than from without.

Few will deny, whatever may be said—and, of course, there is much to be said—on the other side, that this is a weighty state paper. Few will deny that it is quite possible, as Sir John Lawrence believed, that the restoration of Peshawur, 'their heart's desire,' the 'jewel of their empire,' to the Afghans, would have bound them to us by the best of securities, the feeling that they have much to gain by our friendship and much to lose by our hostility. It would, in any case, have put it out of the power of Russia to dangle before their eyes the possession of Peshawur as the reward of an alliance with her. It would have tended to prevent the dalliance between General Kaufman and Shere Ali, and, assuming that the Government of India had been conducted with ordinary prudence and morality, would have rendered doubly unlikely the dangers of the second and third Afghan wars.

In any case, the course recommended in John Lawrence's *memorandum* received the support of two soldiers unsurpassed for courage and for chivalry in the recent history of India—of Sir James Outram[1] and Sir Neville Chamberlain.

I have not (says Chamberlain in writing to Lawrence on June 11, 1859), lost sight of the question during my tour of inspection along the frontier, and I may indeed say that I have courted the society of all ranks and classes for the double object of becoming acquainted with the present state of public affairs, both within and beyond our border, and studying, to the best of my ability, all the bearings of the Peshawur question. When we discussed the matter in July last (1858), I daresay you will recollect that, although I saw much to make withdrawal advisable, I could not bring myself to overcome what I considered the loss of prestige attendant on a retrograde movement, and was in favour of a sort of medium course, by which we might still hold the districts, but at a less outlay of money and European life. Now, however, I am in favour of making it over to the Afghans, and, to start with, to the Barukzais, for I feel assured that such a course would go farther to preserve the peace of this frontier against Russia or other European influence than anything else it is in our power to do, and that nothing short of this will bind the ruler of the Afghans to us, or cause him to break off entirely from the Russians.

If we had the men (Europeans) and the money to meet all enemies, at all times, and from whatever countries, well and good. But no man can really know our position in India, and believe this to be the case. There is too much makeshift for our weakness and vulnerability not to be apparent to anyone who chooses to see things as they are. And, on this account, I, for one, should be glad to see the Afghans made our friends, by making it their interest to remain so. So much do I believe in this that, if I were dying to-morrow, I should feel more at rest did I know that we were going to confer the two districts on the Afghans; whilst, if I were a traitor to my country, I feel that ten thousand Russian troops, and the promise of the country up to the Indus, would bring down upon us a storm which it would be most difficult for us to meet, unless we were able to devote a large portion of our thoughts to it.

I may add here, not because it is a matter of great importance in itself, but because, in view of recent events, it is not without interest to record, that shortly after his return to England, at the close of the Mutiny, Sir John Lawrence was summoned to Windsor, and had a

[1] For Outram's views of the subject see his *Life*, by Sir Frederick Goldsmid, Preface, p. 13, and vol. ii., Appendix K, p. 424.

long conversation with Prince Albert upon Indian topics. He was much impressed by the minuteness of the Prince's knowledge, and his keen and appreciative interest even in the more abstruse of Indian questions, affording, as it did, a marked contrast to many English statesmen with whom he was just then brought into contact. As he was leaving, the Prince said to him, 'By the way, I have read your paper on the abandonment of Peshawur, and entirely agree with you.' 'It struck me as odd then,' said Sir John Lawrence, in telling the incident shortly before his death to Sir George Young, who has handed it on to me, 'that Prince Albert should have seen and have cared to study a paper which I did not even know had been presented to the Home Government for their consideration, and it strikes me as being even more odd now, looking at the quarter in which my views are understood to meet with the most strenuous opposition, that *he* should have expressed such an unqualified adhesion to them.'

The extracts which I have given from Sir John Lawrence's papers relating to Peshawur appear to me—and I use, here again, some of the language of Colonel Randall—to bring into high relief many marked features of his character.

First, they display the breadth and acuteness of vision which enabled him at once to understand that the speedy capture of Delhi was the pivot on which everything else turned.

Secondly, they exhibit the vitality of action which he himself immediately brought to bear on the salient point, the efforts which he made to inspire a like desire in others, and the constancy and determination with which he strove to bring about a successful issue, undeterred by any minor difficulties and complications elsewhere.

Thirdly, they show the unusual combination of a courage to accept responsibility and to strike out a line of his own when circumstances demanded it, with a readiness to submit to superior authority, when —as in the case of Lord Dalhousie's wish to conclude a treaty with Afghanistan, and Lord Canning's order to hold on to Peshawur to the last—it was brought to bear upon him.

Fourthly, we may observe the eager quest after knowledge which could be obtained from persons acting on the spot. Such inquiries are dictated by the most obvious considerations of prudence, of justice, of necessity, but bitter experience has shown that these considerations are not quite invariably recognised by Indian rulers. 'Local experience, I'll have none of it,' is a maxim, practical and

theoretical, which may land us at any time in disasters as bad as those of an Afghan war. But the very fact that the value of local experience is not always recognised even by rulers who are quite new to the country which they are called on to rule, makes it all the more remarkable that a man whose own local experience and knowledge were so great, should never have been unwilling to hear what even the youngest and most subordinate officer had to say on any question which affected the locality in which he happened to be serving. John Lawrence's invariable practice, as we have seen throughout this biography, was before he took any step of importance to court the counsel, the straightforward counsel of those who were on the spot, and were, therefore, best able to form a correct judgment on its local bearings.

Fifth, and, perhaps, most important of all, the Peshawur episode brings out his moral courage into the strongest relief. For to whichever view we incline—that of John Lawrence, or that of Herbert Edwardes—it is hardly to be doubted that it was Sir John Lawrence's policy which required the higher and the rarer kind of courage. His policy, as far as the Punjab was concerned, was, at this crisis of his life at least, not a 'backward' but a 'forward' policy. If he was for drawing in his frontier under certain circumstances, in one direction, it was that he might launch out much farther in another. Whatever other great qualities this particular part of the correspondence of Herbert Edwardes may be considered to indicate, it can hardly be maintained that it required any conspicuous moral courage on his part to say, as he and his supporters repeatedly did, 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' 'Keep every man you have got,' 'Save your own province now, and leave Delhi to look after itself.' '*Sat patriæ Priamoque datum.*' For it was obvious that if the ruler of the Punjab was minded to wrap around himself all the forces, European or Native, which were still to be found in his province at the end of June, he would have been able, without any extraordinary effort on his part, to have ensured its safety till all the rest of India had gone. But Sir John Lawrence refused to contemplate the bare possibility of such comfortable isolation. His courage seems to me to differ, not so much in degree, as in kind, from that of many of his subordinates.

There are two kinds of courage. There is the buoyant courage of the man who is blessed by heaven with a sanguine temperament; the man who *will* not see danger; who is able to walk about with a

smiling countenance and with a cheerful heart amidst mines and powder magazines; who is able to write bulletins, such as those which were issued almost daily from Lahore during the first two months of the Mutiny; 'all well in the Punjab; no cause for anxiety,' and, undoubtedly, helped to bring about their own fulfilment. Such a courage, it is needless to say, tends to propagate itself, and is simply invaluable in the case of all those who are not bound by their position to take the farthest possible outlook into the future. Such, happily for us, was the disposition of many of the chief officers in the Punjab at the time of need; and such, pre-eminently, I am inclined to think, was the courage of Sir Robert Montgomery.

But there is another, and, if I am not mistaken, a higher courage still. There is the cool deliberate courage of the responsible ruler, who is determined to shut his eyes to nothing, to explore all the ramifications of the danger, to realise to himself, and to take care that others should realise also, so far as it is necessary for them to do so, the full magnitude of the stake at issue, and then, having counted the cost beforehand, and having recognised the possibility, or even the probability of failure, sits down, determined, by every means in his power, to make the probable, improbable, and the possible, impossible. It is the prerogative of such a man, and only of such a man, to 'look ahead,' to 'take a statesmanlike view,' and, careless of what others may say or think of him, 'looking for neither praise nor blame,' with dogged determination to do the right whatever comes of it, and to fall, if need be, at his post. Such, it appears to me, was the courage of Sir John Lawrence—

> Such as moved
> To height of noblest temper heroes old,
> Arming to battle, and, instead of rage,
> Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
> With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat.

Some years afterwards, when Sir John Lawrence had risen to be Viceroy of the Empire which he had done so much to save, and happened to be talking at Simla to Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan about the exertions and perils of the Mutiny, he remarked that, for a month together, he had been inclined to doubt in his inmost heart whether we could weather the storm. And then, with an admirably timed reminiscence, turning to Lady Trevelyan, who, as is well known, was the favourite sister of Lord Macaulay, he told her that

when he had, from time to time, felt disposed to be downhearted, he had often found himself, half unconsciously, repeating to himself her brother's lines :—

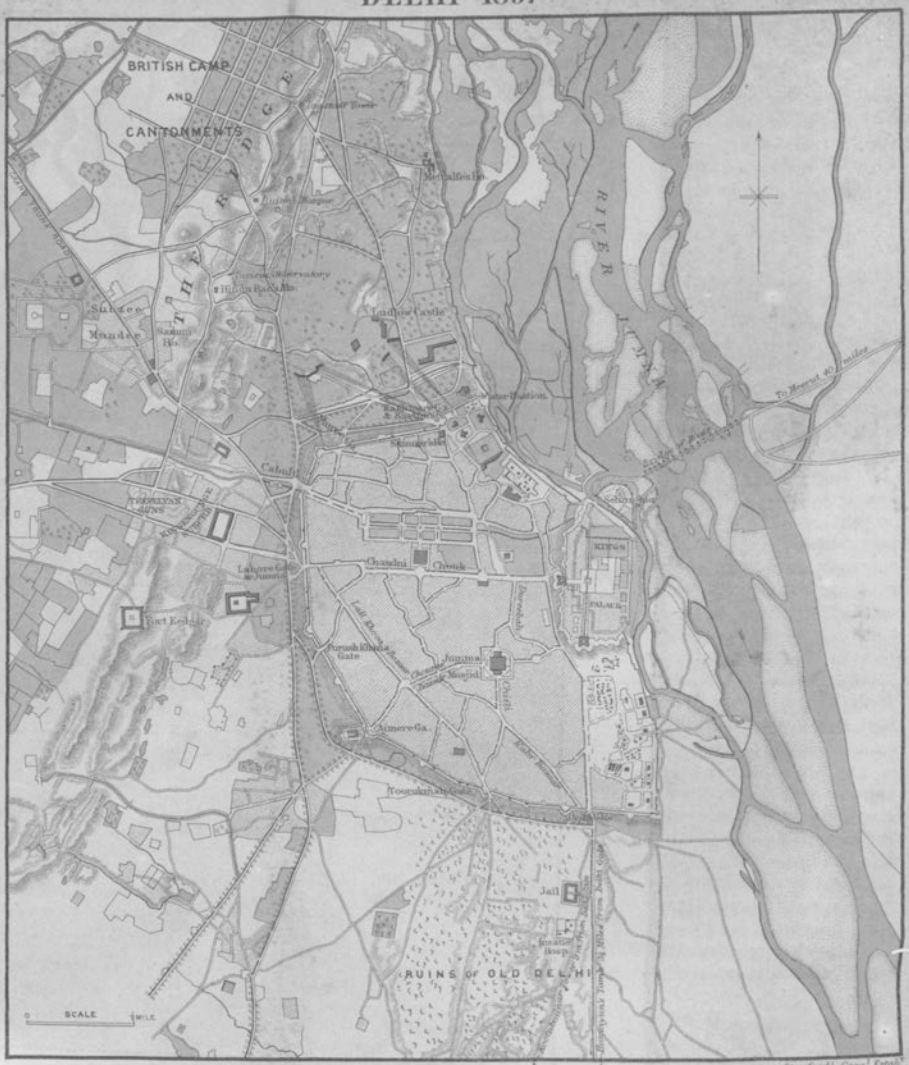
> How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods?

and had always taken therefrom fresh heart of grace.

And, if it be true, as Aristotle says, in his searching analysis of the chief moral virtues, that the nobleness of courage depends mainly on the consciousness of the sacrifice which it involves, then, assuredly, Sir John Lawrence's was the noblest kind of courage. He was the 'Happy Warrior'

> ——who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover, and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
> And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
> Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need.
> He who, though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes.
> Sweet images ! which whereso'er he be
> Are at his heart, and such fidelity
> It is his darling passion to approve,
> More brave for this that he hath much to love.

DELHI 1857



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CHAPTER III.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF DELHI.

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1857.

I HAVE been compelled, in order that I may treat the question of the abandonment of Peshawur in the manner in which I conceive it ought to be treated, as an episode and as a whole, to look forward as well as backward from the point which I had reached at the close of the first chapter, and to that point I now return. We last saw Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindi, when the outbreak, which took place there on July 8, had turned out—thanks, chiefly, to his disregard of his personal safety—to be an almost bloodless outbreak. The time had now come when his presence was more needed at the centre of his government than at the more upland station, where he had happened to be when the news of the Meerut mutiny first reached him. What a lifetime, or seeming lifetime, had passed in those two months! How events had crowded on each other! How, as one danger appeared to be laid, another and another had sprung up, like the Hydra's heads, to take its place; and how each and all of them had been met, in turn, with the same imperturbable resolution and the same unflagging energy!

On June 23, in his rapid run to Murri and back, Sir John Lawrence had snatched, as I have already shown, the one interval of toilsome rest which he had allowed himself during the whole period. But the redoubled energy, the refreshing of the soul, the *vis viva* breathed into him by the sight of the calm courage of his wife, was not to be measured by the flying nature of his visit to her. And now, on July 15, in spite of the Jhelum and Sealkote mutinies, which had not yet spent their force, and which might well have made many a dry *nullah* and many a saint's tomb that he passed on his way to be the lurking place of an assassin, he started for Lahore on the ordinary mail cart,

accompanied by Arthur Brandreth only, and without even a mounted policeman as escort! Had the mutineers only known, and been able to grasp their opportunity; had some well-aimed bullet, or the dagger of some paradise-seeking Ghazi, found its way to John Lawrence's heart, what would not have been the difference to the prospects of the besiegers on the distant Ridge? The answer to the question will give, in some measure, the value of the man, then and throughout the crisis, to India.

By the 19th, he had reached Lahore, unscathed and in good heart; and now, in rapid succession, arrived from day to day those urgent letters from Wilson and from others before Delhi, which, in spite of the equally urgent remonstrances from Peshawur, he answered by sending forth from his almost exhausted province another batch of reinforcements, four thousand strong, with Nicholson at their head. 'We must support,' he said, 'the army before Delhi at the sacrifice of every other consideration.'

That Nicholson was at the head of the Column was a sufficient security that there would be no unnecessary delay in its advance. His first act was characteristic enough, and it was one which, in later times, his chief was very fond of relating. The Punjab was badly supplied with guns, but as Delhi, possibly, wanted them even more, the Chief Commissioner and the General in Command agreed to allow Bourchier's battery to join the column, explicit orders being given that Dawes's battery, on which Nicholson had also cast an envious eye, should be left behind, unless General Wilson wrote to say that its presence was absolutely necessary for the siege. Nicholson, more anxious, as it appeared afterwards, to secure the presence of Dawes, who might succeed to the command of the Column if anything happened to himself, than of his battery, pounced down upon both at once, and moved off with them, bodily, towards Delhi!

You have carried off (wrote his long-suffering chief on July 28) both batteries, and this too without saying a word, or asking leave of a soul, General or anyone else! The consequence of this is that the General (Gowan) is annoyed, and much time is lost in writing explanations. No man likes to be quietly placed on the shelf, and I am sure you would not like it. I say this not on my own account, but on that of the General. For my own part, I would be right glad to have nothing to do with the troops or their movements, unless officers will act according to rule and system. One's life is taken up in oiling the machine, and trying to keep things straight. . . . Please return my official *memo.*, and write and explain to

the General. What would you say if an officer under your authority walked off with your troops without a word?

Nicholson gave such explanation as he could, but the ink of his apology can scarcely have been dry before he discounted its effect, and capped his previous doings by carrying off, on his own responsibility, a body of gunners from Phillour. 'I fear you are incorrigible,' says John Lawrence on August 4, half, doubtless, in anger, but half also in amusement and in admiration, 'so I must leave you to your fate. But, depend on it, you would get on equally well and much more smoothly if you worked *with* men rather than by ignoring them.' But John Lawrence was still willing, if possible, to meet the wishes of his new Brigadier-General and give him Dawes. 'By the time Wilde arrives, if the battery can be spared, it shall go down, if I can manage it. However, we are very weak, and these guns do assuredly give us a certain strength.'

Such were some of the drawbacks incidental to Nicholson's appointment. But John Lawrence never doubted that he had done right in appointing him. It was as necessary in this time of need to put arms into the hands of those who could best wield them, as to wrench them, at all hazards, from the hands of those who could not wield them at all. His urgent remonstrances had at length succeeded in inducing the Governor-General and General Reed to supersede Hewitt and Johnstone, just as his urgent recommendations had induced General Reed, in defiance of all considerations of military etiquette, to turn plain Major Nicholson at a bound into a Brigadier-General. Was he not right in both?

The return of Sir John Lawrence to Lahore, after so long an absence, must have made a marked difference in all the conditions of his daily life. At Rawul Pindi he had been almost alone. He had been, of course, in frequent communication by letter with men in every part of his province. But he had not enjoyed that daily friction of mind with mind which most people would find necessary, if they are to put forth all their strength. To John Lawrence such friction, as the extraordinary energy and ability displayed in all his letters and orders prove, was quite unnecessary. Like many other young civilians he had inured himself to solitude—solitude at all events as far as white faces were concerned—in those early years at Paniput and Gorgaon, and he was quite able and willing, if need be, to return to it in this his later life. But none the less it must have

been refreshing to find himself again in the midst of those 'pucca trumps' who had been doing such excellent service, and had relieved him of all anxiety, as regarded the centre of his province: Montgomery with his never-ruffled countenance and his ever-ready promptitude and courage; Macpherson, his Military Secretary, on whose sturdy shoulders had fallen the whole burden of the multitudinous arrangements for the raising of new troops which was going on all over the country; Arthur Roberts, the Commissioner, John Lawrence's old associate at Delhi, who had come to Lahore just at the time when his energetic service was most needed there.

Nor had the services of the Lahore chiefs been confined to the neighbourhood of the capital or even to their own Division. Roberts had accompanied Nicholson on his flank march to the Trimmu Ghaut, while Richard Lawrence had led a force to Sealkote after the outbreak there, and had visited with condign punishment some of his own military police who, here and only here, in the whole history o the Mutiny in the Punjab, proved untrue to their salt; and he was now marching down at the head of an army of 'Rosebuds,' as John Lawrence was fond of calling them, three thousand strong, from Jummoo for Delhi.

But, meanwhile, the Lahore authorities were to receive a stern reminder that, with four regiments disarmed in their immediate neighbourhood and with only a part of a single European regiment to keep them in check, they were sitting on a powder magazine which might, at any time, hurl them into the air. During a period of two and a half months the disarmed regiments had kept the peace, brooding, doubtless, over their grievances, conscious that, at any moment, the act of a single individual amongst them might involve the whole body in ruin, and therefore naturally ready to break out and escape if they saw a favourable opportunity. It is as unnecessary as it would be unjust, to refrain from pointing out how much there was to call for compassion and allowance in the condition of these poor men, who, sincerely believing, to begin with, that their religion was in danger, had been disarmed and dishonoured, and were now swayed hither and thither by panic fears, conscious that they carried, or could hardly even be said to carry, their lives in their hands. Whatever may have been the tone of too many Englishmen, at the time, in speaking or in writing of the Sepoys, John Lawrence, again and again in his letters, shows that he felt keenly how much there was to be said in extenuation of their guilt, and that he knew full

well how many of them, while cherishing the best intentions towards us, had been simply hurried away by the stream. It was nothing, in fact, but the knowledge that the lives of every European depended upon the promptitude and vigour of the measures taken, which justified to his mind the stern severity with which all risings in the Punjab were put down.

At last, on July 30, the long-expected opportunity came, and one of the regiments, the 26th, took advantage of it. They rose, cut down, and hacked to pieces their commanding officer, Major Spencer, a man who had lived with and for them during many years, and whom, beyond doubt, the majority of their number regarded with affection and respect. After other deeds of successful, and more of attempted murder, they took themselves off in a body. But, partly owing to a violent dust-cloud which concealed the direction they had taken, and partly to the presence of the three other disarmed regiments, which, it was feared, might follow their example, they were not pursued and cut to pieces on the instant by the Sikhs and Europeans who were close at hand.

We had (says Sir John Lawrence) a sad and scandalous affair here two days ago. It appears that the 26th had, for two days, been selling off their property, preparatory to a start. At eleven A.M. on the 30th, they were all ready, and had cooked their farewell meal. Some little excitement attracted attention, and then Major Spencer walked down in his *paijammas* (loose drawers) from his house close by, into the lines. There he was joined by the quartermaster-sergeant. He had apparently quieted the men, when he got to the 2nd Company, who crowded round him, and a man from behind laid him dead by a blow from an axe. The quartermaster-sergeant, the havildar-major, and two others were killed with him. The pundit also was nearly killed. The men then started right through the cantonments, and though seen by many, with the Sikh Regiment close by, panting to be at them, nothing was done! At last, a party with guns, Europeans and Sikhs, were sent out, galloped two or three miles, are said to have killed a few men, and then came back. Montgomery, I, and Roberts, the Commissioner, got the news about half-past two o'clock P.M., and were there at three. We went out after them, and, not seeing the trail, at a venture sent the pursuers towards Umritsur, Hariki, and Hussur, the roads for the different ghauts on the Sutlej. We now hear that the men, about six hundred in number, after going a little way due east, turned north, and went forty miles right up the doab, and were seen, yesterday morning, at a ghaut on the Ravi, and are evidently trying to get across, and so on to the Jummoo territory.

On the evening of the day on which he wrote this account he was able to report to Lord Canning that the Umritsur police had 'disposed of' at least five out of the six hundred mutineers. Many had been killed and drowned in the attempt to cross the Ravi, and upwards of two hundred and forty who had been captured had been shot on the following morning.

Thus the great danger had passed by. The Punjab Government, it must be borne in mind—if we are to weigh the whole circumstances of the case fairly—was, at this moment, literally in extremity. The last and greatest of its succours had been sent off, and Nicholson, who, under somewhat similar circumstances, had given a short shrift to the Sealkote mutineers, was now, as every malcontent knew well, far away at Umballa, with his face set steadfastly for Delhi. The escape of so large a body of mutineers might, under such circumstances, well have caused a general rising among the numerous disarmed regiments in the Punjab, and would certainly have induced the three regiments at Mean Meer to follow their example. Terrible, therefore, as was the retribution and deplorable as was the sacrifice of human life, I do not think that we can fairly condemn the act itself. And that such was Sir John Lawrence's own feeling, who, as I have shown repeatedly, was never for unnecessary severity, is evident from the hasty note which he wrote off on the first receipt of the telegram to the chief actor in the tragedy, and which was afterwards quoted by that actor for a widely different purpose. Its date, it should be observed, is August 2, when no details were known to him over and above the bare facts which he had reported to Lord Canning.

My dear Cooper,—I congratulate you on your success against the 26th Native Infantry. You and your police acted with much energy and spirit, and deserve well of the State. I trust the fate of these Sepoys will operate as a warning to others. Every effort should be exerted to glean up those who are yet at large.

The fact that Lord Canning as well as Sir John Lawrence considered that, under the circumstances, the execution was necessary, and that their opinion was endorsed, many months afterwards, by so cool-headed a man as Lord Stanley, when the matter came before Parliament, and was sharply criticised there, will probably carry a sad conviction to most minds. But it is otherwise with the details of the execution as they began slowly to ooze out and as they were reported in terms of glowing exultation by the executioner himself. An officer

who steels his heart in order to perform a painful but absolutely necessary public duty, is entitled to the compassion, the sympathy, and the support of all right-thinking men. But when the deed is done with evident satisfaction and when its most repulsive details are recorded, at a later period, and in cold blood, with ribald flippancy, then our feelings of sympathy and compassion are turned into those of loathing and disgust. It is an unsavoury subject over which I would gladly draw a veil. But England in her world-wide rule is brought into contact with so many weaker races ; her officers may be so often tempted in the hateful pride of blood, of colour, or of empire to forget that the obligations of humanity are thereby not weakened but intensified ; proceedings, similar in kind to those of Cooper, have taken place, at so much later a date, in Jamaica, and have been recorded by the actors in strains of levity so similar, that I think it well to let the chief actor in the scene tell the story, in great part, for himself, and so, perchance, to make such conduct less possible for the future.

The main body of the mutineers had, on the arrival of Cooper at the scene of action, after their forty miles' flight and a struggle of many hours with the villagers on the river, swum or floated on pieces of wood to an island in the Ravi about a mile from the shore, where they 'might be descried crouching like a brood of wild fowl.'

It remained (says Cooper in a book which was not published till the following year, and is entitled 'The Crisis in the Punjab') to capture this body, and, having done so, to execute condign punishment at once. . . . There were but two boats, both rickety, and the boatmen unskilled. . . . They put off with about thirty sowars in each, in high spirits. The boats straggled a little, but managed to reach the island in about twenty minutes. It was a long inhospitable patch, with tall grass ; a most undesirable place to bivouac on for the night with a rising tide, especially if wet, dispirited, hungry, without food, fire, or dry clothing. The sun was setting in golden splendour, and as the doomed men with joined palms crowded down to the shore on the approach of the boats, one side of which bristled with about sixty muskets, besides sundry revolvers and pistols, their long shadows were flung far athwart the gleaming waters. In utter despair, forty or fifty dashed into the stream and disappeared, rose at a distance, and were borne away into the increasing gloom.

An order given not to fire at the heads of the drowning men seems to have given the rest of the Sepoys what Cooper calls the 'insane idea that they were going to be tried by court-martial

after some luxurious refreshment,' and, accordingly, they allowed themselves to be bound and ferried across in detachments. On reaching the shore they were more tightly bound, their decorations and necklaces ignominiously cut off, and they were ordered to proceed, in their exhausted condition, by a road knee deep in water, to the police station six miles off, at Ujnalla. Each successive 'invoice,' as Cooper calls it, was safely landed, under precautions which suggested to his mind the fable of the fox, the geese, and the peck of oats, and called forth peals of laughter among the Sikh sowars, as he explained to them the parallel.

It was near midnight before all were safely lodged in the police station. A drizzling rain coming on, prevented the commencement of the execution, so a rest until daybreak was announced. Before dawn another batch of sixty-six was brought in, and as the police station was then nearly full, they were ushered into a large round tower or bastion.

Previously to his departure with the pursuing party from Umritsur, the Deputy Commissioner (Cooper himself) had ordered out a large supply of rope, in case the numbers captured were few enough for hanging—trees being scarce—and also a reserve of fifty Sikh levies for a firing party, in case of the numbers demanding wholesale execution ; as also to be of use as a reserve in case of a fight on the island. So eager were the Sikhs that they marched straight on end, and he met them half-way, twenty-three miles between the river and police station, on his journey back in charge of the prisoners, the total number of which, when the execution commenced, amounted to 282 of all ranks, besides numbers of camp-followers, who were left to be taken care of by the villagers.

As fortune would have it, again favouring audacity, a deep dry well was discovered within one hundred yards of the police station, and its presence furnished a convenient solution as to the one remaining difficulty, which was of sanitary consideration, the disposal of the corpses of the dishonoured soldiers.

The climax of fortunate coincidences seemed to have arrived when it was remembered that August 1 was the anniversary of the great Mohammedan sacrificial festival of the Bukra Eed. A capital excuse was thus afforded to permit the Hindustani Mussulman horsemen to return to celebrate it at Umritsur ; while the single Christian, unembarrassed by their presence, and aided by the faithful Sikhs, might perform a ceremonial sacrifice of a different nature—and the nature of which they had not been made aware—on the same morrow. When that morrow dawned, sentries were placed round the town to prevent the egress of sight-seers. The officials were called ; and they were made aware of the character of the spectacle they were about to witness.

Ten by ten, the Sepoys were called forth. Their names having been taken down in succession, they were pinioned, linked together, and marched to execution, a firing party being in readiness. Every phase of deportment was manifested by the doomed men, after the sullen firing of volleys of distant musketry forced the conviction of inevitable death; astonishment, rage, frantic despair, the most stoic calmness. . . .

About a hundred and fifty having been executed, one of the executioners swooned away—he was the oldest of the firing party—and a little respite was allowed. Then proceeding, the number had arrived at two hundred and thirty-seven, when the District officer was informed that the remainder refused to come out of the bastion, where they had been imprisoned temporarily a few hours before. Expecting a rush and resistance, preparations were made against escape. But little expectation was entertained of the real and awful fate which had fallen on the remainder of the mutineers; they had anticipated by a few short hours their doom. The doors were opened, and behold! they were nearly all dead! Unconsciously the tragedy of Holwell's Black Hole had been re-enacted. No cries had been heard during the night, in consequence of the hubbub, tumult, and shouting of the crowds of horsemen, police, tehsil guards, and excited villagers. Forty-five bodies, dead from fright, exhaustion, fatigue, heat, and partial suffocation, were dragged into light, and consigned, in common with all the other bodies, into one common pit by the hands of the village sweepers. . . .

There is a well at Cawnpore (so the writer triumphantly winds up his sickening narrative), but there is also one at Ujnalla.

In other words, Cooper plumes himself on having managed to combine into one time and place some of the worst horrors of the two most horrible tragedies which have ever befallen our countrymen in the East—the Black Hole at Calcutta and the Well at Cawnpore. It is hardly necessary to point out that he did not slaughter women and children, and that he only left the harmless multitude of camp-followers, as he euphemistically expresses it, 'to the care of the Sikh villagers,' but I am not so sure, when we bear in mind the enormous differences of education, of civilisation, and of religion, between Suraja Dowla and Frederick Cooper that the advantage is altogether on the side of the Englishman and the Christian. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the necessity of the summary and sweeping punishment, there can be no question at all as to the way in which it was recorded. 'I hope,' says Lord Canning in his Minute on the services of the civil officers, 'that Mr. Cooper will be judged by his acts done under stern necessity rather than by his own narrative

of them.' 'That *nauseous* despatch,' were the emphatic words with which Lord Lawrence always, to the end of his life, referred to the first and simpler account in which Cooper had himself blazoned his own proceedings, and it would be difficult to find a better epithet.

The rising at Lahore was followed by similar risings of disarmed regiments at two other important stations in the Punjab, the whole clearly showing, if proof was needed, in how perilous a condition the denuded province lay, and how absolutely necessary it was, if the Punjab and India were to stand, that Delhi must soon fall. At Ferozepore it had been thought necessary after the outbreaks at Jhelum and Sealkote to dismount and disarm the 10th Cavalry, a regiment which, up to that time, had been conspicuous for its fidelity, and which still continued to hope, in its humbled condition, that the day would come when it would be trusted again. The horses of the men had been already drawn off in detachments to supply the needs of the Artillery and of the Jummoo troops who were starting for Delhi; and when, on August 14, the order came to withdraw all that were left, the whole regiment rose, and, carrying off all the animals on which they could lay their hands, left for Delhi. No effectual pursuit was organised, and the greater part of the regiment got off through Hansi to their destination.

The indignation of the Chief Commissioner at what he thought to be gross mismanagement on the part of the Brigadier in command, was extreme.

You will have heard (he says to Edwardes) of the outbreak of the 10th Cavalry. They attempted to seize the guns, when the men were at dinner. One gunner and Dr. Nelson, the veterinary surgeon, were killed, and several men wounded. The Brigadier 'cleared the cantonment' of the mutineers, according to military parlance, which means, in plain English, that he allowed them all to escape! I hear that one young lady got a slash from a sword over her leg as she tried to get into the fort. The men, I suspect, had concealed *tulwars* in their lines. Marsden and the police have gone after the rascals. Show this to General Cotton. Too great precautions cannot be adopted. These fellows watch every movement, every act, and are ready to take advantage of the slightest neglect. I should not be in the least surprised if it turns out that no officer was present with the guns.

Again, on August 28, he writes to Edwardes :—

What think you? Brigadier Innes, failing to seize or kill the mutineers of the 10th Light Cavalry, let fly among the Government horses picketed

under the guns of the fort at Ferozepore, and killed nearly one hundred. He will probably be knighted for this exploit!

The unfortunate Brigadier was not knighted but was superseded. It is not, however, unpleasant to record that the hasty verdict, passed on him in a time of peril, was reversed by the deliberate judgment arrived at in the calm which followed, and a brave officer was restored to his duties.

The other outbreak took place at Peshawur, and with a very different result. If Cotton or Edwardes or James had gone to sleep for a moment at their posts, the awakening would have indeed been a rough one. They worked and watched together as one man, and the civilians were as ready for any deed of military daring as the military themselves. In the month of July, for instance, Fort Mackeson, near the entrance of the Kohat Pass, had been saved from the combined attack of traitorous Sepoys from within, and of Afridis from without, by the skill and courage of Edwardes; while Norinji, a village beyond our frontier in the Eusofzye country, where the Ghazis were mustering in great force and proclaiming a holy war, was cleared of the enemy by similar energy on the part of James. In August, there were fewer troubles, for the simple reason that many of the most villainous of the borderers had been enlisted in our service. But there was the far greater danger to which Lawrence had looked forward with apprehension from the beginning, the autumnal fever. If the Poorbeas suffered much by it, the Europeans were sure to suffer more, and disease had already begun to do its deadly work, when the rumour spread that large quantities of arms were being purchased and were, even then, lying hid within the lines of the three disarmed regiments. The whole, therefore, might start up, at any moment, ready armed, and be joined by the two cavalry regiments which had not been compelled to go through the form of disarmament.

It was no time for parleying with mutiny. A search was ordered in the lines of the 51st, on the morning of August 25, and while the young Sikh and Afghan levies were engaged in the congenial task of searching the huts of their hereditary foes, the whole regiment 'rose as one man,' and after fighting bravely with such weapons as came to hand, were overpowered and put to flight. The long pursuit from Peshawur to Jumrood was one grand battue, in which no quarter was either asked or granted; and when, forty-eight hours afterwards, the

guns on the parade ground had done their grim work with such stragglers as had been picked up when the pursuit was over, the whole regiment, eight hundred and seventy strong—a regiment with the proud names of Punniar, Punjab, Mooltan, and Gujerat inscribed upon its colours—had ceased to exist.

Edwardes' hurried letters to John Lawrence on the subject are terribly graphic, and describe, I am thankful to say, the last horrible scene of the kind which it will be my duty to record. They differ, not only in degree, but in kind, from the letters of Cooper to which I have just referred, but they make it painfully evident how, amidst the passions and the panic of the fierce struggle for life, some, even of the kindest-hearted Englishmen, were brought to look with indifference on scenes of wholesale bloodshed, which, at any earlier or later period of their lives, would have filled them with horror and disgust.

Peshawur: August 28, 1857.

My dear John,—I sent you a telegraph just now about the 51st Native Infantry, but may as well tell you more about it. For some days there has been uneasiness in the lines, and rumours of concealed arms and ammunition, and the General was making up 2,000 leg-irons on speculation. To-day he searched the lines, and found a good deal of ammunition but no arms, which were probably concealed. He ordered the Pandies into camp on the European Parades. The 51st Native Infantry, not liking this separation from their lines, made a rush on the arms of the new Sikh Corps while Khalsa was at dinner. Khalsa dropped his curry and went in for victory, and killed fifty, it was thought, on the spot. The 51st then bolted to the country, and pursuit was instant in every direction. The cantonment arrangements were capital, and no confusion. The Chiefs, &c., and new levies, all promptly ready, and all very satisfactory as to feeling. The other corps stood fast, and all went off in a couple of hours. James is still out in pursuit with a troop of Mooltanis.

I hope I shall be none the worse for a small tour I made, but the sun is terribly hot in middle day now. There was no one wounded, I believe, on our side. Bartlett and another officer were driven into a pond by the Pandies, who tried to drown them but did not succeed. Drumhead courts-martial going on now. This simplifies matters greatly. One corps is got rid of, and we shall probably put another in irons. Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

HERBERT B. EDWARDES.

P.S.—James just come back, nearly melted; followed the Pandies fifteen miles, killed every man, no prisoners taken by his party. Colonel

Kyle with another pursuit has killed about one hundred, and prisonered sixty—great clearance.

And again on the 31st he writes :—

Almost all the 51st Native Infantry have been picked up and shot. More than seven hundred have been already killed. Four or five got to Khuddum in the Khyber, where the Hukikheyl said they would let them go to Cabul as Mussulmans, but not as Hindus ; so they were converted on the spot.

While these ghastly scenes were being witnessed in the outlying districts of his province, the Chief Commissioner's work at the capital never slackened for a moment. His correspondence, indeed, seems to grow in interest and importance, as he finds himself better able, now that his last reinforcements have been sent to the front, to look forward to the more congenial work of pacification and reconstruction which was to follow the fall of Delhi.

On August 5, he wrote to William Muir—a man who was then a stranger to him, but was, afterwards, to become one of his intimate friends, and to fill one of the most responsible posts in his Viceregal Government—the first of a series of important letters, which after discussing Havelock's movements winds up in words which acquire a melancholy interest when we cast our eyes onwards to the letters of the following day. 'If you can hear any authentic news from Lucknow, kindly send me word. Send my brother also a copy of this letter.' 'Authentic news' from Lucknow did come on the morrow, and told him that his noble-hearted brother was no more. He had died a soldier's death—the death which, perhaps, of all others he would have most coveted—while defending against desperate odds the Residency of his Capital.

In time of war, it often happens that the best and ablest of soldiers, the man whose name has been on everybody's lips, and who has managed to wind himself round everybody's heart, is taken away, leaving little more than a mere passing impression behind him. A few prayers at the grave, a few shovelfuls of earth, a few tears from the faithful few—and, out of sight is out of mind ! The dead are forgotten in the fierce struggle for life among the living. No man had been more beloved in the camp before Delhi than Sir Henry Barnard, and his death by cholera called forth an outburst of lamentation and appreciative eulogy which has been duly recorded by Sir John Kaye. But, I find in a letter of Neville Chamberlain, written to

Sir John Lawrence only two days after the grave had closed over him, the bitter words, 'The troops appear to have already forgotten poor Barnard almost entirely. So much for the bubble reputation!'

Nor is it only in time of war that a great and good man dies and is soon forgotten. For the few days indeed which follow his death the newspapers are full of him, and his name is on everybody's lips; more, much more, perhaps, than it had ever been in his life-time. But in the feverish activity, the hurry and the flurry, the breathless race for wealth, the constant straining after that which we have not, the life at high pressure, which are the chief characteristics of our days, he, too, is soon as though he had never been. The gap which he has left is filled up or bridged over, somehow, by lesser men; and it is only the faithful few who feel that, really, it has not been filled up or bridged over at all.

But not in this wise—though in the midst of a struggle for empire and for life, the like to which has rarely taxed the energies of Englishmen—was the passing away of Sir Henry Lawrence, and not such the nature of the impression which he had made on those who knew him well. At Delhi and at Lahore, in Rajpootana and in Huzara, at Peshawur and at Mooltan were to be found men, the foremost in council and in the field, the men on whom all India was then hanging, whom he had inspired by his noble example, and had bound to himself by ties of affection and respect which death could only rivet more indissolubly. They worked on indeed, without stint or stay, for the common safety, as he would have wished them to have done, even when the chilling news first came. But they did so, henceforward, with leaden hearts. For they felt—and I am told that the feeling often found expression in words—as if India could only be half-saved, now that Sir Henry Lawrence was no more! 'The fall of Delhi,' says Herbert Edwardes in writing to John Lawrence some six weeks later when another great name had been added to the dead, 'has happened at the critical moment for the Punjab. Alas, what has it cost us! I feel as if, at Lucknow and Delhi, I had lost the father and brother of my public life. Never again can India be the home to me that it has been for the last ten years.

'It has indeed been a grievous calamity to us all,' says John Lawrence in his reply. 'There is no man in India who perhaps, at this time, could not have been better spared. The blow came like a clap of thunder upon us. . . . I believe he had not left an abler or a better soldier behind him. His loss, just now, will be a national calamity.'

To the Punjab indeed Henry Lawrence—all of him that could ever die—had been dead for five years past. It had been his lot to witness, as it were, his own death and his own funeral procession on that gloomy day in February, 1853, when, followed by a long train of faithful mourners, native and European, he passed from the country of his choice into the chill outer world. With that day the bitterness of death for him was past. But all of him that could live was living on, even after the bursting shell had done its work at Lucknow, and much of it is living, to this day, in India, in the hearts of those whom he had inspired with his spirit, and who were and who are still carrying on his work. For the noble fabric of government which it had been the lot of Henry and John Lawrence together to found and foster in much tribulation of spirit; and then of John, single handed, to bring to maturity, to build up and to consolidate, was, in truth, the resultant of the great and often antagonistic qualities of both. I have already pointed out how, even in matters wherein they most differed, John had gravitated slowly towards the policy of Henry, when once the spirit of mutual antagonism was removed. And in the province which was now weathering the storm and was to prove the sheet-anchor of the whole of India, the fidelity of the great Sirdars, who raised troops of cavalry in our defence or volunteered for service before Delhi, may be regarded as a special tribute rendered to the memory of Henry Lawrence; just as the contentment and well-being of the masses may be put down to John.

The simple tombstone erected over the grave of Henry Lawrence, in front of the Residency which he had held till death, bears the inscription suggested by himself, 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.' It is the epitome of his life. Some years afterwards, when his younger brother returned as Governor-General to India, he visited the sacred spot; and I have been told that the expression on his weather-beaten countenance, as he stood beside the grave in silence, was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

> There did a thousand memories crowd upon him,
> Unspeakable for sadness.

But with his regret for the misunderstandings which had never been quite cleared up, and the heart-burnings which had never been quite healed over on this side the grave, there must have been a glow of noble pride in the work which they had yet managed to

do together, as well as in the life which had been lived, and in the death which had been died, by him who slept below.

Now he, too, has passed away

To where beyond these voices there is peace,

to the region wherein, if we can feel sure of anything concerning it, we may feel sure of this, that the discords of such noble souls will be found to be but parts of higher harmonies. His body rests in the vast Abbey, separated from his brother's by the breadth of a quarter of the world. And it was suggested, not inappropriately, by one whose thoughts leapt back to the hurried funeral of Sir Henry Lawrence beneath storms of shot and shell, and to the simple gravestone at Lucknow, that the inscription upon Lord Lawrence's tomb should be the counterpart of that of his brother, except that being written for him instead of by him, it might tell the truth more freely, 'Here lies John Lawrence, who did his duty to the last.'

The characters and careers of the two brothers are widely different. But there is still a likeness in the difference. For they had the same high and noble aims, the same disinterestedness, the same love to the people of India, the same absolute devotion to duty. Which of the two rendered the nobler service to the State it would be difficult to say. But it is not difficult to say—and that, too, without throwing a veil over the faults of either—that, taking them both together, the chivalry, the generosity, the sympathy of the one, the strength, the judgment, the magnanimity of the other, the name of Lawrence may, now and for ever, present to the people of India the noblest impersonation of English rule, a rule unselfish and unaggressive, benevolent and energetic, wise and just.

Sir John Lawrence had sent off the last man from the Punjab. But he was not yet content to rest, Nicholson's column was nearing Delhi, and Dawes's battery was following hard behind. But the ball might still be kept rolling from Kashmere. Runbeer had succeeded Golab; and, if the Chief Commissioner could manage it, he was to succeed also to all his father's obligations. Lieutenant Urmston, who had been Assistant Commissioner at Peshawur, happened, during the Mutiny, to be in Kashmere, on a kind of sick leave, as the redoubtable Nicholson had been before him. On him, therefore, naturally fell the preliminary negotiations with Golab and his son; and the result was that he strongly advised Lawrence, for the omen's

sake, to accept the proffered aid. Golab was much too astute, he thought, not to be true to us. Early in the Mutiny, the Kashmere ruler had had an interview with Urmston, on a raft moored in the middle of a river, when, pointing to a cloud which just then happened to be passing over the sun, 'the Mutiny,' he exclaimed, 'will be just like that fleeting cloud.' But the whole burden of the arrangements for sending down the Contingent to Delhi, and the full responsibility for doing so, was to fall on Sir John Lawrence. He had first to convince himself that the troops were fairly trustworthy, and that they would be able to do respectable work. And then he had the still harder task of persuading General Wilson not to render them useless by putting them to duties which they could not perform, or positively harmful by showing his suspicions of them.

General Wilson's letter (he says to Edwardes) does not give me a favourable idea of his capacity or fitness for the post. First it was said, 'Send the Jummoo troops;' then, 'We will not have them;' then, 'Send them, by all means; let them come quickly;' and now they begin to hedge. I feel rather sick of such vacillation.

To Wilson himself he says :—

So far as I have the means of judging, I consider that the Jummoo troops are trustworthy. I myself would trust them, were I in your place, so long as I had no reason to do otherwise. I think that unless the officers with them are wilfully blind, or place a stupid confidence in them, they will be able to form a fair and, indeed, a just judgment as to their merits by the time the force gets to Umballa. If, by that time, my brother has no reason for distrusting them, I would say, by all means, have them sent on to Delhi, and let them aid in the attack. If, on the other hand, he finds grounds for doubt, I would send them over to Meerut to put down rebellion and sedition. My own impression is that they will behave well. They are all Hillmen, who have no sympathy with the Poorbeas.

And then, thinking that he might be able to form a more accurate judgment of their capabilities, and confirm them in their fidelity by a personal interview, he set out for the purpose, in the middle of all his other work, caught them up at Jullundur, inspected them, promised them gratuities if they should be wounded, and pensions to their heirs if they should fall in battle, distributed a bounty of five thousand rupees, and gave all the native officers robes of honour. What wonder, after this, that they went off, as he said, very *kush*

(happy)? 'They are a fine body of men,' he says to Edwardes, 'young, active, and well-made, just the lads for a hillside, but not showing the bone and muscle of the Sings.' The whole incident shows again that 'infinite capacity for taking pains,' on which I have already remarked.

Meanwhile, there was a lull in the operations before Delhi. News of the tragedies at Cawnpore and Lucknow had reached the camp; and it was clear that Havelock, whatever might be his wishes, and whatever the brilliancy of his victories, would be unable to move northwards for many a day. Reinforcements from England, it was also clear, could not now be looked for till the crisis was past; for the English Government, evidently in profound ignorance of its urgency, instead of hurrying out regiments by the quickest possible route overland, were allowing them to waste two precious months in the voyage round the Cape. Hope, therefore, of help from without —otherwise than from John Lawrence—there was none at all. To keep his troops as much as possible under shelter of his camp, to husband his ammunition, to wait till the last man and the last heavy gun had arrived from the Punjab—such seemed to be General Wilson's wisest policy, while Nicholson was on his way, and while the Siege Train of heavy guns from Phillour and Ferozepore was dragging its slow length along.

Happily, such news as was brought us from the interior of the city by the Intelligence Department, which was under the able direction of Hodson, went to show that passive resistance would do almost as much for us as more active measures. There were jealousies and open feuds, so Hodson's spies brought back word, among the population of the city generally, among the military leaders, and even in the palace itself. The old king, they said, was being insulted by swashbucklers in open Durbar, the generals often quarrelled in his presence, his sons were busy intriguing against him and against one another, the treasury was empty, and the forced loan, which had now been levied, for the third time, on the unhappy merchants, had left little to be looked for either in the way of loyalty or money from them. Did the Great Mogul order the troopers who had pitched their camp in the middle of his garden to leave it? They flatly refused to go. Did he taunt his army with their numerous defeats, and with their failure to capture a single gun from an enemy who was so much their inferior in numbers? He found that his taunts were as powerless as his threats. He had already opened communi-

cations with the English, offering to admit them into the Palace, and so into the city, if his pension were guaranteed to him; communications which, it should be added, Sir John Lawrence, who had always thought him more sinned against than sinning, had been disposed to entertain, if he could first prove himself to be guiltless of English blood. But the negotiations had fallen through, and the poor old dotard was now talking of abdication and of a pilgrimage to Mecca, a town which, in his second childhood, he seems—like the Children Crusaders of the Middle Ages—to have thought lay in some adjoining district, not many days' march from his home! Meanwhile, the bazaars were being rifled afresh by each new batch of mutineers as they entered the city. Some regiments, when they arrived, found the city gates closed against them; for those who were already inside wished to keep all the plunder to themselves. Others turned away in disgust because they could not get a share of the spoils which had been already divided. The whole city was at the mercy of a rude soldiery. The sanctity of the harem was invaded, and honour and life were as unsafe as property. Thus, all the news which reached us went to show that if the besieged were given time to cut their own throats, they might, very possibly, save us the trouble of doing so. One spirited body of mutineers, indeed, stung by the taunts of the old king, engaged to fight us continuously for a week. We met them, for several days, with defensive tactics, but at last, on August 12, we suddenly took the offensive, drove them pell-mell into the city, and captured their guns, though at the cost, for the rest of the siege, of the services of two of the best officers in camp, Brigadier Showers and Major Coke, both of whom fell severely wounded.

About this time (to quote the words of an eye-witness, the author of one of the best books upon the siege of Delhi)[1] a stranger of very striking appearance was remarked visiting all our picquets, examining everything, and making most searching inquiries about their strength and history. His attire gave no clue to his rank; it evidently never gave the owner a thought. Moreover, in those anxious times, everyone went as he pleased; perhaps no two officers were dressed alike. . . . He was a man cast in a giant mould, with massive chest and powerful limbs, and an expression ardent and commanding, with a dash of roughness; features of stern beauty, a long black beard, and deep sonorous voice. There was some-

[1] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 223.

thing of immense strength, talent, and resolution in his whole gait and manner, and a power of ruling men on high occasions that no one could escape noticing at once. His imperial air, which never left him, and which would have been thought arrogant in one of less imposing mien, sometimes gave offence to the more unbending among his countrymen, but made him almost worshipped by the pliant Asiatics. He seemed to disdain any other than a ruling part, speaking rarely in ordinary society. Such a man would have risen rapidly from the ranks of the legions to the throne of the Cæsars; but, in the service of the British, it was thought wonderful that he became a Brigadier-General, when, by seniority, he could only have been a captain.

It is hardly necessary to say that the stranger thus graphically described was Nicholson. The quick march of his column had been still more quickened by an express from General Wilson, which reached him on August 2, and was written in the most urgent terms.

The enemy have re-established the bridge over the Nujuffgurh cut—which we had destroyed—and have established themselves in force there, with the intention of moving on Alipore, and our communications to the rear. I therefore earnestly beg you to push forward, with the utmost expedition in your power, both to drive these fellows from my rear, and to aid me in holding my position. I fear you will also have had rain, and may be stopped by the Markunda Nulla, but pray push on.

Obedient to this summons, Nicholson had 'pushed on' with all speed, and, when within three or four marches of Delhi, had, on a second request of General Wilson, ridden ahead of his force to consult with him, and all unknown, except to the old Punjabis, had appeared, on August 7, in the middle of the camp of which he was so soon to become a ruling spirit. His cold reserved bearing, his apparent haughtiness, and the circumstances attending his apppointment, caused many of the older officers, at first, to look askance at him. The 'Autocrat of All the Russias,' as he used to be called by his Punjabi friends, generally, either took men by storm, at first sight, by his noble bearing, or he alienated them seriously. On the following day, he returned to his force, having taken the measure, as he thought, of the military position and of the chief military authorities. And, on the 14th, he again rode into the English camp at the head of his column; at the head, that is, of the grandest contribution sent by the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab to the enterprise which

still lay unfinished—it might almost be said not yet begun—in front of him.

The small force upon the Ridge, raised now to 8,000 men of all arms, could breathe more freely, and not many days elapsed before the post of danger and of honour fell to the new comer. The Siege Train was still on its way, as the mutineers knew well, and the Neemuch Brigade, supported by that of Bareilly, had been sent out from Delhi to intercept it. But Nicholson determined instead to intercept them.

He set out with his Column of 2,000 men on August 25. The country was much flooded. Rain was falling in torrents, and the Horse Artillery guns were soon almost buried in the bog. Most generals would have given up the project in despair, but hearing about mid-day that the enemy were some twelve miles ahead, at Nujuffgurh, by sheer force of will, he induced his drenched and tired-out men to push on. They came in sight of the enemy an hour before sunset, and, then and there, Nicholson attacked them in position, and, by a series of masterly movements, put them to flight, capturing the whole of their thirteen guns! The Bareilly Brigade, which was in earshot of the battle, hearing of what had befallen their Neemuch brothers, returned to Delhi without so much as striking a blow.

It is hardly necessary to add that no one in camp looked askance at Nicholson after this, for it was the greatest blow which the mutineers had yet received. The delight of Sir John Lawrence at this first achievement of his new Brigadier-General before Delhi was unfeigned.

Though sorely pressed with work, I write a line to congratulate you on your success. I wish I had the power of knighting you on the spot. . . . Don't assault until you have given the mutineers all the powder and shot which the Siege Train can spare, and then go in, and may God be with you all!

Nicholson would not have cared much for being 'knighted on the spot,' but he did care very much for the service he had done, and for the good opinion of his chief.

Many thanks (he wrote back) for your kind letter of the 27th. I would much rather win the good opinion of my friends, than any kind of honorary distinction. . . . I feel very thankful for my success, for had these two Brigades succeeded in getting to our rear, they would, undoubtedly, have done much mischief.

Edwardes, writing to John Lawrence, was equally enthusiastic over the successes of his friend. The expressions which he had used when he found that he must do without Nicholson's services at Peshawur, seemed now hardly over-strained.

'He is a great loss to us, but will be a greater gain down below, and I think you have done quite right in moving him. May he be useful and successful, and come back crowned with honour. . . . You have been very vigorous in pushing down reinforcements, and these appointments of Chamberlain and Nicholson are worth armies. . . . I am so proud to see these two noble men called to their right place in front, and from our frontier! Amid the ruins of the Regular army, these two Irregular pillars stand boldly up against the sky—and I hope the Tom Noddies may study their architecture.

But some time must still elapse before the Siege Train, the Jummoo Contingent, and the last of the Punjab reinforcements can reach the camp and enable Nicholson to 'go in and win.' And while the force before Delhi—who are now, for the first time, to become besiegers rather than besieged—are, as it were, taking breath for their final effort, I may quote from the mass of correspondence before me a few samples of the letters written by Sir John Lawrence to 'the outer circle' of his correspondents, to such men as Lord Canning Lord Elphinstone, Sir Bartle Frere, Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and Mr. Mangles, the Chairman of the Court of Directors at home. I may quote also a few of the letters which he wrote to his 'inner circle,' to men like Edwardes at Peshawur, or Nicholson, Chamberlain, Norman, Greathed, and Wilson, before Delhi. The first group will best illustrate his comprehensive views for the future when Delhi should have fallen, views never obscured by the multiplicity of details or the press of current business connected with his own province. The other will indicate his extraordinary grasp of detail as well as his determination, now that he had done his best for the fall of Delhi, that those before the place should do theirs, and that, so far as he could prevent it, there should be no turning back, no more halting between two opinions, when once the hour should have struck.

The first letter I select is to Lord Canning, and contains amongst other matters of interest his answer to the message to 'hold on to Peshawur to the last.'

Lahore: August 14, 1857.

My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge your Lordship's letter of the 15th

ultimo, which I received yesterday. Our western boundary is a very difficult and complicated question, on which a great deal may be said both for the mountain and the river barrier. I used to be very strongly in favour of the former. But time and experience have led me to modify my views. We will, of course, hold on to the last as you desire, and if Delhi only falls within a reasonable period, all will go well. But until this takes place, we must stand on the verge of a precipice.

General Havelock has had great success. We heard this morning that he had gained another victory on his way to Lucknow. God grant that it may be true, and, above all, that he may arrive in time to save our country folks in Lucknow. I hope it has been arranged that, after doing this, he will return to Cawnpore with them. I think we should abandon Oude for the present. We can easily reconquer it. If we try to do this at present, we shall not succeed effectually, while we shall compromise ourselves elsewhere.

When all the Punjab reinforcements arrive at Delhi, there will be some fifteen thousand men present, a force amply sufficient, I believe, to take the place. But should they fail in their attempt, or should they not try to take it by assault, every effort should be made to reinforce the army before that place. If we hope to stem the tide we must take Delhi. Its strength, its political importance, render its capture essential to our political existence. Deprived of it, the insurgents will speedily degenerate into a rabble. They may endeavour to retire on Gwalior, but the probability is that they will disperse and return to their own homes.

As regards new troops, I strongly recommend that your Lordship order regiments of Ghoorkas, Bundelas, Menatties, Jats, Rajpoots, Bheels and Sonthals to be raised. The Bheels and Sonthals had better be unmixed. All the others should be mixed. I shall have twenty Punjab corps besides seven Police battalions complete by October 1, and can easily raise, or rather make up, four or five more from the levies which have been raised for temporary service. I am chary of doing too much in this way, lest they should feel their strength. But from the moment that European troops commence pouring into the country, I can, if your Lordship desire it, go on raising more corps. Our regiments are well mixed and not too strong—ten companies of eighty men each, viz. four Mohammedan, four Sikh, two Hillmen.

I do not advocate our enlisting many Afridis, nor indeed many Pathans from beyond our border. We have not the same hold on them as on our own subjects. They are more difficult to manage, more fanatical, more restless, than the Mohammedans of our lands on this side the Indus. The Afridis are brave and hardy fellows, but very restless and impatient of discipline. They like service close to their homes. Officers like Major Lumsden and Major Coke can, doubtless, manage them, but few others succeed. Even Captain Wilde of the 4th Punjab Rifles has

just lost nine from desertion since he crossed the Indus, because they heard they were going to Delhi.

Doubtless, we must have an army of natives, and the sooner this is formed the better. But I would suggest that it be no larger than is absolutely necessary. I have long believed that we had too many native troops, compared with the European, and, after what has occurred, it is clear that we must add largely to the latter. This we cannot afford unless we place the native army on an economical footing. I would advocate not only that which all men will now unite in recommending, a great mixture of races, but also that we have three different classes of native troops—that is, Corps of the Line, Irregular Corps, and Police Corps. If care be taken in raising them, little sympathy will exist between each class. The whole cost will be less than that of the old army, and a large surplus therefore will be available to meet the extra expense of the European troops.

We are all doing well here. Yesterday we heard that our troops before Delhi had captured four guns, with some loss, however, to themselves. The soldiers are in good spirits, and I have much hope that an effort will be made to take the place before long. Chamberlain getting wounded was a great loss. Nicholson, however, will supply his place. Your Lordship is quite right to hold Allahabad strongly. If we lost that place we should lose the gate into the Upper Provinces.

Lahore: August 14, 1857.

My dear Lord Elphinstone,—We are much obliged to you for the cash. We shall require it all. The whole army at Delhi, and the Hill stations, as far as Mussoorie, depend on us. What you say about the difficulty of removing incompetent Generals is undeniable. Still, unless they be removed, ruin and disgrace in time of difficulty must ensue. Somebody must 'bell the cat,' as they used to say in Scotland, and it is better to encounter obloquy than see everything we hold dear and prize go to destruction. I only wish I had the power to put one or two gentlemen on the shelf! . . . I do not think that our army should, perhaps could, leave Delhi. If we did, it would probably ruin us. Our cavalry are few and inferior; our communications would be cut off, we should obtain supplies with difficulty, for our prestige would be gone. No, there is nothing for it, in my mind, but to take Delhi or perish in the struggle.

It may be remembered that Sir John Lawrence had, within the first few days of the outbreak of the Mutiny, written to Mangles a stirring letter, which I have quoted in full. Here is a worthy sequel to it, written in the hope of arousing a strong feeling among the authorities at home as to the necessary changes in the army, when once the Mutiny should have been quelled:—

Lahore: August 28, 1857.

My dear Sir,—I was much obliged for your kind letter of July 10. Long ere this you will have heard and been convinced that my anticipations have fallen far short of the reality. The greater part of the Bengal army, Regular and Irregular, have mutinied, and the horrors and atrocities which they have perpetrated are scarcely to be paralleled in those of any time or country. It has only been by the aid of the Almighty that we have maintained the struggle. Had not the Persian war come to an end when it did, had we not got the aid of the British troops bound for China, and, lastly, had not the Punjab troops and people stood firm, God only knows what would have been the result. Even now, our state is most precarious. I do trust that regiments are coming out overland, for I really do not see how otherwise we shall maintain the struggle. In the Punjab we are better off than in any other part of the Presidency. But, even here, I cannot reflect that we shall be for three or four more months without troops from England, except with great anxiety. Out of three regiments of European Infantry and a large force of Artillery, only 1,000 men at Peshawur are now fit for duty! In all the rest of the Punjab the sound men cannot exceed 2,000. We have nothing in the interior of the country but Police Corps and new Punjab regiments. It has been a sad misfortune that while our native Hindustani Corps were kept up to 1,150 bayonets, the Europeans, the sinews of our strength, were two or three hundred men below their complement. The corps now fighting at Delhi scarcely musters six or seven hundred men. We are also bad off for artillerymen.

It would be mere folly to conceal this state of things. We shall, of course, all do our best and fight it out to the last, but we are certainly in great straits and in the utmost need of all the aid which England can send.

You will have heard of the sad fate of my dear brother Sir Henry, and of the still more terrible catastrophe which has befallen Sir Hugh Wheeler and our countrymen and countrywomen at Cawnpore. The shock which our prestige and power in India have received has been very great, and the reorganisation of the native army and system of administration in the North-West Provinces will tax the abilities and energies of our best officers. Indeed, I do not know where men equal to the task are to be found. All our old military men are unequal to the crisis. We have some excellent soldiers, no doubt, in the army, but they are brought to the front very tardily.

Delhi still holds out, and had we but a soldier equal to the crisis in command, it ought to fall within the next fortnight. General Wilson is a vast improvement over his predecessors, but is too undecided for such a task. In Chamberlain and John Nicholson I rest my main hope. The latter is an officer of great force of character and resolution. He has

just struck the only real blow which the mutineers have received since the first day after the arrival of our army at Delhi. He has beaten them well, taken all their guns, and destroyed their camp at Nujuffghur. This was the force which had evidently gone out to attempt to intercept the new Siege Train, now near Kurnal, on its way to Delhi.

You will be glad to hear that Persia has evacuated Herat, and that the Afghans still adhere to the treaty. We cannot, however, reckon much on the latter, unless Delhi falls soon. Pray don't forget to urge on the Government the necessity for sending out plenty of artillerymen. Not less than three to four thousand men should be sent out during the winter. There is not a troop or company near its full complement, and we must no longer, as a rule, use native artillerymen.

I am afraid you will think that I am unnecessarily alarmed. But such is not the case. From the first, I anticipated calamitous results from our unprepared state, and the inability of our leaders to see the precipice which was yawning at our feet. It seems to me mere folly to shut our eyes to the dangers which beset us. We will, nevertheless, do our best to maintain our position, and I have every hope that, with the aid of the Almighty, we shall succeed. But the struggle is a grievous one, and the individual suffering involved is terrible to contemplate. An entire change of policy as regards the army with which we shall hold India is necessary. A native army we must have, but it should not exceed the number absolutely necessary, and the proportion of Europeans should be largely increased, and carefully maintained. The Regular system should be abolished, and that of the Irregulars substituted. Above all, the system of putting old and incompetent men into high command should be done away with. The incompetency of General Hewitt was patent and notorious to the whole army years ago. I pointed it out when he was first sent to Peshawur.

Had we had a competent officer in command, the result of the battle at Agra would have been very different. That cantonment would not have been burnt, and our folks would not have been immured in the Fort. The whole feeling in India is in favour of the old system. Men trust to the chapter of accidents in the hope that the evil day may not come in their time, and so do not like to see its old incapables passed over. However, I will not inflict on you any more of my opinions.

To Colvin, who had done excellent work in time of peace in the North-West, but whose health was now rapidly failing under the strain of the Mutiny, he writes a letter which gives a vivid picture of the denudation of the Punjab and of the general situation.

Lahore : August 29, 1857.

My dear Colvin,—I have received your notes. . . . I think the Meerut folks in shouting out for more troops and complaining of the withdrawal

of the Rifles were clearly in the wrong. Of course, it would be very useful having a good force at Meerut, but this sinks into insignificance compared with the efficiency of the army before Delhi. Take Delhi, and all will go well. So long as it holds out, nothing can permanently improve.

Next to Delhi, the clearing of the Gangetic Doab and opening up our communications downwards are the most important measures. Each officer, however, is too apt to look to his own charge, and neglect general considerations. All the troops I can spare I send down to General Wilson, simply indicating the way in which I suggest they may be employed, but leaving him quite unfettered. This plan works much the best. We have now sent down for Meerut a Sikh corps mustering some seven hundred bayonets, Colonel Dawes' troop of Horse Artillery (Europeans), and two hundred and fifty Pathan horse under Major Stokes of the 59th. Another hundred horse have since been sent down, who will, probably, also be sent off to Meerut. I have also collected a hundred old Sikh sowars, and shall collect a second hundred for Williams, for police purposes. He is to mount and equip them, and they to receive only seven rupees per mensem until they arrive, and are gradually to repay the sums advanced for their equipment out of their pay. The first batch went off yesterday, and another goes to-day. All will be off within the next ten days, and get down quickly in the parcel dawk carriages.

There will doubtless be much difficulty in reconstructing and renovating the administration in the North-West. But it may be done by energy and perseverance. Once destroy the insurgent army and disarm the country, and the rest will be only a matter of time. But nothing will do without a careful selection of the machinery, European and Native, more particularly of the former. We can assist you a good deal with Punjabis for police. But these men, though hardy and resolute, are not very intelligent, and you will require a good mixture of picked Hindustanis. I would employ no Mohammedan Hindustanis for some years, and very few Brahmins and Rajpoots. Jats, Mawatis, Bundelas, Bheels, and the like, are good material for police. But you must pay them better than formerly. Our policemen get five rupees per mensem. Yours should get six. The first reform up here began by my giving five rupees in the Trans-Sutlej Division.

In the Delhi territory, we can help you a good deal, and of course will do so, whenever you may desire it. But, in the first instance, you must get picked men into every district. Such officers as ——, ——, and the like, can do no good. I write this in confidence.

I should be, in the first instance, for proclaiming martial law, and making a severe example of the insurgents. The mutineers and deserters should be carefully followed up and brought to justice. So long as these

men are loose, there will be no security. A couple of small movable columns would put down all opposition during the cold weather from the Jumna westwards. The Punjab Force now in Sirsa and in Hansi under Van Cortlandt will suffice for these districts and Rohtuck. Paniput—with the exception of the Narduck country and its Ranghur population—is an easy district to manage. Delhi will subside of itself after a few examples have been made. Gorgaon ought not to prove difficult.

From the accounts which we receive, Rohilkund will not prove a difficult task. All the Hindu population desire our return.

As regards money, we are doing pretty well. We have lent large sums to the army, and still have some in hand. The Sikh chiefs and the Jummoo Maharaja have helped us. Twenty-five lacs of rupees have come, or are coming from Bombay, and our six per cent. loan has given us something. I have also put everybody in arrears of pay for three months. We have got in all our *rubbee* (spring) revenue, and the cash plundered in our treasuries did not exceed one lac of rupees, and indeed ought not to have been that. Directly the road is open, we can send you four or five lacs without difficulty, perhaps more. We have sent Mussoorie a lac, and promised two more between this and December.

If Delhi soon falls—and it ought to fall within the next fortnight—all will go well. But if it should hold out until December, before which time troops, in any numbers, can scarcely come out and be brought to bear, it is difficult to say what may be our state.

The Persians have evacuated Herat; and so the Afghans are safe on that side. They may now, perhaps, turn their eyes towards Peshawur. We have three European regiments there, but they can scarcely muster one thousand men fit to take the field. All the rest are prostrated by sickness. We have four regiments of Sikh Infantry, but three are new corps. These and about twelve hundred Pathan horse are all we have to hold the border, to keep down rebellion, and overawe eight thousand Hindustani soldiers in the Peshawur valley. It was only last night that we heard that the 51st had made a desperate attempt to seize the arms of a Sikh regiment. They will, I trust, be all destroyed. In the interior of the country we are still weaker.

I have raised eleven regiments of Sikh Infantry already, and several thousand horsemen of various kinds. I fear to raise more until I see the European troops beginning to arrive from England. Nothing can be better than the spirit of the Sikhs just now, but we may have to fight them also. The error we made—an error which was pointed out, but to which no one would listen—was adding to our native troops, while the strength of the European Force actually fell off. The insane confidence which continued vociferation on the part of our officers had generated in the fidelity of our native army, had produced a belief in England that we could really hold India by means of these troops. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

I will try and draw up a few notes connected with the administration of the North-West, which I will send you. But I am sorely pressed with work, and am not at all well. . . .

I now turn to the letters written to his 'inner circle,' and in particular to those men on whom he placed most dependence for the coming operations before Delhi. It will be seen how he influenced everything that was done there, and was, in fact, the ruling spirit.

Lahore: August 11, 1857.

My dear Chamberlain,—The Siege Train starts to-morrow, escorted by the wing of the Belooch battalion and four companies of a new Punjab corps. I want the latter to be sent back, if you can manage it, to Umballa. These to be put together with the other wing which it has never yet seen. In taking away four hundred of the 60th Rifles from Meerut, I would send in its place either the Nusseri Battalion or a Punjab corps of six or seven hundred men. For it is just possible that the corps at Meerut may have something to do.

If the mutineers detach a couple of regiments towards Hansi, would it not be worth while to send a force after them and cut them up? Unless you intend attacking Delhi in their absence, I should consider it a good move.

Maharaja Runbeer Sing's troops, weather permitting, will be at Jullundur on the 15th. I have much hope that they will prove very useful. I hope that so long as they deserve confidence they will receive it. Nothing will do more harm than for them to fancy they are suspected. It would be far better to send them to a distance.

I see that some of our friends at Delhi buoy themselves up with the hope that my brother Henry is still alive. But I feel a conviction that such is not the case. Havelock knew him well, and would have said so if the news was doubtful. Besides, I see that Banks commands in Lucknow. Poor Henry! I never thought that he would have fallen. I had imagined that aid would have been long ago pushed up to him.

What a sad tragedy has this been at Cawnpore! It is quite horrible to think of it. Had not that ass —— been at Allahabad, matters would not have been so complicated there, and a couple of steamers might have got up to Cawnpore with sufficient troops to save the place. It was also the loss of Cawnpore that caused the pressure on Lucknow.

We are longing for news from down below, but we get none. The last letter from Bombay said that the 'Himalaya' had reached Calcutta on July 20, with 1,500 European soldiers.

Lahore: August 19, 1857.

My dear Nicholson,—Thanks for your letter of the 11th, which goes on to Edwardes. I am sorry to hear what you say about matters at Delhi. But we must make the best of them. Two days ago I sent

Chamberlain an extract of a letter from the Governor-General, of the 15th ultimo, from which it appears to me clear that no reinforcements can be expected from below for many a day. I should say not before troops arrive in numbers from England. He will, no doubt, show you the extract, when you can judge for yourself. There appears to me but one way by which Havelock could march on Delhi—viz., by defeating the Lucknow insurgents, bringing away our people, leaving a small force safely posted at Cawnpore, and marching with the rest straight on Delhi.

Yesterday I also heard from General Wilson. He seems somewhat disquieted, and says he wants European, and not native troops. If we could give him more of the former we would do so, but, not having them to send, we supply him with what material we have at hand. It seems to me that we are playing at cross purposes about Stafford's corps. We proposed that it should go to Saharunpore, the Ghoorkas from thence to Meerut, and the 60th Rifles from Meerut to Delhi. This has been put out by carrying off half the corps to Delhi. I have told Wilson that all the troops sent from here are at his disposal to send wherever he likes. We can do no more than this. It is for him to distribute them to the best advantage, and to see that his distribution is carried out.

He also appears to be doubtful about the Jummoo troops, and asks me if they are 'thoroughly trustworthy,' and so forth. How can I say this? I believe that they may be trusted, and, were I in his place, I would trust them. If he cannot make up his mind on the subject, why employ them at all? Or why not send them elsewhere than to Delhi?

In a letter, written a few days later, Sir John Lawrence brought to bear his great local knowledge of Delhi, in the hope that it might be of service in the assault, and might possibly do something to save the life of so recklessly brave and so invaluable an officer as Nicholson. 'Old Nick,' he used to say, 'is a forward fellow, and is only too likely to get knocked over.'

Lahore: August 19, 1857.

My dear Nicholson,—Wilde leaves this to-morrow morning with the whole corps, and takes Dawes' troop from Jullundur. He expects to be at Delhi by the 4th, which is quite as soon as you folks can be ready to assault. Should your Brigade go in at the Kashmere Gate, recollect that when you once pass the Octagon inside, you come to an open space in which the church stands. In advance of this open ground are two streets which lead onwards into the town. If you secure two houses—viz., Hamid Ali Khan's and Skinner's—you command both streets and are quite safe from a sudden attack, and in this open space I would counsel that you re-form your men and get in your guns and advance with deliberation. After passing the old Residency, lately the College, you come to the old Magazine and then over a bridge in the canal to the Palace. From the

ground in front of the College and Magazine, which is higher than Selimghur, you could shell the Palace with great advantage, while, to the best of my recollection, guns from neither Selimghur nor the Palace could touch you. . . .

Behind the church is a pucca house with a large *taikhana* leading outside the walls of the town on the river-side. It might be well to try it at the same time that the Kashmere Gate is assaulted. But a guide will be necessary. At any rate, it will be well to know of this passage. I do not think that much resistance will be made in the town. I anticipate that a portion of the mutineers will endeavour to hold the Palace and that the rest will bolt. Guns cannot be mounted on the walls of the Palace, and a day's shelling will ensure its surrender. But if the town holds out, and the mutineers occupy the houses, we should seize the Jumma Musjid and the other mosque in the Chandni Chouk, which will serve as a fortress for our troops.

The Lahore Gate of the city leads down the Chandni Chouk to the Palace. It is some eighty feet wide. Secure this street and the Jumma Musjid, and the mutineers cannot maintain themselves.

No news for some days from below. . . . The Pandies will bolt by the Nigambode gate across the Doab for Rohilkund. We should have cavalry on that side to cut them up. Two hundred and forty Peshawur horse start to-night under Major Stokes. They are rather a good lot.

But, even now, though it seemed that the end could not long be deferred, matters were not going on satisfactorily at Delhi. The sickly season had begun in good earnest. The cantonments, never healthy, were, this year, likely to be more than usually deadly, for the banks of the canal had been broken and the country much flooded. In the pressure of work and worry nearly all sanitary precautions had been neglected. The carcases of men and animals were lying about in every direction unburied, and as the floods subsided and the sun poured down in its fury on the putrid mass, diseases of every kind,—ague, and fever, and cholera, which last had never been quite absent,—began to work redoubled havoc in the camp, and rendered a large portion of the men unfit for duty. One regiment, which had come in six hundred strong, had, from these and other causes, in the course of three weeks, sunk to two hundred and forty-two effectives! Nicholson, who was in daily communication with Sir John Lawrence during this period, is loud in his complaints of almost everything that was done or not done; and as his complaints are, to a great extent, borne out by letters of Neville Chamberlain and others before me, we may conclude that they were, on the whole,

well-grounded, and are not to be put down, as otherwise we might be inclined to do, either to his impatience of restraint or his restless energy. The 'politicals,' on whose knowledge of the country he thought he had a right to depend for information which would enable him to move and to strike with effect, were, he repeatedly complains, not up to the mark, and he expected Sir John Lawrence, who had no power at all in the matter, to supersede them at once.

I don't exaggerate when I say that had I had a decent Political officer with me to get me a little ordinary information, I should have smashed the Bareilly Brigade the next day to the affair at Nujuffghur. As it was, I had no information, not even a guide, that I did not pick up for myself on the road, and had I obeyed my instructions and gone to Bahadurghur, the expedition would have been a fruitless one. . . . It is impossible to conceive two men in their position with less local knowledge and influence, and less idea of the service expected of them, than Greathed and Metcalfe.

Should I escape the storm, and have to go out with a column afterwards, I must—unless you can supply a competent man—be my own Political Agent. I would rather have 2,000 men and be so, than 4,000 and be hampered with an incapable. If you agree with me, you must authorise it, however; for Wilson will take no responsibility on himself, and it appears to me that he is becoming jealous of me, lest I should earn more than my share of κύδος. He will not even show me the plan of assault now, though I feel pretty sure his nervousness will make him do so before the time comes.

These strictures upon the General do not seem to have been without foundation. The concurrent testimony before me is too strong to allow of doubt respecting them. General Wilson had been a vast improvement on former generals, but his health seems to have failed him under the long strain, and he had not the nerve or the moral courage necessary for the tremendous crisis which had arrived. Just now, he was irascible and inaccessible, moody and capricious. One day, he was all in favour of instant action; the next, and the next, and the next, he was for postponing it indefinitely, or even abandoning the siege altogether.

Wilson (writes Nicholson on August 22) says that he will assume the offensive on the arrival of the heavy guns, but he says it in an indecisive kind of way, which makes me doubt if he will do so, if not kept up to the mark. Do you, therefore, keep him up to it. He is not at all equal to the crisis, and I believe he feels it himself.

Currentem quoque instigavit might be said of such advice when given to such a man. Sir John Lawrence did not need to be reminded to keep other people 'up to the mark.' From the first outbreak at Meerut to that very day he had never ceased to urge on each successive general—Anson, Barnard, Reed, Wilson—the supreme necessity for bold forward action. *Auctor ego audendi* might well have been his motto, and the letter to General Wilson, which I am about to quote, written when the days of Delhi seemed to be already numbered, will, I think, in its force and its grasp of the situation in all its aspects, vividly recall the masterly series of letters written by him to General Anson, when it appeared to be an open question whether there should be any advance at all upon the revolted city.

Lahore: August 29, 1857.

My dear General,—Wilde's regiment will be at Umballa as soon as you can receive this letter; the Jummoo troops a day later. All will be at Delhi by the 7th or 8th of September, if you resolve to have them. I hope you will then be strong enough to attack the city. I wish to urge you to do nothing which sound policy does not dictate, but I cannot but add that if the military means be sufficient, it is of the highest importance to make your attack. I believe, myself, that if you once establish yourself in force inside the town, the resistance will not be formidable. I believe that the mutineers will break up and disperse, many throwing away their arms. The most desperate may keep together and make for Gwalior.

But even if they attempt to defend the town, they will fail to do so with any effect. The people have suffered too much to side with them, and it is not a place so easily defended as people suppose. The whole eastern side from the Kashmere to the Delhi Gate is wide and open. The Palace is the only strong building in this quarter, and this, in the first instance, after getting in, might be masked. Two or three days' consecutive shelling will make it too hot for its inmates. All the main streets in Delhi are wide and straight, leading to the chief gates. In the event of resistance, the troops could hold the strong points, such as the Jumma Musjid, the ground between the Kashmere Gate, the Magazine, and College; the Begum Sombres garden, the King's garden close to it, and the mosque in the middle of the Chandni Chouk, with perfect safety. If the whole plan be well arranged before the assault and explained to the officers, and they only keep the troops within control, I am persuaded that no formidable opposition will ensue when they are once inside.

These seem to me very strong reasons for assaulting as soon as practicable. Every day's delay is fraught with danger. Every day disaffec-

tion and mutiny spread. Every day adds to the danger of the native princes taking part against us. In the Punjab we are by no means strong. Peshawur is a political volcano which may explode any day. Out of three regiments of European Infantry and a large force of Artillery, we have barely 1,000 men fit for service. All the rest are prostrated by fever. We have 8,000 Hindustani troops to guard. One regiment, the 51st, mutinied only yesterday. It is possible that we may have the Afghans on our heads one of these days. If anything happened to the Ameer, I think we certainly should have them down. The sickly season is only now commencing. Throughout the country we are standing at bay, watching and overawing the Hindustanis, by a handful of Europeans and a few Sikh corps mostly composed of recruits. Day after day we hear of fresh corps mutinying. In Central India our power is a mere shadow. In the Bombay Presidency affairs are in a most critical state. In Oude, General Havelock can barely maintain the struggle.

I see little prospect of your being reinforced for a very long time from below. The autumn is notoriously unhealthy at Delhi. There is even danger in keeping so large a body of troops together for a considerable period under present circumstances. The Gwalior troops will be over the Chumbul before long, and bring large reinforcements to the mutineers. For all these reasons, I would strike as early as possible. Every consideration points to prompt action.

I would further recommend that you should arrange with the Political officers as to your future course after Delhi falls. A force will, of course, at once follow the main bodies of the insurgents. A movable column will, doubtless, cross into the Gangetic Doab and sweep the country. Small columns will be required to move about the Delhi territory, to punish insurgents and disarm the country. I would suggest that the force left at Delhi should occupy the Palace.

We shall not require any portion of our Punjab regiments nor of the Artillery which has gone down from the Punjab. But, if possible, I should like to see one European regiment sent back. With its aid we shall do well until more European troops are available.

The arrival of such a letter must have done as much as the arrival of the Siege Train itself, which took place about the same time, to ensure the adoption of decisive measures. But Sir John Lawrence was not willing to rest upon his oars even now. He endeavoured to 'keep the general up to the mark' by working on him through the most energetic spirits around him, Chamberlain and Nicholson, Daly and Norman.

I trust (he says to Norman) that General Wilson will commence work in earnest, directly the Siege Train arrives, and assault the place as soon

as practicable. Every consideration dictates this course. I have written and pointed out all this to General Wilson. I can do no more. It is you fellows about him who have the means of influencing him. If we delay for reinforcements from below, God only knows what may happen. Half the force may be prostrated by sickness. I am sure that Chamberlain and Nicholson will be in favour of action. Indeed I cannot well believe that any man of experience and knowledge of India could hold any other opinion. Every day's delay only complicates matters and adds to our difficulties. Every day more regiments are breaking out, and, before long, we shall have no native army left.

To Hervey Greathed he writes in like manner :—

I hope you are in favour of vigorous and offensive measures as soon as the Siege Train reaches Delhi. To my mind, more danger will arise from delay than from assaulting. It is also good policy striking while the enemy are depressed. Have you any orders from Mr. Colvin or the Supreme Government as to the course to be pursued after the fall of Delhi? It will be a great point to follow up the blow with vigour, so as not to let the fugitive brigades rally and make a stand. . . . We are well here. But sickness is very great at Peshawur. Should the Afghans come down, we should be awkwardly placed. Delhi cannot fall too soon. There are still 7,000 Hindustani troops at Peshawur, 4,000 of whom are armed.

But however anxious Lawrence might be for the assault, he was not anxious, as were some of his advisers, that as much blood as possible should be shed during and after it. He was eager to save the Sikhs, who were in Delhi, from sharing the fate of the Sepoys, and also to draw a distinction between those Sepoys who had murdered their officers and committed other atrocities, and those who had been drawn into the current half against their will. Many letters passed between him, Wilson, and Nicholson on these subjects. Wilson was anxious to receive the overtures of such half-innocent corps, but seemed disinclined to take upon himself the responsibility of doing so. He turned to Sir John Lawrence for advice, and here is the answer he received :—

As you are aware, I have no authority whatever at Delhi or in Delhi matters. But I consider every officer ought to aid the State to the best of his ability and to assume responsibility where that course is advisable. If, therefore, you deem it expedient to receive the overtures of corps, or portions of corps, which have not murdered Europeans, and find it necessary to give distinct pledges for pardon, I am quite prepared to share the responsibility. . . . The combination has been so extensive,

the mutiny so general, that it is impossible for us to carry on a war of vengeance against all. We cannot destroy all the mutineers who have fought against us. The sooner we open the door for escape to the least guilty, the better for all parties.

Nicholson quite agreed with his chief in these matters. He was ever panting for action; straining like a hound within the leashes when he sees his quarry slipped close before him. But it is interesting to note in his letters to Sir John Lawrence, amidst his expressions of impatience at what he considered to be the incompetency of those who held the chief command, his tender regard for the interests of men in whom, even if he had only recently come to know them, he discerned real merit or promise for the future. I have already spoken of his care for Alexander Taylor. Here is another sample:—

I offered Randall of the 59th the Adjutancy of Stafford's corps, but he wishes to serve here, though on his bare subaltern's pay. Bear this in mind, if anything happens to me; for it is not every man who declines Staff employ that he may serve in the trenches on his regimental allowances and without increase of rank. Randall is, moreover, a very steady, intelligent, conscientious fellow.

Nor is it without interest to remark that the officer whom Nicholson, on the strength of what he had seen of him at the Trimmu Ghaut and in the trenches before Delhi, thus warmly recommended, with almost his latest breath, to his chief, became aide-de-camp to that chief when he had risen to be Governor-General, was married to his eldest daughter, and received from him, only a few days before the end of his life, the sacred commission—which he has now handed on to me and I have, in my last chapter, attempted to discharge—of putting before the world exactly what Lord Lawrence had or had not proposed with regard to the abandonment of Peshawur.

The Siege Train arrived on September 4, and close behind it came the Jummoo troops and Wilde's regiment. And now John Lawrence had done all that he could do, and everything was ready for the last act of the great drama: everything, I would rather say, except the general in command.

The Siege Train arrived at Delhi yesterday (says John Lawrence, gleefully, to Bartle Frere). We ought to have Delhi in our possession within the next ten days. We should have it, did Nicholson command. . . . I hope to hear of our beginning the attack to-morrow with a salvo of thirty heavy guns at least. I feel sanguine of success, and that shortly. We cannot afford to delay.

And, writing once more to Lord Canning on September 6, he says in no boastful spirit, but with a just appreciation of what he and his province had done towards making what each successive general had called the 'gambler's throw' to be no gambler's throw at all, but a matter of at least tolerable certainty:—

I trust that the bombardment will commence to-night or to-morrow, and that, by God's help, Delhi will fall upon the 11th. On that day, fifty-four years ago, we first took it. Everything that we could do has been done to aid the army before Delhi. We have sent every man we could spare—perhaps more. We have raised for them Pioneers, Infantry, Cavalry. Nothing that we could think of has been wanting. Even the sand-bags for their batteries have been made up and sent down.

A letter of Nicholson's, written on September 7, takes us behind the scenes for a moment.

The Engineers have consulted me about the plan of attack, though Wilson has not. They tell me they proposed to him that I should be consulted, and that he maintained a chilling silence. I imagine it is, as I supposed, that he is afraid of being thought to be influenced by me. I care little, however, whether he receives my suggestions direct or through the Engineers. Like Barnard, he talks about the 'gambler's throw.' I think, however, we have a right to hope for success, and I trust that, ere another week passes, our flag will be flying from the Palace minarets. Wilson has told me that he intends to nominate me for Governor, for which I am obliged; though I had rather he had told me that he intended to give me command of the column of pursuit.

Before Delhi: August (September) 7, 1857.

It is significant that, in his excitement, Nicholson dates this and other letters written during the final bombardment 'August' instead of 'September.' The month of August must have passed slowly enough with a man of his impetuous temperament. But he had forgotten all about it now in the rapture of the approaching conflict.

I just write a line to confirm what you will have heard from Wilson. We break ground with No. 1, heavy battery, at six hundred and fifty yards to-night. Nos. 2 and 3 to-morrow night at five hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty. Batter the 9th and go in on the 10th. I can't give you the plan of attack lest the letter should fall into other hands. Wilson's head is going. He *says* so himself, and it is quite evident that he speaks the truth. . . . Pandy is in very low spirits, and evidently thinks he has made a mistake.

But the eager excitement which caused Nicholson to be out by a month in his recollection of the past, made him also rather too sanguine, as the next letters show, in his calculations for the future.

Before Delhi: August (September) 9, 1857.

The batteries could not be got ready in time this morning, so we are only silencing the Moree to-day. To-morrow we breach and bombard, and assault on the 11th, which, by a strange coincidence, is the anniversary of our former capture. Many thanks for the Leia Commissionership. What did poor old Ross (the late Commissioner) die of? Your letter to Greathed has had the effect of brightening up both him and Metcalfe.

But, even now, Nicholson was too sanguine in his expectations. There was more delay, and on September 11 he wrote another letter to which a melancholy interest attaches—for it was the last that he wrote to his chief, and nearly the last that he wrote to anyone.

Before Delhi: September 11, 1857.

My dear Lawrence,—There has yet been another day's delay with the Batteries, but I do not see how there can possibly be another. The game is completely in our hands. We only want a player to move the pieces. Fortunately, after making all kinds of objections and obstructions, and even threatening more than once to withdraw the guns and abandon the attempt, Wilson has made everything over to the Engineers, and they, and they alone, will deserve the credit of taking Delhi. Had Wilson carried out his threat of withdrawing the guns, I was quite prepared to appeal to the army to set him aside and elect a successor! I have seen lots of useless generals in my day, but such an ignorant, croaking obstructive as he is, I have never, hitherto, met with, and nothing will induce me to serve a day under his personal command after the fall of this place. The purport of his last message in reply to the Engineers ran thus: 'I disagree with the Engineers entirely. I foresee great, if not insuperable, difficulties in the plan they propose. But, as I have no other plan myself, I yield to the urgent remonstrances of the Chief Engineer.' The above are almost the very words used by him, and yet he has, actually, never even examined the ground on which the Engineers proposed to erect the breaching batteries! I believe the Meerut catastrophe was more his fault than Hewitt's. And, by all accounts, he was driven into fighting at the Hindun, and could not help himself. The same may be said now. He is allowing the Engineers to undertake active operations simply because he knows the army will no longer put up with inactivity.

Yours very sincerely,

J. NICHOLSON.

With this characteristically violent utterance Nicholson's 'pen-and-ink work,' the work which he so much disliked, ended. The work of his trusty sword remained. The news that he had been nominated, on Sir John Lawrence's recommendation, to the command of the city after it should be taken; that he had then been recommended by him for a post which he preferred even to the command of the city, the command of the Column of pursuit, and finally, when peaceful times should have returned, to the Commissionership of Leia, reached him in rapid succession, shortly before the assault, and must have convinced him, if he had ever really doubted it, of his Chief's enthusiastic appreciation of his services. 'I trust,' said Sir John Lawrence in the last letter which he was ever to write to him (September 9), 'that you will be in Delhi when this reaches, and that you will escape the dangers of the assault and gain increased honour.' Nicholson was to gain 'increased honour,' but not by holding the Commissionership of Leia, or by governing the city which he had done so much to capture, or by leading the Column of pursuit.

The minuter details of the bombardment, the assault, and the capture of Delhi lie beyond my scope, and it must suffice to give a mere sketch of the crowning operations of a siege which, from first to last, in all its attendant circumstances, is almost unique in the history of modern war. The part of the wall selected for our attack was that which faced the Ridge, and which, extending from the river Jumna to the Lahore Gate, formed a third part of the whole circumference. It included the Moree, the Kashmere and the Water Bastions, each of which contained from ten to fourteen heavy guns; each was, in great part, our own handiwork, and each, during the last two months, had poured forth a storm of shot and shell upon their original constructors, without the intermission of a single day. The connecting wall between the bastions had not been constructed to carry heavy guns, but it was twenty-four feet high and twelve thick, and the labour of ten or twenty thousand hands, which could have been had at any time for the asking, might, in the space of a few days, have thrown up a rampart behind it, which, armed with a mere fraction of the guns the place contained, would have made the whole impregnable. Why had not the besieged done this long before, or why did they not attempt it even now? Had the Mutiny brought to the front a single military genius at Delhi, as it did when it was too late in other parts of India; had there been a General of even

second-rate powers, who could have made the most of his appliances and inspired the troops with implicit confidence in him, the fall of the place must have been indefinitely postponed—postponed, at all events, till a regular investment and a regular siege were possible.

Outside the wall ran a ditch twenty-five feet wide and sixteen feet deep, which might well form the common grave of any force attempting to cross it before the parapets and bastions above should have been swept clear of its defenders. The besiegers of a strongly fortified place ought, it has been laid down on high authority, to outnumber the besieged in the proportion of three to one. At Delhi, this proportion was reversed or more than reversed. The besieged army numbered at least 40,000 men; the besiegers, now that the last man had come from the Punjab, only 11,000. Of these, not more than 3,300 were Europeans, while the Jummoo contingent, 2,000 strong, had only just arrived in camp, and was regarded with suspicion and dislike by some of the authorities. Our heavy guns were only 54 in number, while those in Delhi amounted to 300. Of artillerymen we had only 580, and many even of these belonged to the Horse Artillery, and had to be called off from their proper duties to work in the batteries; while, to eke out their scanty numbers, it was found necessary to call for volunteers from the Lancers and the Carabineers, men who had never handled a gun before, and had to take their first lessons in artillery practice, exposed to constant fire from the enemy. A hard apprenticeship, but eagerly embraced and nobly discharged!

Such was the general outlook of the siege when the last man and the last gun from the Punjab arrived upon the ground. What wonder if the General on whom the responsibility really rested had misgivings, even to the last moment, as to the wisdom of the step into which he had been persuaded by the eagerness of the Engineers; and what wonder that he needed to be reminded by those who were not hampered by any such overmastering burden, that India had been won and held in defiance of all the laws of war, and that Delhi need not be the one exception to the rule?

It was on the evening of September 7 that the ground was broken. On that night, under the personal direction of Alexander Taylor—a man whose antecedents no one of my readers is likely to have forgotten—the first battery was run up, seven hundred yards from the Moree Bastion. Animated and inspired by his presence, the men worked for their lives—for they knew what the day would

bring forth. But, in spite of all their efforts, the first streak of light found the battery armed with only one gun, upon which, and upon each of its fellows, as, one after the other, they were brought into position, there rained down a pitiless fire from the opposing bastion. At last the battery was complete, and then the masonry of the fortifications of the city began to fly. It was a new and strange sensation. The time of patient waiting, of repelling attacks which were incessantly renewed, of Cadmean victories over a foe who seemed to possess unlimited powers of recovery and boundless recruiting grounds, was a thing of the past, and the time for reprisals had arrived.

During the five days and nights which followed, three other batteries were constructed under the same, or even greater difficulties. One of them was only one hundred and sixty yards from the Water Bastion, and the heavy guns had to be dragged up to it, through the open, under a crushing fire of musketry; 'a feat of arms,' says Sir Henry Norman, 'almost unparalleled in war.'

With the deeds of skill, gallantry, endurance, and devotion which distinguished the six days of the bombardment, the names of Baird Smith, the Chief Engineer, who prepared all the plans, of Alexander Taylor, who superintended their execution and seemed to be everything and everywhere, of Brind and Tombs, of Campbell and Scott, who were in command of the respective batteries, will always be honourably bound up. The heat, the exposure, the unrest, the extremity of the peril, seemed only to lend them fresh strength for their work. On the 12th, all four batteries were able, for the first time, to play at once upon the walls of the city; and the first discharge of their concentrated fire must have made the most sanguine among the mutineers to feel that the game of mutiny had been all but played out. Fifty-four guns and mortars belched forth havoc on the doomed city; and ringing cheers arose from our men as the smoke of each salvo cleared away and showed the formidable bastions crumbling into ruins, and whole yards of the parapets torn away by the bursting shells, while the defenders were driven to seek shelter, if indeed they cared to find it, far into the interior of the city. Not for one moment, during the next forty-eight hours, did the whistling of bullets and the roar of artillery cease. The worn-out gunners—their places, meanwhile, being filled by volunteers—would, sometimes, throw hemselves down to snatch a few moments of hurried, but profound, sleep beneath their very guns; and then, springing to their

feet again, would pound away with redoubled vigour. The coolness and the courage of the old Sikh artillerymen, who had been picked out by Sir John Lawrence in person, and of the despised Muzbi Sikhs, whom he had also sent down to Delhi, were as conspicuous as that of the Europeans themselves. And the passive endurance of the water-carriers and native servants, who, amidst the hatreds of colour and of race which the fierce conflict had engendered, had not always received the best of treatment at their masters' hands, and were now expected to wait on those same masters amidst storms of shot and shell, was, perhaps, more wonderful than either.

The enemy, though they had been driven down from the parapets, and though many of their guns on the bastions had been dismounted, still fought on with the courage of despair. They ran out light guns which enfiladed our batteries. They filled the water-courses and gardens in front of the city with sharpshooters who picked off our gunners at their work, and riddled the mantelets with bullet-holes. They even, on one occasion, attempted to attack us in the rear. And they began, when it was all too late, to raise a rampart behind the breaches, which would soon have made the place impregnable. On the night of the 13th, it seemed that the bombardment had pretty well done its work; and four young Engineer officers—Greathed, Home, Medley, and Lang—creeping down through the gardens, amongst and behind the enemy's skirmishers, descended into the ditch, examined the breaches, and returned with the report that they were difficult but practicable. The knowledge of what was going on behind the breaches led the General and his Council of War to decide that the enterprise should be attempted while 'practicable' it still remained. And forthwith the thrilling order, which had been so long and so eagerly expected, and which was to be the message of death to so many of the most eager of the expectants, flew from man to man throughout the camp:—'The assault at three o'clock this morning.' It was the 'witching hour, but not of *still* midnight. The plans had all been laid beforehand, and the three hours of suspense and preparation which remained passed away slowly enough.

Long before the hour struck our men were at Ludlow Castle, the appointed rendezvous, which, curiously enough, happened many years before to have been the residence of John Lawrence. The assaulting columns were four in number. The first, it had been arranged, was to storm the main breach of the Kashmere Bastion; the second, the Water Bastion; the third, when the Kashmere Gate

should have been blown in by a small party, each man of whom carried his life and a powder-bag in his hand, was to enter by the opening thus made; while the fourth column, to the extreme right, was, first, to attempt to dislodge the mutineers who were encamped in large numbers and in a strong position in the suburb of Kissengunge, and, then, to force an entrance by the Lahore Gate.

To Nicholson fell, as of right, the post of honour. He had been sent down by Sir John Lawrence with orders 'to take Delhi;' and Delhi the whole army was willing that he, and no one else, should take. He was therefore to head the first column in person, as well as to direct the general operations of the assault. 'Our batteries,' says an eye-witness, 'redoubled their roar, while the columns were taking up their respective positions, throwing shells to drive the enemy away as far as possible from the breaches. The morning was just breaking; the thunder of our artillery was at its loudest, when, all at once, it hushed. Everyone could hear his heart beat.'

The Rifles now ran forward as skirmishers, to cover the advance of the assaulting columns; and the men, who had been lying on the ground to save their lives till they should be called for, sprang to their feet, and, with 'a cry of exultation,' began to move on rapidly for the walls. Beneath a storm of bullets from the besieged, who knew well that their hour had come, each of the first three columns did its work manfully and with success. They crossed the glacis with all speed and left it behind them dotted with writhing men. They leaped down into the ditch, and in it dead and dying soon lay thickly piled together. But the ladders were planted against the scarp, and in a few minutes the difficulties and dangers of the escalade were over. Nicholson, resolved to be the first in danger as in dignity, was amongst the foremost of his column to mount the breach. The second column, at the Water Bastion, forced its way in about the same time; and the third marched, almost unopposed, through the Kashmere gateway, which had been blown down by the small exploding party, but at the cost of the lives of almost all concerned. Soon the whole line of the ramparts which faced the Ridge, and had defied us for three weary months, was in our hands. The British flag was once more run up upon the Cabul Gate; and the bugle-call of the various regiments gave a breathing-space, in which men might congratulate each other on the victory, might count up the survivors, and might calculate and grieve over the number of the dead. A ghastly tribute had, of course, been paid to the formid-

able nature of the defences and the unquestioned gallantry of the defenders.

The fourth column, under Major Reid, supported by the newly-arrived Kashmere Contingent under Richard Lawrence, had been less successful. With his faithful Ghoorkas, Reid had held Hindu Rao's house—the post of honour and of danger and the key to our whole position—throughout the siege, and had withstood some twenty-six attacks. But a too difficult—I would rather say an impossible—task had now been assigned to him. He was wounded early in the day, and his column was unable to dislodge the enemy, and so to approach the Lahore Gate. That important point was still held in force by the foe; and the fire of their Artillery, directed at the Cabul Gate, threatened to make our hard-won position there untenable. Nicholson and Jones had just met each other flushed with success, at the heads of their respective columns; and Nicholson, seeing that there was still good work to be done, determined to be the doer of it. He called for volunteers, and they appeared. But the one street by which they could approach the Lahore Gate was, like many streets in Eastern towns, so narrow that six men could hardly walk abreast along it. It had been barricaded by the watchful enemy. It was swept, from the other end, by a gun loaded with grape, and the windows and flat roofs of the houses on either side of it bristled with riflemen. What wonder, if from death in such manifold and such insidious forms even the stoutest hearts shrunk? Nicholson saw how things stood, and, knowing that if his force hesitated they were lost, sprang to the front, and, waving his sword over his head, as if he were a simple captain, called aloud upon his men to follow him. Had he been serving in the ranks in the open field, his noble stature would have marked him out as a target for the enemy's sharpshooters, and now his commanding presence and gestures, as he strode forward alone between the muzzles of an unseen foe, made escape impossible. There was death in every window and on every house-top; and the 'brute bullet' which did the deed was but one of many which must have found its way to that noble heart before he could have crossed swords with the foe. He fell, mortally wounded, and with him, young as he was, and little known to fame as he had been, till the extremity of the peril brought him to the front and revealed him in his Titanic mould of heart and limb, there fell the man whom, perhaps, of all the heroes of the Mutiny—the Lawrence brothers alone excepted—India could, at that

juncture, least afford to loose. He begged that he might be left lying on the ground till Delhi was ours. But this could not be, and he was borne off by his followers to his old quarters on the Ridge.

The long autumn day was over, and we were in Delhi. But Delhi was, by no means, ours. Sixty-six officers and eleven hundred men—nearly a third, that is, of the whole attacking force—had fallen; while, as yet, not a sixth part of the town was in our power. How many men, it might well be asked, would be left to us by the time that we had conquered the remainder? We held the line of ramparts which we had attacked and the portions of the city immediately adjoining, but nothing more. The Lahore Gate and the Magazine, the Jumma Musjid and the Palace, were still untouched, and were keeping up a heavy fire on our position. Worse than this, not a few of our troops had fallen victims to the temptation which, more formidable than themselves, our foes had left behind them, and were wallowing in a state of bestial intoxication. The enemy, meanwhile, had been able to maintain their position outside the town; and if only, at this supreme hour, a heaven-sent General had appeared amongst them, they might have attacked our camp, defended as it was mainly by the sick, and the maimed, and the halt, and, giving the *coup de grâce* to such bulwarks of our strength as Daly and Coke, Reid and Chamberlain, Showers and Seaton, who had been condemned to watch from the distance the terrible conflict, they might, once more, have been able to call the Ridge their own.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the Mutiny were we in quite so perilous a position as on the night which followed our greatest military success. General Wilson, indeed, proposed, as might have been expected from a man in his enfeebled condition of mind and body, to withdraw the guns, to fall back on the camp and wait for reinforcements there; a step which, it is needless to point out, would have given us all the deadly work to do over again, even if our force should prove able to maintain itself on the Ridge till reinforcements came.[1] But the urgent remonstrances of Baird Smith and others, by

[1] As a high authority, General Sir Henry Norman, has, in an able article on these volumes, in the *Fortnightly Review*, for April 1883, questioned the accuracy of this assertion, I think it right to quote the words of the letter on which, confirmed by other testimony, I chiefly based it. Sir Neville Chamberlain writes to Sir John Lawrence as follows:—

Delhi: September 21.

. . . I think it right to tell you that Major-General Wilson has, in the minds of all those in camp most competent to form an opinion, shown a complete absence of all those qualifications which fit an officer for commanding, ever since

word of mouth; of Chamberlain, by letter; and, perhaps, also, the echoes which may have reached him from the tempest-tossed hero who lay chafing against his cruel destiny on his death-bed, and exclaimed in a wild paroxysm of passion, when he heard of the move which was in contemplation, 'Thank God, I have strength enough left to shoot that man,' turned the General once more from his purpose.

On the following day, the 15th, vast quantities of the intoxicating drinks, which had wrought such havoc amongst our men, were destroyed by General Wilson's order, and the streets literally ran with rivers of beer, and wine, and brandy. Meanwhile, the troops were sleeping off their drunken debauch; and, on the 16th, active operations were resumed. On that day the Magazine was taken, and its vast stores of shot and shell, and of all the *matériel* of war, fell once more into the hands of their proper owners. By sapping gradually from house to house we managed, for three days more, to avoid the street-fighting which, once and again, has proved so demoralising to Englishmen; and, slowly, but surely, we pressed back the defenders into that ever-narrowing part of the city of which, fortunately for themselves, they still held the bolt-holes. Many of them had already begun, like rats, to quit the sinking vessel. And now the unarmed population of the city flocked in one continuous stream out of the open gates, hoping to save their lives, if nothing else, from our avenging swords. On the 19th, the Palace of the Moguls, which had

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he was required to undertake active operations. We have to thank the Engineers, especially A. Taylor, for being in possession of the place; for the general had no faith in success, if he did not even go so far as to disapprove of the plan, and he sanctioned it under a kind of protest.

In the afternoon of the assault and when he found the resistance greater than he expected, he said both to the Chief Engineer and to myself that he should have to withdraw from the place, and but for our counsel he would, I believe, have carried out the intention, if the troops would (which I hope they would not) have obeyed him. During the few days we have been pushing on our advantage he has frequently been more like an insane man than a general commanding a victorious army; and it is very evident that his head (as he so frequently informs everybody) is gone.

Another high authority who was on the spot and had special means of knowing the truth, Sir Frederick Roberts, G.C.B., writes to me from Madras, April 15, 1884:—'I see that Sir Henry Norman disputes your statement that General Wilson contemplated retiring to the camp after we had effected an entrance into the city of Delhi on the morning of September 14. I have never had a doubt about this, and believe that what you have said is strictly correct.' He goes on to give details of much interest but too long to quote here. Additional evidence may be seen in Appendix E to Mr. Holme's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, p. 576.

witnessed the last expiring flicker of life in an effete dynasty, and the cruel murder of English men, and women, and children, fell into our hands; and by Sunday, the 20th, the whole of the city—in large part already a city of the dead—was at our mercy.

But what of the King himself and the princes of the royal house? They had slunk off to the tomb of Humayoun, a huge building, almost a city in itself, some miles from the modern Delhi, and there, swayed this way and that, now by the bolder spirits of his army, who pressed him to put himself at their head and fight it out to the death, as became the descendant of Tamerlane and Baber; now by the entreaties of his young wife, who was anxious chiefly for her own safety and that of her son, the heir of the Moguls; and now, again, by the plausible suggestions of a double-dyed traitor of his own house who was in Hodson's pay, and who, approaching the head of his family with a kiss of peace, was endeavouring to detain him where he was till he could hand him over to his employer and receive the price of blood, the poor old monarch dozed or fooled away the few hours of his sovereignty which remained, the hours which might still make or mar him, in paroxysms of imbecile vacillation and despair

The traitor gained the day, and Hodson, who could play the game of force as well as of fraud, and was an equal adept at either, learning from his craven-hearted tool that the King was prepared to surrender on promise of his life, went to Wilson and obtained leave, on that condition, to bring him into Delhi. The errand, with such a promise tacked on to it, was only half to Hodson's taste. 'If I get into the Palace,' he had written, in cool blood, some days before, 'the house of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween.' And it was owing to no feeling of compunction or compassion—for to such Hodson was a stranger—that he did not, like Pyrrhus, bury the sword which had hung by the side of Jehangir or Nadir Shah and had now dropped from the old man's hand, hilt-deep into the old man's heart, the moment he had him in his power. After two hours of bargaining for his own life and that of his queen and favourite son, the poor old Priam tottered forth and was taken back, in a bullock-cart, a prisoner, to his own city and palace, and was there handed over to the civil authorities.

But there were other members of the royal family, as Hodson knew well from his informants, also lurking in Humayoun's tomb. To have captured the King and lodged him as a prisoner in his own

Palace was much. But to take his relations, and, when they were helpless in his power, to slay them with his own hand, would be better still. The success of his first enterprise made General Wilson more ready to trust him in this, and, whether from inadvertence, or because he thought that Hodson already knew his wishes, he omitted to stipulate that the lives of the Shahzadas should be spared, and that they too should be brought, free from injury and insult, into the city. With a hundred of his famous horse, Hodson started for Humayoun's tomb, and after three hours of negotiation, the three princes, two of them the sons, the other the grandson of the King, surrendered unconditionally into his hands. And if a tiger ever felt a pang of pity for the helpless prey beneath its talons, then, perhaps, Hodson would have been willing to restrain his impatience for the blood of his victims, fallen from so high an estate, till at least they had gone through the formalities of a drumhead court-martial. Then, but only then. Their arms were taken from them, and, escorted by some of his horsemen, they too were despatched in bullock-carts towards Delhi. With the rest of his horse, Hodson stayed behind to disarm the large and nerveless crowd, who, as sheep having no shepherd, and unable in their paralysed condition to see what the brute weight even of a flock of sheep might do by a sudden rush, were overawed by his resolute bearing.

This done, he galloped after his prey and caught them up just before the cavalcade reached the walls of Delhi. He ordered the princes roughly to get out of the cart and strip,—for even in his thirst for their blood, he had, as it would seem, an eye to the value of their outer clothes—he ordered them into the cart again, he seized a carbine from one of his troopers, and, then and there, with his own hand shot them down deliberately, one after the other. It was a stupid, cold-blooded, threefold murder.[1] The princes were unresisting prisoners in his hands. No evidence worthy of the name had been or

[1] When Hodson found that his deed was condemned, as it soon was, by all humane and thoughtful persons, he attempted to justify it on the plea that he feared an attempt at a rescue would be made by the crowd behind. It is therefore pertinent to remark that, on his own showing, and that of his companion Macdowell, the captive princes had already reached the walls of Delhi, and therefore the British lines; that five of his troopers drawn across the road were sufficient to keep back 'the crowd,' while he was ordering the princes to strip, while they were obeying his command and getting out of and into the bullock-cart again, while he was making a speech to his men, and while he was perpetrating the threefold murder. They would, *à fortiori*, therefore, have sufficed to keep the crowd back while the Princes were conveyed within the walls.

could have been given as to their participation in the slaughter of our countrymen. Their very identity depended solely on the unsupported testimony of that traitorous villain, the Mirza Elahee Buksh, who would have sworn away the life of his dearest friend if he had had aught to gain thereby. Had they been put upon their trial, disclosures of great importance as to the origin of the Mutiny could hardly fail to have been elicited. Their punishment would have been proportioned to their offence, and would have been meted out to them with all the patient majesty of offended law.

And who was the man who assumed the right, the ghastly right, to play the part of policeman and magistrate, judge, jury, and executioner all in one? Who but the man who, I do not shrink from saying, upon the evidence before me, was, in proportion to his lights, at least as guilty as the guiltiest of the royal family of Delhi. The deed, in fact, was worthy of the man, and the man of the deed.

During his visit, in early times, with Sir Henry Lawrence to Kashmere, his management of the public purse, which had been entrusted to him, and his private money dealings with the native merchants, had been of such a character that Sir Henry Lawrence—one of whose characteristics it was always to stick chivalrously to anyone who had been his friend, so long as it was possible to do so,—lost all faith in his personal integrity and told his most intimate friends, who have handed it on to me, that he had done so. In later years, his management of the accounts of his regiment had given rise, as I have already shown, to grave suspicions of a similar kind, to which colour is given by many letters which lie before me, and by dozens of anecdotes told me by those whose word is above suspicion and who had the best means of knowing the truth. In his treatment of the natives he was, even in times of profound peace, unscrupulous and overbearing. On one occasion, a native of the Rawul Pindi Division offended him in some trifling matter. He straightway tied the man to his horse's stirrup, and galloped away with him dangling or dragging at his horse's heels! On another occasion, he was seen lashing, like a Legree, the back of an ayah with his whip. These outrages reached the ears of Edward Thornton, the Commissioner of the Division, a man remarkable for his judicial temperament and his scrupulous accuracy. He at once took the proper steps to reprimand the offender and prevent the recurrence of such cruelties. 'You are not a judge of first instance,' insolently replied Hodson, 'and have no right to interfere.' In the year 1855, he was deliberately deprived by Lord

Dalhousie of all his appointments in the Punjab for his outrageous treatment of a native chief.[1] In his brilliant raids after Delhi had fallen he harried the cattle of the neighbouring tribes with perfect impartiality, paid the general some four shillings a head for them, sent them off under the care of his troopers to Delhi, sold them there for his own benefit at an enormous profit, and with the proceeds, in the November following, bought a house at Umballa which became known as 'the cow-house'—a sufficient indication of the belief which people who knew him well had formed of his integrity. What wonder that John Lawrence, who had also known him well in earlier times, and had long borne with him for his brother Henry's sake, steadily refused, though he recognised his unique value as a partisan leader and was pressed by Nihal Sing to utilise his services, to give him any appointment in the Punjab, even in the crisis of the Mutiny; and what wonder also that when Hodson was, from sheer necessity, named by General Barnard to the temporary command of the Guides in place of Henry Daly, who had been wounded, the first to protest, and that too in the strongest terms, against the nomination was Henry Daly himself? He was soon transferred from the Guides to the command of the Irregular Horse, who afterwards became so famous. It was an arduous post, in which he managed to do us the very best and, as I think, the worst also of services.

It only remains to be added that early in the following year, he was killed in the assault on the Begum Koti at Lucknow, and that a life of him has been written by his brother, no doubt in ignorance of many of the facts of the case, extolling him not only as a most brilliant and intrepid soldier, which assuredly he was, but also as a model of Christian chivalry and honour, and representing the highest authorities in India and the Punjab as having conspired to ruin him. It is high time that the truth about him should be told. The deeds of prowess, dash, and endurance performed by Hodson as a partisan leader, and as the head of the Intelligence Department during the siege of Delhi and after it was over, were remarkable enough, and have received, both at the time and since, their full meed of praise. But are they not outweighed a hundred times over by such deeds as the murder of the princes?[2]

While the last scenes of the great drama at Delhi were being

[1] See above, vol. i., pp. 371–375.

[2] See Appendix, for an answer to various criticisms on this passage, and for a further substantiation of the chief charges which I have felt it my duty to bring against Major Hodson.

played out and our troops were slowly pushing their way towards the Palace, the young hero whose indomitable will and stalwart arm had done more than that of anyone else upon the Ridge to prepare the way for our success, who had been among the first to stand upon the breach, and had thence been able to take somewhat more than a Pisgah view of the place towards which we had so long been toiling, lay slowly dying in an empty house within the camp. There was no solid ground for hope even from the first. The ball had entered his right side, had penetrated the lungs and passed out beneath the left arm. But men found it impossible not to cherish hope, while there was a spark of life—of so rare a life—remaining; and the electric wire which carried, each day, or twice each day, to the remotest corners of the Punjab news of the progress of the besiegers, chronicled also the fancied alternations and the all-too-certain progress of the 'slow and silent and resistless sap' which was going on in Nicholson's sick-room. It is difficult to say which item of the message was scanned with the most heart-sickening anxiety at Lahore and at Peshawur.

'He lay,' says Hope Grant, who visited his dying bed, 'like a noble oak riven asunder by a thunderbolt.' He suffered terribly, but between the paroxysms of his pain he gasped out eager inquiries as to the progress of the siege, and even sent off a message to Sir John Lawrence, begging him by his own authority to supersede Wilson and appoint Chamberlain in his place! All that loving care could do to soothe so troubled and tempestuous a death-bed was done by Chamberlain and by Daly, and Nicholson lived on to hear that Delhi was completely in our power, and the King a prisoner. 'My desire,' he said to the native who brought with him the news, 'was that Delhi should be taken before I die, and it has been granted.' He lingered on till the 23rd, and then died a death which was, perhaps, more to be envied even than that of his friend and master Sir Henry Lawrence; for he died in the moment, not of extreme peril but of assured victory, a victory won in so large a measure by himself. He was buried on the following day in front of the Kashmere Gate, and not far from the spot which had witnessed his last achievement.

'If there is ever a desperate deed to be done in India,' Herbert Edwardes had said to Lord Canning shortly before the Mutiny broke out, 'Nicholson is the man to do it; and, within six months, Hoti Murdan and Trimmu Ghaut, Nujuffgurh and Delhi, the narrow lane swept by grape and lined by a skulking foe, no less than 'the imminent deadly breach,' had proved that Herbert Edwardes was no false

prophet. In vain did Nicholson, as he tossed feverishly on his death-bed, express a wish to press once more the hand of his friend. That could not be; for Edwardes had sterner duties on the Peshawur frontier. But his heart was in the sick chamber on the Ridge, and, with the aid of the telegraph, he might almost be said to be listening at its door and watching the life that was slowly ebbing away. When at length the message came, so long feared and so long expected, that all was over, he paid his last tribute to his friend in a striking epitaph, which, though it may seem to those who read it coolly at this distance of time and place, and who have no personal knowledge either of the man or of his deeds, to be too highly coloured, and though some of its statements are certainly open to question, does not, in the opinion of many who knew the man, do its subject more than justice. 'The feelings,' says Colonel Randall, 'with which I regard John Nicholson may have been at first engendered by the almost superhuman majesty of the man, acting on impressionable youth. But the impression was indelible, and neither the separation caused by his death nor by time has or can remove it. To me John Nicholson was. and is the ideal of all that is noble, great, and true—a hero.' The epitaph, I would add, was intended not for the simple tomb before the Kashmere Gate—for no elaborate record of his achievements could be needed on the spot which had witnessed the last and most brilliant of them all—but for the far-off church at Lisburn in Ireland, where still lived the aged mother of the Nicholson brothers, one of whose sons had given a limb and the other his life in the final assault on Delhi.

How great had been the friction between two men endowed with such commanding powers and such strength of will as John Lawrence and John Nicholson, the one of them armed with superior authority the other often swayed by quite ungovernable restiveness, no reader of this biography will need to be reminded. It is more to my purpose to remark here that on no one, not even on the Fakirs, who worshipped him as their Guru, and who, when they heard that he was dead, determined, it is said, two of them to live no longer in the world which he had left, and a third, with truer instinct, to worship henceforward nothing but the God whom 'Nikkul Seyn' had worshipped —did the death of Nicholson produce so profound an impression as on his much-enduring chief, who, knowing the innate nobleness of the man, had determined, cost him what it might, to retain him in the Punjab so long as the Punjab seemed to give him the work for which

he was best fitted, and had then with equal self-abnegation, determined, cost him what it might, to send him away from the Punjab, when still nobler work seemed to open out before him at Delhi.

When the news reached Lahore that Nicholson was dead—news which followed so fast on that of the fall of Delhi, the crowning achievement of John Lawrence's life—John Lawrence burst into tears, and, though it was never his way to wear his heart upon his sleeve or to use many words while the time still called for deeds, his grief for the dead and his warm appreciation of him found vent alike in his private letters and his public utterances. 'We have lost,' he says to Neville Chamberlain, 'many good and noble soldiers, but none of them to compare to John Nicholson. He was a glorious soldier; it is long before we shall look upon his like again.' 'General Nicholson's loss,' he says in his general order, 'is greatly to be deplored. . . . He possessed some of the highest qualities of a soldier. Brave, sagacious, and devoted to his profession, the Bengal Army contains no nobler and no abler soldier.' And in the Mutiny Report, written, not when his grief was fresh upon him, but after the crisis was over, when he was able to look back with the calmness of a spectator or a judge on all that had happened, he said deliberately, 'Brigadier-General John Nicholson is now beyond human praise and human reward. But so long as British rule shall endure in India, his fame can never perish. He seems especially to have been raised up for this juncture. He crowned a bright, though brief, career by dying of the wound he received in the moment of victory at Delhi. The Chief Commissioner does not hesitate to affirm that without John Nicholson Delhi could not have fallen.' And, perhaps, I may add here what has a special interest to myself, that throughout his subsequent life, as I hear from his friends, and not least during the last years of it, as I can say from vivid recollection, there was no one of his former Staff in the Punjab to whom Lord Lawrence was so fond of turning the conversation, no one whose deeds—even those which had given him most trouble at the time—he recounted, sometimes with so much amusement, always with such sympathy and admiration, as those of John Nicholson.

With the fall of Delhi fell the hopes of the mutineers. The extremity of the peril was over. For the rebellion was crushed at its centre, at its heart. The fortifications which we had ourselves erected or repaired, the arms and ammunition which we had ourselves collected, the troops whom we had ourselves raised, disciplined, and

armed, the historic prestige, and the inherent strength of the resuscitated capital of the Moguls, had all failed to withstand our onslaught, and how could any other city or any other force hope to be more successful? The struggle, indeed, was to be protracted for many a long month to come in the North-West and in the Central Provinces, but, on the part of the mutineers, it was no longer a struggle for empire but for bare life. Instead of boldly taking the offensive—with the one exception of the force at Lucknow—they appeared before us only to vanish away; and our chief difficulty henceforward was to find or hunt them down, not to beat them when we had found them.

And who was the man who, above all others, had done most towards this result? To whom did all England and all India, while the memory of his deeds was too fresh and the personal sense of deliverance was too vivid to allow of aught but the simple truth being told, agree that our success was chiefly owing? To whom but to the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, who had fixed those keen, deep-set grey eyes of his on that one spot from the very moment of the revolt and had refused to look elsewhere till he had secured and had witnessed its fall. He it was, who, ruling the most warlike and, potentially, the most turbulent of Indian provinces, had made it to be the arsenal, the anchor, the recruiting-ground of the whole of India, and, holding it in his iron, or rather, I would say, in his easy grasp, had crushed mutiny and disorder wherever it had shown its head, had kept thousands of armed and disarmed Sepoys in hand, had carried on the civil administration of the country and raised its revenue as though in a time of profound peace, and yet, had stripped it of its natural guardians, of the great army which successive Governors-General had thought essential to its security and that of India, had sent regiment after regiment in quick succession to Delhi, and then, to take their places, relying on the justice of his rule, had, with prudent audacity, enlisted Sikhs and Punjabis, Afridis and Mohmunds, and representatives of a dozen other wild tribes, till he could boast, and truly boast, that he had called into existence an army of over 30,000 men.

The natives of the Punjab generally, and the civil and military officers trained in the Lawrence school, no doubt contributed, in their several degrees, nobly towards the general result. But in what chief ruler, we may well ask, did all the best elements of a province ever find so stalwart and so true a personification, in whom were they all

so well summed up as was the Punjab in the person of Sir John Lawrence? Alone the Punjab had done the work. Not a man had come from England or was within four hundred miles of the scene of action when Delhi fell. With the exception of the small contingent from Meerut, and the help sent by Frere from Scinde, not a man, not a rupee, not a gun, not a beast of burden, had come from the whole of the rest of India to the support of the Delhi Field Force. What wonder, then, that the leading members of the Government of India and of the Government of England, that the chief officers of the army before Delhi, who knew the circumstances best, and the ablest of the subordinates who served under him—in spite of jealousies, and heartburnings, and misconceptions, such as must arise at such a time—all greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire?

It has indeed been hinted, though never said outright, years afterwards, by some few military men who have, perhaps, resented a civilian poaching upon what they regard as their own preserves, and by a few aggressive politicians who have chafed at his determination not to embark on the quagmire of Central Asian politics and wars, that it was not Sir John Lawrence who saved the Punjab, but his subordinates in spite of him! The charge refutes itself. That it is not only not true, but that it is the very reverse of the truth, few readers of this biography will, I think, question. They will be able to judge for themselves, even from such a selection as I have been able, within my limits, to make from the mass of papers before me, whether John Lawrence was or was not the ruling spirit in the Punjab; whether it was he who encouraged the faint-hearted, who kept back the rash, who got rid of the laggard and incompetent; whether it was he who laid down the main lines of the policy to be pursued, and, in spite of every difficulty and every discouragement, carried it out to the end; whether it was he who held all the threads of each movement and each combination in his hand; whether it was to him that his subordinates, even the ablest of them, looked up as to a master whom they were proud to serve; whether it was his influence, in short, which pervaded everything and was everything.

Admirable subordinates, I repeat it, Sir John Lawrence had; and it is, in my view, one of the very greatest of his merits that, with his strong idiosyncrasies and with theirs, he managed to keep them round him, to put each into his right place, and to be recognised by

each and all of them as king. There may have been amongst them individuals who, in this or that quality which go to make up a ruler of men, equalled or even surpassed him. Montgomery may have been more prompt and sanguine; Nicholson more impetuous and irresistible; Edwardes more versatile and dashing; Temple may have had a readier pen and been more fluent of speech. But which of them, excellent as they all were in their several lines, came near to him in the union of them all? Which of them had so firm a grasp? which took so wide a view? Which of them struck harder while it was necessary to strike, or was more resolute to withhold his hand the moment it was possible to do so? Which of them was so ready to draw distinctions of guilt, to remember that, while we condemned the mutineers, we ourselves were not free from blame? Which of them, when he had proved that he had the strength and grip of a giant, was so ready to use it as a little child? Which of them so managed to combine prudence with boldness, simplicity with shrewdness, insight with common sense? Which of them was so ready, before making up his mind, to gather information from every quarter, and to hear all that was to be said on both sides? Which of them, with the firm and simple faith which was characteristic of the Lawrence school, was so free from all tinge of religious narrowness or fanaticism, and was so well able therefore to avoid the dangers into which some few of them—notably Edwardes—in an outburst of proselytising zeal after the Mutiny, would infallibly have plunged us? Which of them, energetic and vigorous as they all were, had his amazing avidity for work, work too which was never merely to be 'got through' somehow, but to be worked through in the best possible manner? Which of them was blest, in such large measure, with that rich humour which, rightly viewed, is, in truth, one of the highest gifts of men? Finally, which of his subordinates, able, and energetic, and public-spirited as they all were, would have aspired to sit upon his throne in that day of peril; or, if he had done so, would have been served by all the rest as Sir John Lawrence was served by them, patiently, loyally, enthusiastically? Let these questions be first answered by anyone who knows the facts and who knew the men, and then let him say that the Punjab was saved, not by John Lawrence, but by his subordinates in spite of him.

What said—and with their verdict I will conclude this record of the crowning achievement of John Lawrence's life—the ablest and most energetic of those subordinates themselves? What said the

chief authorities in the army before Delhi? What the highest civil authorities in the country? I will take Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir Herbert Edwardes as fair samples of the first; Sir Henry Norman and Sir Archdale Wilson as fair samples of the second; and Lord Canning as the most sufficient, most impartial, and most responsible witness on the part of the third.

Sir Robert Montgomery, in summing up his Mutiny Report—a report, therefore, of doings of which he might without undue self-assertion say '*Quorum pars magna fui*'—thus speaks:

Foremost, stands Sir John Lawrence, G.C.B., Chief Commissioner I desire to tender him my grateful thanks for the hearty support he has always given to any proposal which I felt called upon to make, and to express to him my sincerest admiration of the *intrepid policy which he originated and so nobly carried out*—even to complete success. I only express my own feeling, and that of every officer in the province, in saying that we have all felt it a high privilege to serve our country under him.

Sir Herbert Edwardes, writing to his Chief himself, on the day on which the news of the successful assault on Delhi reached him, poured out his pent-up feelings thus:—

Sincerely do I congratulate you on this great success which has crowned your efforts for the last four months. Not a bayonet or a rupee has reached Delhi from Calcutta or England. It has been recovered by you and your resources with God's blessing; so that it may be truly told in history that the revolt of the Bengal Army, one hundred thousand strong, has been encountered successfully by the English in Upper India.

And, some years afterwards, adopting one of his Chief's favourite metaphors, he gave utterance to his deliberate opinion, thus:—

Honour, all honour to Coachman John, and honour too to the team who pulled the coach. He alone was at the helm and bore all the responsibility on his own shoulders. Any treatment of the picture, therefore, which would put John in other than the first place would be thoroughly untrue.

What said, once more, the chief authorities of the Delhi Field Force—Captain Norman, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army, and General Archdale Wilson, the Commander-in-Chief?

At the end of his 'narrative of the campaign of the Delhi army'—a narrative to which I am much indebted—Sir Henry Norman says:—

How Sir John Lawrence supported and reinforced the army, at the risk of denuding the country under his government of the troops that he most urgently required; how vigorously he aided the operations in every way has already been acknowledged by the Government of India. To him the army of Delhi, as well as the British nation, owe a deep debt of gratitude, which, by the former certainly, will not be forgotten.

In the official despatch, written when Delhi was at last in his hands, General Wilson expresses himself thus; and we can well believe that the more conscious he was of his own failing powers, the more relieved he must have been to feel that the strong arm, the clear mind, the indomitable will of John Lawrence were behind him :—

I trust I may be excused if I thus publicly acknowledge the all-important and valuable aid for which I am indebted to the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, Sir John Lawrence, K.C.B., to whose indefatigable exertions in reinforcing me with every available soldier in the Punjab, the successful result of our operations is, I unhesitatingly pronounce, attributable.

From Lord Canning's elaborate Minute on the services of Civil Officers and others during the Mutiny and Rebellion I quote one paragraph only :—

There remains the large and important province of the Punjab. The merits of the officers to whose courage and ability the preservation of that country is due, have been set forth by their distinguished chief, Sir John Lawrence, with a fulness which leaves little to be added. Of what is due to Sir John Lawrence himself no man is ignorant. *Through him Delhi fell*, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength. But for him, the hold of England over Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure which defies calculation. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of such ability, vigilance, and energy at such a time.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN LAWRENCE AS A CONQUEROR.

SEPTEMBER 1857—FEBRUARY 1859.

DELHI did not fall a day too soon. For, early in September, risings took place in two very different parts of the Punjab, which showed to those who were not behind the scenes, or who were able to shut their eyes to the facts, what John Lawrence, with his fuller knowledge and his heavier responsibility, had never disguised from himself, that the chain had already been strained almost to snapping, and that the natives of the Punjab who had waited to give us time to win, fancying at length that we were about to lose, were prepared to join the winning side. One of these risings took place at Murri. The other and more formidable one in the wild jungles between Lahore and Mooltan. The first was comparatively unimportant; but it has a special interest for this biography, inasmuch as at Murri, which was guarded only by a handful of police, were Sir John Lawrence's wife and children, as well as a considerable number of European ladies.

Early in September, Hakim Khan, one of Lady Lawrence's personal attendants and a man of much influence with his tribe, warned her that unless Delhi fell within four days there would be a general rising in Huzara, that the Khurrals of that country and the Dhoonds of the hills near Rawul Pindi were already in league for the purpose, and that Murri with its almost defenceless inhabitants would be the first object of their attack. The warning did its work. Such precautions as were possible were taken. An attack made prematurely, by night, by a portion of the Khurrals, three hundred in number, men who were eager only for plunder and did not anticipate any resistance, was easily beaten off. The Dhoonds, when they came up next day, finding that the villages of their confederates were in flames, beat a hasty retreat, and reinforcements which were hurried up soon afterwards by Thornton from Rawul Pindi, and by Becher from Huzara, secured the safety of Murri and its inmates.

The Dhoonds (writes John Lawrence) have been collecting about Murri, and have attempted to plunder it. Luckily my wife heard of it and put the authorities on their guard. There was a fight. One man was killed, and two boned and shot. . . . These affairs are inconvenient, and show that the people consider we are weak and not able to hold our own. Please God, we will undeceive them.

To another friend he admits the weakness frankly :—

We are very weak in the Punjab; more so than I like. But I cannot help it. It was clearly our duty to give all the assistance we could down below. But for us, the army before Delhi must have been destroyed. I have asked General Wilson to let us have one corps of Europeans back after Delhi falls. Edwardes wants me to recall others, but this is clearly impossible.

John Lawrence was not a little proud of his wife's part in this affair :—

I sincerely trust (he says to John Becher) that the Khurrals have seceded from the Dhoond league. My wife, however, seems to think otherwise. You will laugh at the idea of my wife turning politician. You must know that it was she who got the first information of the intentions of the Dhoonds to break out.

He sent Lady Lawrence's account of the affair to Edwardes, whose reply is characteristic :—

I return you your wife's letter; she is a good, sensible creature, and could command the station, I believe, with success in case of emergency. What she says is true. We are not *liked* anywhere, even in Huzara, much less in Murri. The people hailed us as deliverers from Sikh maladministration, and we were popular so long as we were plaistering wounds. But the patient is well now, and he finds the doctor a bore. There is no getting over the fact that we are not Mohammedans, that we neither eat, drink, nor intermarry with them. We aim at being just and strong, and is there any such frightful bore in the world as your Aristides?

While this danger was being laid at Murri, a second and greater one was hatching in the jungles of Gogaira. Let us recall the exact position of Sir John Lawrence in the period immediately preceding the fall of Delhi, that we may better estimate the extent of the danger and the measures he took to meet it. There were still 19,000 Poorbeas in the Punjab, and of these not less than 5,800 retained their arms. To overawe this large army and to secure the whole

country, there were exactly 3,620 Europeans and 12,740 Punjabis, 2,000 of these last being of Hindustani origin, and therefore suspected. Under these circumstances, Sir John Lawrence thought it his bounden duty to oppose all propositions from whomsoever they came, and however urgently they were pressed upon him, to raise any more native troops, till the atmosphere should have cleared.

Until (he writes to Edwardes) I see more Europeans in the country, it is sorely against my will that I add another regiment of Cavalry or Infantry to my troops. Numbers give confidence, and inspire feelings of strength. I see plainly now that the Punjabis feel that it is they who are fighting our battles. It is a relief to me, as a corps fills up, to see it move downwards.

Again, on September 16, he says :—

I look on it that we are in a very critical position, and that, in the event of any check, we might even have the Sikhs against us. What I do not wish the Punjabis to see and feel is their strength. We did everything we could to get the Sikhs in Delhi to come over. Half were for coming and half not. They ended in fighting desperately against us. . . . I consider that the conduct of the Home Government in not sending out reinforcements before is shameful. It is God's mercy, and this alone, that we have not all been destroyed. Even now, it almost looks like a drawn battle inside Delhi, and the mutineers will not retire. We are going on wisely and carefully, but any misfortune might prove fatal.

To Becher, who was also anxious to raise more men, he says :—

I am averse to raising a man more than we can possibly do without. While I raise Punjabi regiments because we cannot do without them, I limit the measure to the lowest possible number. Until we get our large bodies of Europeans, this is, I am convinced, the only safe policy. We have had a '*Poorbea-girdie*' (invasion), don't let us have a Punjabi one. If the Punjabis once feel that they are stronger than we are, I would not give much for their fidelity.

A letter to Brigadier Cotton on the same subject is interesting, as showing how everything which he had done in the Punjab throughout the Mutiny, he had done upon his own responsibility. Upon him, therefore, would rest alike the glory of success or the reproach of failure.

I am averse to raising one corps of Cavalry or Infantry more than the emergency demands. First, because all that I have yet done has been

off my own bat. I have been vested with no special powers by the supreme Government. It seems, therefore, clearly my duty not to do too much; not to complicate matters; not to commit Government to any particular course of policy as regards the native army.

My second reason is that we either succeed or fail at Delhi within the next few days. If we succeed, all will go smoothly; the route will be open, and the Government and the Commander-in-Chief will be able to give their own orders. They will have to judge and decide what is necessary for the whole army. I believe it will be dangerous to go on adding to the Punjab *matériel*. . . . If, on the other hand, Delhi does not fall, I shall feel very uncomfortable in consequence of the small number of Europeans left in the Punjab. We have now not four thousand men! It is impossible that the Punjabis do not see their strength. I know they do. God forbid that they should attempt to use it. Until fresh regiments arrive from England we are sitting upon a volcano which any accident may explode. . . .

Don't suppose, my dear General, that I wish to dogmatise on military matters. Such is not the case. I am quite willing to leave such matters to those to whom they properly belong. But no man can have served as long as I have done, and had the advantages which I have possessed, without being able to learn a good deal. The army in India must always be largely composed of natives. It should not be our object merely to make it a powerful machine formidable to our outside enemies. We should, in the first instance, aim at making it a thoroughly safe one. I mention all these things, lest you may think that I do not support all your measures from mere fancy or caprice. Once let it be decided what shall be the character and composition and strength of the native army, and then let those who are competent for the task set to work to organise it.

How absolutely necessary this cautious policy was, was proved by the rising, on the very day of the assault on Delhi, of the wild tribes who inhabited the still wilder country lying between Mooltan and Lahore. This region, extending from the right bank of the Sutlej away to and beyond the Ravi, was inhabited by pastoral and almost nomadic races who cultivated little ground but owned large herds of cattle. It contained leagues upon leagues of low stunted brushwood, and almost pathless wastes of waving grass, which rose high above the heads of those who essayed to traverse it. It was the natural home of the cattle-breeder and the cattle-stealer. The Sikhs had lost two small armies in seeking to clear or penetrate it, and the English rule, though it had opened up some tracks through the bush, and had succeeded in checking the practices of the wild inhabitants, had not been able to eradicate them altogether. Sir John

Lawrence himself had been disagreeably surprised in his visit to Mooltan, a few years before, to find how many traces of the cattle-lifter his province still retained. And now the long delay in the capture of Delhi had, here too, produced its natural result. The prisoners who had escaped from the Agra jail flocked to this wild region as to their proper sanctuary, and by telling or foretelling to the credulous inhabitants the destruction of the English Raj, had persuaded them that 'the king of Delhi' was himself approaching!

On September 16, to the dismay of the authorities, no dawk arrived at Lahore from Mooltan, or at Mooltan from Lahore. In other words, the one channel of communication between the capital of the Punjab and the outer world was closed. The interruption was soon explained. For, late in the evening of that day, a messenger arrived in hot haste from Lieutenant Elphinstone at Gogaira, who told the Chief Commissioner, 'with a malicious twinkle of the eye,' that the Khurrals were in arms 10,000-strong, and were marching on Gogaira to plunder and burn it, by order, as they said, of 'the king of Delhi;' while the Khutties had stopped the Mooltan dawk, had appropriated the horses, and disarmed the road police.

There was not a man who could be well spared at that moment from Lahore. But the energy and determination of the Chief Commissioner, once more, shone brilliantly forth. The news reached him at 8 P.M., and he, at once, rode down to Mean Meer, to see what men he could best send. By twelve o'clock that night 200 of Wales' Cavalry were actually off, and, by three o'clock on the following morning, three guns, one company of European Infantry, one of Police Infantry, and fifty Police Horse were off after them, all starting under the eye and with the God-speed of the Chief Commissioner, and accompanied by his most trusted orderly, Sirdar Nihal Sing. The cavalry made the whole distance of eighty-three miles in one continuous march, and the rest of the force, following as best they could, arrived just an hour before the station of Gogaira was attacked; just in time, that is, to save it. They repelled the assailants and, next day, assuming the offensive, they killed Ahmed Khan, the chief of the Khurrals, and his son, burned the chief village, and took a number of prisoners.

But Sir John Lawrence was not more ready to put down rebellion with a strong hand than to enjoin moderation in punishing the offenders and to redress any real or legitimate grievances. In a letter to Elphinstone, which accompanied the reinforcements, he says:—

I hear that the Khurrals had been vexed by the police, that horses had been bought, by their interference, at lower figures than the owners liked, that others have been called on to serve who have no fancy for it, and the like. Now all this is bad; wrong, morally and politically. I beg you will see to these matters at once. Of course, everything like insurrection must be put down with a strong hand. But all causes of complaint should be avoided, and where they have occurred, removed.

And again, ten days later, when the first success had been achieved :—

I am glad (he says) to hear of your success. You can try and punish capitally a few of the ringleaders. Don't hang too many. I would say not more than ten per cent., and less, if example below that proportion will suffice. Do not send back the Europeans and guns just now. Keep them until you serve out the chief offenders. Their presence will be useful. If Futteypore-Gogaira is, just now, unhealthy, encamp them in a suitable and healthy place. Act vigorously. Clear the country of rascals. Re-establish your road police, and make the tribe who destroyed the posts pay for the extra men necessary to occupy them securely. This will teach them to behave themselves in future. The whole of the monthly expense should be borne by them. . . . Let the Khutties off, but frighten them horribly.

The authorities at Mooltan, meanwhile, had been as prompt as those at Lahore ; and Crawford Chamberlain, rising from a sick bed, had pushed forward with a few of his trusty horse towards the point of danger ; and though he heard drums beating in all parts of the jungle, he met with no resistance. The enemy was everywhere to be heard ; nowhere to be seen. He reached the Serai of Chichawutni, and then, as though some Roderick Dhu had given 'the signal shrill' to the lurking warriors of some new Clan Alpine, they all sprang to light and life :

> Instant, through copse and heath arose
> Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
> On right, on left, above, below
> Sprang up at once the lurking foe ;
> From shingles grey their lances start,
> The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
> The rushes and the willow-wand
> Are bristling into axe and brand,
> And every tuft of broom gives life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife.

With the help of a breastwork—resembling one which is better

known to fame in Zululand, but is hardly perhaps more deserving of it—composed of the saddles of his troopers, of their tents and of their bedding, Crawford Chamberlain managed, for five days, to keep the overwhelming numbers of his assailants at bay. In vain did the insurgents approach the chief native officer of his regiment, Birkut Ali, whose splendid fidelity had saved his master from death again and again at Mooltan, with offers of the Command in Chief of their army, if only he would join them and give up the five Feringhees who accompanied the force. 'If you wish to get at them,' replied Birkut Ali, 'you must do so over my dead body!'

At last, the simultaneous arrival of troops from Lahore and from Mooltan enabled Chamberlain to drive back the rebels into the jungles, and, henceforward, the difficulty was not so much to beat as to find them. It was the height of the rainy season. The vegetation was more than usually rank and malarious, and was much too wet to burn. Its secret passages were known to the enemy, unknown to us. Once fairly entangled in it, our men would not have easily found their way out again. On one occasion, a small party of horsemen, finding themselves, almost unawares, within it, drew together to consult as to their whereabouts. They had been talking for some minutes in a small circle when a child's cry was heard in their very midst. Amazed, they leapt off their horses, and beneath the tall matted grass, which stood as high as their heads, they found huddled together a whole party of panic-stricken native women and children. Happily for us, it was the only trace of the rebels which we found that day. Doubtless, the fathers and husbands were not far off; and it is hardly necessary to add that the terror of the wives and children was soon removed by the kindness of Chamberlain's rough troopers.

In a country so impracticable and impenetrable, it was obvious that the struggle might be prolonged for months. The rebellion was never formidable in itself—for the rebels were, many of them, armed only with clubs and stones and pitchforks—but, so long as the embers were smouldering, they might, at any time, be fanned into a flame which, spreading from doab to doab, might envelop the whole southern Punjab in a prairie-like conflagration. Hence the extreme anxiety of the Chief Commissioner, evidenced alike by his letters and his acts, to bring the struggle to an early termination. He called up contingents from Lahore, from Mooltan, from Leia, from Jhung, and from Hissar, which soon began to close in on the districts occupied by the insurgents. Some important stations, such as Koti-Kumalia

and Hurrippa, which had fallen into the hands of the rebels and had been sacked, were easily recovered. But it was not so easy to get at the offenders and to arrange for combined action between half-a-dozen officers separated from each other by leagues of trackless jungle. I quote here a few extracts from Sir John Lawrence's letters, which will illustrate his caution and his vigour as well as his impatience of delay.

It is very odd if, with three Movable Columns going about in the way I have pointed out, you can't dispose of the insurgents. Have small parapets of mud and stone made to each serai, with loopholes. Put the levies in them with a week's provisions, and try and keep open the road and send on the dawk. A constant patrolling up and down would do good. Build towers like those in the Peshawur valley, where the jungle is dangerous from its thickness. I think the guns are an encumbrance. We do no good with them and they prevent the troops moving rapidly. Send them back. They are only fit for a cantonment.

To Crawford Chamberlain, whom he wished to appoint to the command of the whole operations, he writes :—

You are to command the troops now with Paton. We have missed several good opportunities of serving out the insurgents. One time, the guns do nothing, and are mismanaged, open too soon, and so forth. Another time, the cavalry don't charge, but are kept to guard the guns ; and so, nothing is done. I have no doubt that you will infuse life and energy into them all, and, apparently, it is a good deal required. Hitherto the insurgents seem to have had it all their own way, and have fairly baffled us.

But Chamberlain preferred to remain with his regiment, which had so well stuck by him, and so Sir John Lawrence called up Major Hamilton, the Commissioner of Mooltan, to take the command.

I cannot delay any longer. It will never do for this insurrection to spread, and spread it will, unless prompt measures for its suppression be adopted. . . . I could cry with vexation when I see the opportunities which we have missed. We cannot have less than twelve or fourteen thousand troops after these wretches, the greater portion armed only with clubs !

But, whatever his vexation, he never authorised the wholesale destruction of property, or the slaughter in cold blood of prisoners taken in war. On the contrary, he strongly condemned such acts. Cruelty he always called by its right name, and never mistook for vigour.

I am not aware of any orders which I have given for burning villages. I believe I have given *none* whatever on this subject. If I have, please quote them. I would only burn villages where the inhabitants resist us. . . . I hear that Mr. —— before he retreated from Koti-Kumalia caused all his prisoners to be shot. I beg that he may not be employed again in any military expedition. This is not the way to put down the insurrection. I think that some investigation into his conduct should be made hereafter.

To Crawford Chamberlain, on whom his chief reliance seems to have been placed, and rightly placed, throughout, he writes on October 19 :—

Do what you can. I will not hurry you. Take your time, but thrash the fellows somehow. Run no unnecessary risks. I think by burning and cutting, and cutting and burning the jungle, you will, at least, make a hole in it. Try and get the various detachments to act as far as possible in unison. This seems the only way to straighten the enemy and to get at them. If each man acts *off his own bat* at his own discretion, no good can come of it.

At last, the rebels committed the mistake of concentrating their forces in a famous jungle stronghold called Julli. They were attacked by Hamilton on one side, and by Chamberlain on the other ; and, seeing that the game was up, they bolted for the Sutlej and Bahawulpore. Chamberlain was unable to overtake them, and they had been provident enough to drive off their cattle, before the outbreak, into jungles, where they thought the English would never be able to find them. But the services of trackers were called in ; and Chamberlain, after following the trail for many a long hour, had the satisfaction of bringing forth from their hiding places fifteen hundred head of cattle, and thousands of sheep and goats ! The proceeds of their sale paid most of the cost of the rising, and by the middle of November this troublesome business was at an end.

It must not be supposed that the insurrection which, for clearness' sake, I have here followed in outline from its beginning to its close, was the only or the chief cause of anxiety during the months which followed the fall of Delhi. In one essential particular, to which I shall presently have to refer in detail—the care of the city and the district in which it lay—Sir John Lawrence's anxiety was to be enormously increased. But, besides this, he had to provide for the return of some of his regiments to the Punjab, while he supplied their places with fresh and ever fresh reinforcements of cavalry,

infantry, and police for the wider military operations which were going on in the North-West.

I am anxious (he writes to Daly, October 24), for the return of the Guides to the Punjab, and shall be glad to see their old battered faces again. I am sorry to hear that your arm is so backward. It will, I fear, take a long time before it gets well. Thank God, the horizon is beginning to clear up. I hope we have seen the worst of Pandy. The re-settlement of Oude, however, is no joke, and where is the man to manage it? I have been laid up for several days, and am still very unwell. I see that Mansfield has joined Sir Colin. How will this system of having a Chief of the Staff over both Adjutants-General answer?

Arthur Brandreth, Sir John Lawrence's acting private secretary during the four most critical months of his life, had just been called away to Settlement work, and his place was filled, during the next four months, by Edward Paske, a cousin of Lake; and, from a personal reminiscence of his, I am able to quote some interesting paragraphs which throw light, at first hand, on Sir John Lawrence's doings during this period :—

Delhi had fallen about a fortnight before I joined the Secretariat, and, on arriving at Lahore, I found Sir John Lawrence actively engaged in reinforcing the troops, which, as soon as they were relieved from siege operations, had been formed into Movable Columns to follow the rebel forces scattered through Rohilkund and the North-West Provinces, and then concentrating in Oude. The prompt activity which he had displayed in sending succour to the troops before Delhi was again apparent in his exertions to reinforce the Movable Column after the city had been captured. Old and loyal chiefs were pressed to bring in their retainers. District officers sent up recruits, Sikhs, Mohammedans, Rajpoots from the Hills, with Mohmunds, Afridis, and Waziris, and men of other frontier tribes. These levies were frequently inspected by Sir John himself, and were pushed on as rapidly as possible to the front.

The selection of European officers for the new levies was a work in which he took great pains. Every applicant for employment was allowed an interview with him and with his able Military Secretary, the late Sir James Macpherson. The claims of one and all were fairly considered, and the selection made with thorough impartiality. The plans of our Generals, the movements and operations of our different Columns, were watched and discussed by him with soldier-like precision. In the military department alone he got through what would have been work enough for one man. He had never relaxed his efforts for the proper discharge of the duties of the civil government, and he turned

with renewed activity to them, now that he was relieved from the strain to which he had been subjected during the long months of the siege.

In the foreign and political departments his duties were particularly heavy. The attitude of the tribes along the Punjab frontier and Beloochistan, the demeanour of some of his own chiefs, the proceedings of his officers in the punishment of rebels and in the confiscation of estates, and the growing dissensions between the governments of Persia and Afghanistan, were all matters of grave and immediate importance.

When the fall of Delhi had turned the tide of rebellion and the districts around were again coming under peaceful rule, much anxious labour fell upon Sir John in regulating the retributive measures against those who had taken part with the rebels. Outwardly stern and severe, his seeming sternness was but the outcome of earnestness of purpose and decision of character. He was a simple-minded Christian, by nature humane and very just, and I know that he was pained by the sweeping severity demanded by some at a time when he felt it right to temper justice with mercy.

All important reports and despatches from any of his subordinates which Sir John thought should be sent on to Government were freely forwarded. He would first read all most carefully, making marginal notes on each, and then passing his usual order, 'Send copy to the Government, embodying my notes in the covering letter, and let me see the fair copy before despatched.' He was a very rapid, and, at the same time, a very thorough worker. He was remarkably swift in sifting and putting aside all extraneous matter from any case before him, readily seizing the main point or question at issue, and on this his opinion was always clear, well-grounded, and decided. Except under very special circumstances, or when papers were marked 'Urgent,' he would never depart from the routine of taking up all work in the order in which it came to him from the Secretariat. If, on opening an office-box, a tempting political paper appeared under a dry Public Works estimate, it was not looked at until the uppermost pile had been disposed of.

Besides his unceasing labour in the discharge of his ordinary duties, he did everything in his power for the relief of the sick and wounded, who were, from time to time, sent back from the camp before Delhi, and also for the comfort and convenience of the widows and children of those who had fallen. He took a great interest in the organisation of the transport train between Lahore and Mooltan, and in the placing of steamers on the Indus for the conveyance of widows and children who were proceeding to the seaboard for embarkation to England. I can recall an instance in which, on receipt of a letter from a widow lady, whose husband had been killed near Delhi, Sir John broke off from writing a most important despatch, and devoted much precious time to

writing letters in order that he might secure her an advance of her pension and arrange for her passage from Lahore to Bombay. She was a perfect stranger to him. But it was enough that her husband had lost his life in the Mutiny.

In my brief tenure of office, I saw much of his real goodness and kindliness of heart and of his active sympathy for those in distress. It was all done quietly and without ostentation, and was known only to those immediately about him from whom it could not be concealed. I was much struck by his very simple manner of life. When I was his guest, he rose early and worked from morning till night, taking some exercise in the early morning, and allowing very little time for his meals. The whole day was devoted to work and the reception of the many who called on him on business or to make personal applications. His evening drive was sometimes to the cemetery, where, alone and undisturbed, he would linger by the grave of a dearly loved child whom he had lost at Lahore. After a late dinner and a talk over the news and events of the day, he would retire early to rest.

But the gravest cause of anxiety, during the period of which I am speaking, was the condition of the city and district which Sir John Lawrence had known and loved so well, which he had ruled with so much credit to himself and so much benefit to the inhabitants so many years before, and which now, in the strange and general overturning of everything by the Mutiny, was soon again to become subject to him. How this came about requires explanation. Colvin, the able and conscientious—too conscientious, perhaps, for such times—Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, to whose charge Delhi properly belonged, had, long since, been shut up in Agra, unable to communicate with the outer world, and on September 9, just, that is, before the assault on the Mogul capital was delivered, had died, worn out by disease of body and anxiety of mind. He had seen district after district reft away from him. He had heard of the slaughter of men, women, and children in his outlying stations, which he had been powerless to avert or to avenge. The times had been too hard for him. And now, after making several grave mistakes, he passed away amidst the unconcealed dislike and suspicion of many who, under more favourable circumstances, would have most liked and trusted him. It was a cruel fate, and Hervey Greathed, his Agent and representative in the camp at Delhi, a man who, in spite of Nicholson's hasty criticisms, had done excellent and well-appreciated service throughout the siege, followed him to a premature grave, a few days later, at the very moment of our final triumph.

Delhi was thus left without any civil ruler. Colonel Fraser, who succeeded Colvin as the Chief Commissioner of the North-West, was still cut off from the Mogul capital by a broad belt of insurrection. And so, by the general acclamation of soldiers and civilians, not less than by the express request of General Wilson and by the unmistakable fitness of things, it was 'instinctively' arranged that the civil charge of the conquered city, with all the vast interests and difficulties connected with it, should, as soon as matters had quieted down, fall once more into the hands of the man whom all alike recognised as the most fit for the task. It was no enviable duty. Could Sir John Lawrence have gone down to Delhi at once, in possession of the 'full powers' for which he had so often asked in vain, and could he have been free to give his whole time and energies to the task, doubtless, in the general confusion that prevailed, many things would still have been done which had better have remained undone, and some few things, even with his energy, must have remained undone which would have been better for the doing; but it is easy to see how much spirit would have been infused into the military operations, how much property would have been saved, how many innocent lives spared. Unfortunately this could not be. His hands were full to overflowing in his own province. Moreover, situated as Delhi then was, amidst a hostile and predatory population, while large bands of mutineers were still in the neighbourhood, and while the military interests which depended on our holding the place, now that we had retaken it, were so vital, martial law was, perhaps, a necessity—a horrible necessity certainly, but still a necessity. If, as the Duke of Wellington observed, there is only one thing which is more terrible than victory, and that is defeat, we may surely say with equal truth, that to govern Delhi, its conquerors and its conquered, under the circumstances in which it fell into our hands, was only less difficult and less distressing than to have faced a repulse from before its walls. Happily, the Military Governor appointed by General Wilson to bridge over the interval was Colonel Henry Pelham Burn, a man whom Sir John Lawrence knew well, and liked much, and whose influence, so far as it extended, would certainly be on the side of moderation and of humanity; while Greathed's post fell to Charles Saunders, an old Punjabi magistrate, a friend of both the Lawrences, and a man who was equally averse to all unnecessary bloodshed. To repress disorder, to bring the guilty few to justice, and to protect the innocent or pardonable masses was the object of both Pelham Burn

and Saunders throughout. But to enforce their views on others, and, in the excited state in which men's minds then were, to prevent outrages of every description upon person and property, was difficult or impossible.

The condition of the victorious army, composed as it was of men of various races and religions—the Europeans forming only a small fraction of the whole—was much what might have been expected. The bonds of discipline had been relaxed during the long tension of the siege. The men had dared and suffered much, and they had now burst into the doomed city athirst for drink, for plunder, and for revenge. No quarter was given to the Sepoys who had been untrue to their salt, and who, in the logic of conquerors, might be regarded as all equally guilty of the blood of English women and children. But of these, a large portion, after disputing bravely our advance towards the Palace, had preferred to escape in armed bodies, and so to prolong the war elsewhere, rather than be slaughtered like rats in a hole. A large part of the population had also—happily for us and for themselves—flocked out of the city as we entered it. The worst horrors, therefore, of the most horrible of human, or inhuman, spectacles—when, that is, a city, which has been taken by storm, is given over, with its helpless inhabitants, to the mercies of a merciless soldiery—were absent. It fared ill indeed with those few natives who, trusting to their friendly feelings towards us or wearied out with the sufferings which they had undergone at the hands of their own countrymen, thought more of saving their houses or the remnant of their property than their lives. Few of these escaped. But, thanks to the orders of General Wilson and the chivalrous exertions of the English officers, the women and children were treated mercifully, and, as far as could be, were passed on, uninjured, out of the city.

The danger which had threatened the very existence of our army on the day after the assault had been lessened by General Wilson's order that all wine and spirits should be at once destroyed. But a more potent incentive to active exertion on the part of the conquerors was now to be found in their wild desire for plunder. 'Loot' is a word of Eastern origin, and for a couple of centuries past—ever since, that is, the cruel murder of one of their Gurus by the Mogul emperor—the looting of Delhi had been the day-dream of the most patriotic among the Sikh race. Delhi contained, they knew well, vast quantities of costly furniture, of jewellery, of plate, and of money; and if

three days for looting had not been allowed them by the authorities, they would, probably, have taken it for themselves. In order to put some restraint upon the predatory instincts of individuals, Prize Agents were appointed, selected by the soldiers themselves, whose business it would be, at the end of the three days, to collect what was left, to sell it for what it would fetch, and divide the proceeds fairly among the men. But little was the all that the Prize Agents did, or cared to do. With the Sikhs and other Punjabi races, looting had been raised to the dignity of a fine art, and it was not likely that they would use their professional knowledge for the benefit of mere bunglers. Like hounds drawing a cover, they took street by street, and, entering one deserted house after another, tapped each wall or panel with the delicate touch of an artist, poured water over the floors, observing where it sank through fastest, and then, as though they had been gifted with the eye of the eagle, the ear of the Red Indian, or the nose of the bloodhound, cut their way straight through to the cranny or the cupboard, or the underground jars which contained the savings of a lifetime or of generations. Happily, it was a city of the dead which they were plundering. They saw no living thing to remind them of the luckless inhabitants except a number of cats, which, with their strange local fidelity, clung, to the end, to the homes which their owners had abandoned, or crept wonderingly from house to house, searching for them in vain. The shattered buildings; the putrefying or half-devoured corpses; the splendid pieces of furniture which would not pay for removal ruthlessly broken to pieces or thrown out into the roads; the helpless and, at least, half-innocent population who were perishing in the surrounding villages—altogether went to form a scene which, as we look back upon it in cooler blood, might well, we think, have moved a heart of stone.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Efforts were made by Pelham Burn, Chamberlain, Saunders, and others to save from the general wreck certain streets belonging to the wealthier inhabitants, who were known to have been friendly to us, and who had already suffered enough in the depredations to which they had been exposed at the hands of their own countrymen, during the short-lived resurrection of the Mogul monarchy. But their exertions were crowned with very little success. Hodson and his troopers outdoing all the rest in the race for plunder, as they had

outdone them before in point of enterprise and valour, were not to be restrained by any sentiment of moderation or of humanity. Hodson's camp contained a miscellaneous collection of animals and vehicles which could not have been got together without his sanction; and Hodson himself, as everybody knew well, was not backward in appropriating himself more portable and more valuable spoils, samples of which were seen by those whose painful duty it was to open his boxes after he had met his death at Lucknow.[1]

But the sight which must have appealed most vividly to the historic imagination was the Palace itself, the Palace which recalled the memories of some of the most splendid of Eastern sovereigns; which, more recently, had been allowed, even under English influence, to remain the chartered seat of so many debaucheries and villainies; and, in more recent days still, had been stained with the blood of so many English women and children. It was a scene which must have recalled to some at least of those who witnessed it the moving description, in the second Æneid, of the fall of the city, the palace, and the last king of Troy. There, was the great gateway of the Palace burst open by the besiegers. There, the noble galleries and the stately privacy of the last of a long line of kings exposed to the vulgar view, and armed men, but not its natural guardians, crowding on the sacred threshold. There, was the long succession of chambers, in literal truth,

> Those fifty nuptial chambers fair,
> That promised many a princely heir;
> Those pillared doors in pride erect,
> With gold and spoils barbaric decked.

And there, once more, was the poor old king, the helpless bauble or puppet of the mutineers, ejected from his palace, confined to a single room, about to be tried for his life, and exposed to the scoffs and insults of officers and soldiers: while, round about him were his Queen and the Princesses of the royal house, huddling together, like Hecuba and her daughters, in vain attempting to hide themselves from the wanton gaze—which to an Eastern lady is a worse shame than death—of the curious or the cruel. Happiest, or least unhappy, of that miserable crew was the old King himself, who, in his

[1] See Appendix.

Second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,

seemed almost unconscious of his misery and his shame.[1]

Some Englishmen there were whom the sights around moved to pity, and who did all that they could, both by precept and example, to lessen their horrors. There were others who, stung to madness by the loss of wife, or child, or friends, or property, thirsted, like tigers, for more of the blood which they had just begun to taste; and complaining that enough was not being done by the authorities, set to work with *gusto* to do it themselves, or in letters written from a distance—some of which lie, at this moment, before me—pressed with terrible emphasis that 'more vigour' should be shown, and a 'sweeping vengeance' taken. Some, in the true spirit of Roman savagery, urged that the city itself, the pride and the historic capital, the Rome of India, should be levelled with the ground and its site sown with salt. Others, in the still worse spirit of religious savagery, urged that the Jumma Musjid, one of the noblest Muslim buildings in the world, should be destroyed, or, at least, that the cross should be planted on its summit, and that it should be turned bodily into a Christian Church. A strangely anti-Christian symbol it would have been of a Christian triumph! A larger number urged that the splendid Palace should be destroyed, as a sign which he who runs might read, that the last of the Mogul dynasty had perished

In the blood that he had spilt,
Perished hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

What part, so far as his influence could, as yet, make itself felt at Delhi, Sir John Lawrence was likely to take on these and similar questions, few who have followed his biography thus far will have much difficulty in conjecturing. Some of the questions raised by our reconquest of the town and district were delicate and difficult enough. But there were others on which, with his strong and vigorous sense of justice, he was likely to give no uncertain sound.

[1] 'It was a strange sight,' says Sir Richard Temple (*Men and Events of my Time in India*, p. 135), who, four months later, was an eyewitness of what he narrates, 'to see the aged king seated in a darkened chamber of the palace. The finely chiselled features, arched eyebrows, aquiline profile, sickly pallor of the olive complexion, nervous twitching of the face, delicate fingers counting beads, muttering speech, incoherent language, irritable self-consciousness, demeanour indicating febrile excitability—altogether made up a curious picture, upon which no spectator could look unmoved who was acquainted with Asiatic history.'

To begin with, there were the Shahzadas, or members of the royal family. A large number, not less than twenty-nine, of these Princes had been picked up, lurking in the neighbourhood of the city, and there were not wanting those who were anxious to deal with them in the short and Hodsonian method. 'No,' said Sir John Lawrence—such is the general upshot of all his letters—'try them fairly, and if they are found guilty of having authorised or abetted the massacre of English women or children, by all means condemn them to death. But deal with no one as Hodson dealt with his victims.' Then, there were the Rajas or Nawabs of districts like Jhujjur and Bullubghur, men who had sworn allegiance to the English crown, and some of whom owed all that they possessed to English patronage, but who had either stood ostentatiously aloof from us in the hour of our need, or had actually taken part against us. Here, again, Sir John Lawrence was for even-handed justice; nothing less, but nothing more. 'Reduce them to submission,' he said, 'by such a show of military force as will save all unnecessary bloodshed; promise them a fair trial, and, if found guilty, deal with each according to the merits of his case.' Then, there was the starving and, in great part, innocent population of the city, whom we had driven from their homes, and whom, whilst many of the authorities were for leaving where they were, to live or die, Sir John Lawrence was for bringing back, as soon as possible, under proper precautions, into the city, and, when there, for protecting from the brutal passions which the conflict had aroused.

But he shall speak on these and other important subjects for himself, and it must be remembered throughout that I am quoting from letters which were written at a time when to talk of mercy or of moderation was regarded by too many as the sign of a craven or unpatriotic spirit. They thus show the true character of the man. They show whether he could be as merciful after victory as he was prompt, and vigorous, and stern while it was wavering in the balance; whether the famous Minute in which, to his lasting credit, he said that he had been anxious to be the first to strike, but was still more anxious to be the first to abstain from striking, was justified by his acts or not. Incidentally, they also show what a keen eye he had for the military necessities of our position, how anxious he was for the adequate protection of what we had already won, and for the immediate despatch of a pursuing force.

To General Wilson, whom, for a month previously, he had

urged to make every arrangement for following up the rebels, but who, as he thought, had been remiss in doing so, he writes on September 26:—

It is satisfactory to find that the pursuing Column has started. . . . The Palace, no doubt, is not a defensible place against disciplined troops. But, on the other hand, it is admirably placed to command the passage of the river, and is a massive and solid building. A couple of small bastions of mud, such as the Engineers could construct in a week, would make it capable of resisting anything likely to come against it, and enable us to overawe the city. It is quite true, also, that your available force is small, and has been terribly overworked. But it seems to me that we have no option. We must either go on and put down insurrection, or it will gain head and destroy us. The troops have done wonders, but there can be no rest from their labours at present.

I do not think that there is the remotest chance of any attack on your position in Delhi. And, as to the inhabitants, if they return, I can only say that, setting aside what they have lately suffered, they never attempted anything for fifty years under our rule, and but for the mutiny of our own army, would, I believe, have remained quiet for fifty more. However, to make sure, a few mortars on the Kashmere bastions would, doubtless, do no harm.

To Pelham Burn, the Military Governor of Delhi, he writes on September 30—only ten days, it should be observed, after the city had fallen into our hands:—

As regards the city people, I would let them gradually and cautiously come back, after completing the military arrangements for the security of the Palace. With a good battery to overawe the city, well placed in front of the gateway facing the Chandni Chouk, all would be snug. I would hang all the ringleaders and leading characters in the late insurrection, but deal gently with all others. Nine-tenths of the people had nothing to do with the outbreak, and we ourselves were greatly to blame for our folly and weakness.

To Charles Saunders, the Agent to the Chief Commissioner of the North-West Provinces, at Delhi, on October 6, he writes:—

. . . I am glad to hear that you have obtained sufficient evidence against the Shahzadas. It is this kind of fellows that should suffer and not the οἱ πολλοὶ, unless proved to have been active against us. I would have let the mass of the population back into Delhi under proper restrictions. It is the poorest and most innocent who will now suffer. . . .

To Saunders he writes again, on the following day:—

Should the Movable Column successfully accomplish their mission to Rewari, I should recommend to the General commanding at Delhi, that the force should move from thence into Jhujjur against the Nawab. I would call on him to surrender, and guarantee him a fair trial. He should also surrender Sunnud Khan and other notorious characters. It must be borne in mind that not only is he our feudatory and a subject of the British Government, but actually a chief of our own creation. If he refused, I should, without an hour's delay, attack him and his aiders and abettors. The Bullubghur Raja and Nawab of Furrucknuggur might, subsequently, be similarly treated; particularly the latter. The former, I hear, is half-cracked, and has married into the Nabha family; so perhaps he might lie over for a time.

To Neville Chamberlain, on October 8, he writes :—

I am by no means an advocate for slaying Shahzadas or any other such-like *Haramzadahs* without trial. On the contrary, I would certainly give them all a trial. I might have sent a shot after the old king when he was bolting, but I would not have put him to death otherwise. Indeed, I have always been inclined to think that he was the 'victim of circumstances.' I shall be very glad to see the old Punjabi corps brought back to their old country. But, just at present, it was essential that some of them should go on further; in fact, as you know, the army could not do without their services. . . . I was for holding the Palace and that quarter of the town, because I meant that the inhabitants should return. With the Palace in our hands and a few guns on its walls, I feel persuaded that a couple of thousand men would overawe and control the whole of the people. When do you propose returning to the Punjab? I shall be glad to see you back, and so will Macpherson. We have had a weary time, one way or the other, and the work is more than is good for us.

To Alexander Taylor he writes, on the same day :—

I have to congratulate you on your success at Delhi. I look on it that you and Nicholson, poor fellow, are the real captors of Delhi; particularly after Chamberlain was wounded. I think the world also gives you credit for the part you played.

I have just been reading your memorandum as to the best mode of defending Delhi. Now I want to say a few words on this matter. It seems to me that General Wilson and you on one side, and I on the other, desire two very different objects. The point seems to be—which of the two is really desirable? If the object be to defend the town of Delhi, then you are both quite right. I have nothing further to say. But, suppose it be desirable to let the inhabitants return—which I think it is, so far as the great majority go—could we not manage to mount a few

guns on the walls of the Palace, if it were merely for show? Walls nine feet wide at the top would, surely, bear nine-pounders; and a few peeping over would have a sedative effect. If we are to defend the outer line, then, of course, we must keep out the mass of the people. But against whom is the place to be defended? There is no force, that I am aware of, which can come against it. Our reputation in having taken it guards us against attack, even if an enemy existed, which it does not. My idea is that we should let the people back under proper restrictions. And, this being admitted, can we not secure ourselves better by improvising a mode of arming the Palace with a few guns so as to overawe the town? Answer this, please, when time admits.

The merciful policy which Sir John Lawrence was thus eager, informally, to recommend to the authorities at Delhi, he was not backward in pressing on the Supreme Government, officially. As early as October 9, he writes thus to Lord Canning:—

The Chief Commissioner thinks that it would be sound policy to allow the inhabitants to return. Delhi has long been the *entrepôt* of a great trade, and a place of much social and political importance. Its possession would, in every point of view, prove more useful to us than its destruction. However guilty some of its inhabitants may have been, it cannot be denied, the Chief Commissioner believes, by any impartial person that the majority were not connected with the insurrection, and that a large section would even have sided with us, had they had the power. They were, however, as is well known, in the hands of a merciless and lawless soldiery. They have suffered prodigiously; and it would appear, therefore, good policy to allow those who have survived to return to their homes.

But the remonstrances of Sir John Lawrence were not to be attended to just yet. He had no authority to act. He could only advise. Things indeed at Delhi were in an altogether abnormal condition. The city was, nominally, as I have shown, under control of a Military Governor, Colonel Pelham Burn. A Military Commission was sitting to try all persons accused of rebellion, and their sentences were executed forthwith by a Provost-Marshal.[1] But, as though this was not enough for the purposes of justice or repression,

[1] 'Offenders,' says the able and dispassionate author of the *History of the Siege of Delhi* (p. 280), who was an eyewitness of what he relates, 'offenders who were seized were handed over to a Military Commission to be tried. The work went on with celerity. Death was almost the only punishment, and condemnation almost the only issue of a trial. The gentlemen who had to judge offenders were in no mood for leniency.'

Special Commissioners, 'with full powers of life and death vested in each one of them,' had also been appointed by the Supreme Government.

What wonder that many individuals, seeing the reckless manner in which powers of life and death had been granted to men, some at least of whom were likely to use them in anything but a judicial spirit, claimed and put into exercise the same terrible right for themselves; that there was a very carnival of revenge; and that deeds were done, of which those who were compelled to witness them speak, even now, with bated breath?

In early days, indeed, while the blood of the victors was still at fever heat, there is reason to fear that such deeds reflected, only too faithfully, the feelings of many Europeans alike in the city and at a distance. Charles Saunders, who put no one to death himself, who treated the imbecile king and his son with something of the compassion due to fallen greatness and the extremes of youth and age, and, to his lasting credit, was rebuked, by the fiery spirits who surrounded him, for his 'ill-timed leniency,' was unable to put any check upon them. A four-square gallows was erected in a public place at Delhi, which soon became a fashionable lounge. A knowing native shopkeeper arranged chairs in front of his shop, and, on these, English officers would smoke their cigars and, for the payment of a small sum, look on at the death agonies of the men who dangled in groups from all four cross-beams at once, and whose bodies were soon deftly dropped, one on the top of another, into a cart beneath, to make room for fresh victims. On one occasion, a batch of ten or a dozen men were brought before the Commission. There was no direct evidence against them, but it was remarked that they looked like soldiers, or as if they had, at one time, borne arms; and that was enough. They were soon all hanging from the gallows.[1]

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.

These things were not known at Lahore, in their full enormity, till a later period, and it is pleasant to record that those whom John Lawrence, in one of his earlier letters half humorously calls 'the

[1] I owe these details, and many others which I have forborne to mention, chiefly to General Pelham Burn and Sir Neville Chamberlain, who were on the spot throughout and in a position of great responsibility. There can, therefore, be no higher authorities.

desperadoes' there; those who were most delighted at the first reports of 'the energy' that was being shown; those who had been loudest for desecrating the Mosque or even destroying the town, were forward enough, when the full truth was known, to condemn the acts of revenge which continued to signalise and to disgrace our rule for *full four months* after the city had fallen into our hands and all resistance had ceased.

It has been said by some of those who were, more or less, concerned in these acts, and upon whom Sir John Lawrence's censures fell most heavily, that he only protested against them when he found it convenient to do so; when, that is, public opinion in England had already declared itself against further bloodshed, and had had time to make itself felt in India; in fact, that he swam with the stream, was for indiscriminate vengeance when it was the order of the day, and was for clemency only when the voice of outraged humanity called aloud for it! How far this was from being the case, the letters which I have already quoted, and which begin—I would once more point out—from within a few days only after the fall of Delhi, will sufficiently show; and I now proceed to give others to the same effect, all of them written at a time when, as yet, few dared to speak of moderation or of mercy. It was indeed only very gradually that he got to know the full truth of what was going on at Delhi; for he was the last man to whom anyone who was implicated would be likely to report his doings. 'It is too bad,' he says to Saunders on October 23, 'the way that the troops are allowed to plunder. They will ere long, if it continue, degenerate into a mere rabble.'

A few days later, he writes thus to Hugh Fraser, Chief Commissioner of the North-West Provinces:—

As regards the city and fort of Delhi, I wrote until I was tired. I would have taken all the guns from the ramparts of the town, planted as many as I could on the Palace, so as to overawe the town, and let back all the peaceable folks. I should be happy, in case of necessity, to do all that was required with a thousand men at my back at Delhi. Many thanks for your kind expressions. I feel that I only did my duty, and many have done theirs equally well.

As regards the doings of the Prize Agents which had been reported to him by Colonel Pelham Burn with many expressions of horror and disgust, he writes back:—

I think that you should go over and tell Chamberlain what you have

written to me about the Prize Agents' misconduct at Delhi. If you do not like moving in the matter, and see no objection to my doing so, I will. I think such acts as you relate reflect disgrace on our national character, and should be put a stop to.

Some of his friends wrote to him, as I have already mentioned, expressing their earnest hope that he would 'plough up Delhi'; others, that he would at least destroy the great Mosque. In reply to the latter proposal, he writes to Pelham Burn, who had consulted him in the matter: 'I will on no account consent to it. We should carefully abstain from the destruction of religious edifices, either to favour friends or to annoy foes.'[1] And when some of the chief authorities in his province, and many of them his intimate friends, came in solemn deputation to him to urge the same step, and pointed out, as a convincing argument, that to destroy the finest place of Muslim worship in the world would be felt as a blow to their religion by Muslims everywhere, he first reasoned out the matter calmly with them. But finding that he could produce no effect, he jumped up from his seat, and slapping one of them on his back, said, 'I'll tell you what it is. There are many things you could persuade me to do, but you shall never persuade me to do this. So you may as well spare your pains.'

Hodson had given guarantees for their lives to some of the greatest criminals in Delhi. Sir John Lawrence was asked by Saunders whether these promises should be respected or not. He replied, as he always did in similar cases, that faith must be kept whatever it cost us. 'As regards Hodson's guarantees, I think they must be respected, no matter under what influence they were given. He was allowed great power by the Commander-in-Chief and his successors, and if he abused it, this is between him and his conscience, and between him and Government. . . . I heard a rumour that the Bullubghur Raja is half-witted. If this be the case the Commission should be duly informed; we should not hang beings who are not able to take care of themselves.'

To Lord Canning he writes on December 4, in terms which are as noteworthy for their modesty as for their humanity:—

[1] It is interesting to notice that on this point Sir John Lawrence and his noble-hearted brother, Sir Henry, were quite at one. When Sir Henry, in anticipation of the outbreak at Lucknow, was engaged in fortifying the Muchi Bawn and was urged to destroy all the great buildings in the neighbourhood, some towering mosques among them, which might interfere with the defence—'Spare the Holy Places,' was his reply.—Kaye, ii. 440.

My Lord,—Owing to the difficulty of communication, I have never yet written to thank your Lordship for the very handsome acknowledgment, publicly made, of my services. We have all been fighting, not only for our lives, but, for what was of infinitely more value—the safety of our families; and, I believe, there have indeed been few who have not done their best.

I have been more particularly fortunate in my officers, who have worked most manfully and ably for the public good. To none am I so much indebted as to Mr. Montgomery, Colonel Edwardes, and Colonel Macpherson; always excepting my gallant and noble friend, John Nicholson, whose services were indeed invaluable. I hope that the Court of Directors will mark their sense of his merits by giving his widowed mother a good pension.

I do not know what your Lordship has resolved to do with Delhi. But if it is to be preserved as a city, I do hope that your Lordship will put a stop to the operations of the Prize Agents. I also recommend that it be freed from martial law. What Delhi requires is a soldier of energy, spirit, and character to keep the troops in order, and a strong police and a good magistrate to maintain the peace. Until there be some security for the lives and property of the natives, tranquillity will not be restored. I am a strong advocate for prompt and severe punishment when such has been deserved. But the systematic spoliation which I understand goes on at Delhi cannot fail to exasperate the natives, and render more wide and lasting the breach which has taken place between them and us.

I cannot ascertain that anything has been done to raise a corps or battalion of police in the North-West. The call still continues for Punjabis. I have sent one new battalion, which has been raised here, to Delhi, and am raising a second for Mr. J. P. Grant for Benares. I can, of course, raise more if necessary, but am averse to doing so. The races are more martial and hardy here than in Hindustan, but their very merits make them also the more dangerous.

To Lord Elphinstone he writes about the same time:—

I believe that the reports you have heard of the doings at Delhi are only too true. They are not only bad in themselves, but do us infinite harm, and serve to render still wider the breach between us and the natives. I have done all I could to remedy these evils, but I have no power to enforce my views, and the General, though he condemns, does not act. I have written several times to Calcutta, but get no replies. Martial law should cease in Delhi and the Prize Agents' functions be cut short at once. These changes, and an officer of vigour and decision to command the troops and keep them in order, would effect a reform.

Sir John Lawrence had telegraphed as well as written repeatedly to Calcutta on these subjects, but for some reason or other, most probably because very few of his letters and telegrams came to hand, no answer was returned. Here is one of his telegrams, dated November 30 :—

The Chief Commissioner earnestly advocates the withdrawal of the Prize Agents from the city of Delhi, and trusts that the Supreme Government will interfere and save the inhabitants from further spoliation. Thousands of them took no part against us. But all are involved in the general ruin.

Finally, he writes more strongly still to General Penny, who was the General in command, and therefore, perhaps, more responsible than anyone else, for not interfering with the strong arm to prevent what had happened :—

My dear General,—Has any reply come from Government about Prize property? I wish I could induce you to interfere in this matter. I believe we shall lastingly, and, indeed, justly, be abused for the way in which we have despoiled all classes without distinction. But surely, in any case, two months' plundering should suffice! I hear complaints even from Bombay on the subject. I have this day sent you a copy of a letter from a Babu named Ram Chunder, complaining of the way he has been ill-treated by English officers. I have even heard, though it seems incredible, that officers have gone about and murdered natives in cold blood. You may depend on it that we cannot allow such acts to pass unnoticed. If we have no higher motives, the common dictates of policy should make us restrain our countrymen from such outrages. No man is more ready to hang or shoot mutineers and murderers than I am, but unless we endeavour to distinguish friend from foe, we shall unite all classes against us. A guerilla warfare will spring up, the country will gradually become desolated, and, eventually, will be too hot to contain us.

This letter seems to have produced an immediate effect, at least in checking the disgraceful operations of the Prize Agents; for in a second letter to General Penny, about a week later, he says :—

I am very much obliged to you for so promptly interfering to prevent further plunder. I am also delighted to hear what you say about the want of truth as regards the murders at Meerut. It would, indeed, be sad to think that our countrymen had killed people in cold blood, of whose guilt or innocence they had no cognizance.

But, finding that things did not improve as fast as he could wish,

he set out for Delhi himself as soon as it was safe to leave the Punjab, with the express purpose of putting a stop, if possible, to further bloodshed and spoliation. He left Ferozepore on January 30, 1858, and, after passing through Loodiana and Umballa, and holding interviews with his lieutenants and with the protected chiefs who had done us such admirable service, reached Delhi on February 24. His first act was to call together all the chief officials of the place. Charles Saunders, Philip Egerton, Neville Chamberlain, and others were present at the meeting. Sir John Lawrence spoke temperately regarding the proceedings of the Special Commissioners; admitted that, at first, exceptional circumstances might have justified exceptional measures of repression; but pointed out that, at any rate, the time for such measures had long since passed, and that what was wanted now was to restore peace and confidence to the people. At the same time, he telegraphed to Lord Canning, asking for leave to withdraw at once the power of life and death from individuals, some of whom had so terribly abused it, and to appoint instead a mixed Commission of civil and military officers, who were to try cases of rebellion, and not put anyone to death without the sanction of Government. 'I have arranged,' he says in a letter to Lord Canning, 'for a Commission of three officers for the trial of insurgents and mutineers, as the system of allowing every judicial officer to sentence to death did not work well.' At the same time, he endeavoured to strike at the root of the mischief, by getting one of the chief offenders removed to some other part of the country, where he would be less in the way of temptation.

At Delhi, Sir John Lawrence was joined, much to his relief of mind, by his Secretary, Richard Temple, who had been absent on furlough throughout the crisis, and, on landing in Calcutta on his return from England, had managed, with characteristic energy, to make his way at once to his chief across a country which was still overrun by mutineers. 'Little Temple has arrived,' says Sir John, 'looking very jolly, and talking immensely.' And in conversation with myself, some twenty-three years later, Sir Richard Temple has fully confirmed the impression which I have derived from the sum total of the correspondence before me, and from the narratives of eye-witnesses, as to the deplorable condition of the inhabitants of the city, full five months after it had fallen into our hands. 'The town,' he said, 'was perfectly quiet and orderly. There was no cause for alarm. But the work of plunder and bloodshed was still going on.

The people wore a *hunted* look, and were still being arrested in large numbers, and many of them 'hanged or put in irons.' Sir John Lawrence, hoping that he had put a final stop to all this, left Delhi for an adjoining district, where there was much to be done. But overhearing some young officers, who were out shooting, congratulating each other, *more suo*, that 'a good stiff rule' was still going on in the city, and that a Goojur prisoner, who had been sentenced to death before his arrival, had been executed, inadvertently or not, in defiance of his orders, as soon as his back was turned, he went back in high wrath to Delhi, and gave what I believe to have been the severest reprimand ever given by him. 'Write,' he said to his Secretary, 'a severe despatch, condemning what has been done.' Temple did as he was told. 'Write it much more strongly,' said Sir John, and the result, probably, gave adequate expression to his feelings on the subject. In vain, soon afterwards, as the Chief Commissioner and his Secretary were driving out in a buggy, did the Magistrate of the city ride up to him and press strongly that some of the expressions might be modified. 'No,' said Sir John, 'there is not a word of it I will alter. It is not half strong enough.'

The reign of terror was now over, and Sir John Lawrence, after making proper arrangements with the General in command for the protection of the Palace and the bridge of boats, for the levelling of some of the fortifications, for the readmission of the still excluded Mohammedan population, and—more important still—for their protection when they should have been readmitted, left, in the third week of March, the city which he had done so much to recapture and so much to save. That the mosques of Delhi were not desecrated; that the inhabitants were not left to shift for themselves as homeless outcasts; that the whole city, with its glorious buildings and its historic memories, was not levelled with the ground, and the plough driven over its site; in one word, that the lasting shame emblazoned in letters of blood and fire in the annals of Imperial Rome, by her ruthless destruction of Carthage and of Corinth, is not written in equally indelible characters in the annals of English rule in India, was due, in great part at least, to the justice and the humanity, the statesmanship and the Christian spirit of John Lawrence. 'Should not I spare?'—so in words of high and sacred precedent he might have met the fiery spirits who surrounded him, and who would, some of them, certainly have ranged themselves

on the side of the angry Hebrew prophet rather than of the repentant or innocent people. 'Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons who cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?'

In the English, as in all Imperial races, there is an element of the wild beast. There is a disposition which has shown itself, once and again, in the hour of provocation or of panic to indulge in wild reprisals, or even in deliberate revenge, long after all justification, or even excuse for it, has ceased. But, on the other hand, taken as a whole, and in the long run, the English are neither cruel nor revengeful. In spite of all our shortcomings—and to these no one who has studied the history of the rise of our Indian Empire can be blind—there is no Imperial race which has, on the whole, been more keenly alive to its Imperial obligations towards the races whom it rules. Had Delhi been destroyed—as many in the fury of the hour wished it might—a reaction would not have been long in coming; and the instruments and the interpreters of the popular passion would, in that case, have been the first to suffer by it. But it would have been too late. The blot upon our escutcheon could never have been wiped out. We should have acted, it is true, only as successive conquerors of India, Turk and Tartar, Afghan and Persian, have acted before us. We should have added only one more to the cities of the dead which surround the city of the living, and tell, in their eloquent silence, of the work of successive destroyers. But we should have ranked ourselves, by so doing, with those earlier conquerors; not, as it is our hope that we have some right to do, above them. We should no longer have been able to boast that we have conquered India, to a great extent, by different methods, and held it for different objects from those of our predecessors. We should have been unable to flatter ourselves that our practice and our aim has been to preserve, to humanise, to elevate, not to persecute, to pillage, or to destroy. All honour, then, to those who, in the exasperating conflict of the Mutiny, lost neither head nor heart, but saved us from our baser selves, saved us from the brief delirium of a revenge, which must have been succeeded by a long and unavailing repentance!

I have followed in some detail the proceedings at Delhi after its recapture, partly, because I consider that they form one of the most important as well as of the least known episodes in John Lawrence's

life, and reveal to us his truest self, and, partly, because, though the facts are little known, and some of them are painful in the extreme, I believe that such a narrative is fraught with lessons of the first importance for the present and for the future.

It will readily be believed that the humane views of Sir John Lawrence, which I have endeavoured to set forth, were cordially shared by the highest authorities in India and in England—in India, by Lord Elphinstone and Lord Canning; in England, by the Queen herself. But it may be well to quote here, as the most authoritative condemnation of the past, and as an omen of brighter things for the future, a few words from each.

Lord Elphinstone, in writing to Sir John Lawrence on November 25, says:—

> I have heard some very painful accounts of the doings of our troops at Delhi since the place has been taken. Friend and foe are treated alike. The pillage has been more complete than even that of Nadir Shah. It is quite right that our murdered countrymen should be avenged, but I do not understand why the innocent and often friendly inhabitants are to be made to pay for the guilty. Surely both justice and good policy require that a stop should be put to this.

Lord Canning, in writing to the Queen, on September 25, 1857, says:—

> There is a rabid and indiscriminate vindictiveness abroad, even amongst many who ought to set a better example, which it is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of shame for one's countrymen. Not one man in ten seems to think that the hanging and shooting of forty to fifty thousand mutineers, besides other rebels, can be otherwise than practicable and right. Nor does it occur to those who talk and write most upon the matter, that for the Sovereign of England to hold and govern India without employing, and to a great extent trusting, natives, both in civil and military service, is simply impossible. . . . . To those whose hearts have been torn by the foul barbarities inflicted on those dear to them, any degree of bitterness against the natives may be excused. No man will dare to judge them for it. But the cry is raised loudest by those who have been sitting quietly in their houses from the beginning and have suffered little from the convulsions around them, unless it be in pocket. It is to be feared that the feeling of exasperation will be a great impediment in the way of restoring tranquillity and good order, even after signal retribution shall have been deliberately measured out to all the chief offenders.

Such words, uttered by one who had so worthily represented

the Queen throughout, were sure to obtain a warm response from her.

Lord Canning (she writes) will easily believe how entirely the Queen shares his feelings of sorrow and indignation at the un-Christian spirit shown, alas ! also, to a great extent, here by the public towards India in general, and towards Sepoys *without discrimination.* It is, however, not likely to last . . . To the nation at large, to the peaceable inhabitants, to the many kind and friendly natives who have assisted us, sheltered the fugitives, and been faithful and true, there should be shown the greatest kindness. They should know that there is no hatred to a brown skin, none ; but the greatest wish on the Queen's part to see them happy, contented, and flourishing.[1]

The life of Lord Canning, from whatever causes, has never been, and now, probably, never will be written. I am all the more anxious, therefore, to tell here an anecdote which, otherwise, will be lost to the world, but which ought to be told of him wherever his name is known. It will illustrate at once his noble character and the painful details connected with the suppresion of the Mutiny which it is impossible for this biography, if it is to be, in any true sense, a picture of the time and of the man, altogether to pass over. I owe the story to Sir Frederick Halliday, who, as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was brought into the most intimate relations with Lord Canning.

You know (he says) that on June 6, 1857, an Act was passed by the Indian Legislature, making it a capital offence to tamper with the allegiance of our troops, and so forth ; the sentence to be carried into immediate effect by the senior officer on the spot, and the trials to be either before a Court-Martial, or before a Commissioner or Commissioners appointed by the Local Government.

Lord Canning found it necessary to interfere with the doings of some of these tribunals (not Courts-Marshal, I believe,) not very long after they had come into operation, and the consequence was a flood of bitter abuse, which reverberated from England, where the *Times* called him 'Clemency Canning.'

No one can imagine how bitter and savage was the feeling towards Lord Canning, caused by his action in this matter.

I heard an educated gentleman say, with the deepest earnestness and apparent sincerity, that he should delight in firing a pistol at Lord Canning's head, and would consider it a highly patriotic and meritorious act.

[1] *Life of the Prince Consort,* vol. iv. pp. 146–147.

I was talking to Lord Canning one day about this, and he did not conceal from me that he was painfully affected by the sentiments of hatred and contempt which he was aware his measures had excited towards himself.

'But read,' he said, 'these papers,' which he took out of his table drawer. They were the result of careful inquiries he had caused to be made into the working of some of these courts since they had been in operation, and they disclosed a series of acts of tyranny, cruelty, and injustice of the most brutal and horrible nature. In fact, under the influence of mere panic, these courts had disgraced themselves by what could be called by no other name than indiscriminate judicial murders.[1] And of this, the papers he gave me furnished ample proof.

I expressed, as you may suppose, my horror at these cruelties; but I also said that, having such justification in his hands of his recent proceedings, I hoped he would publish it as his complete defence against his calumniators.

'No!' he replied, as he took the papers from my hand, and locked them up in his drawer; 'I had rather submit to any obloquy than publish to the world what would so terribly disgrace my countrymen. It is sufficient that I have prevented it for the future.'

Lord Canning, as the next chapter will show, was unfortunately too sanguine in supposing that he had altogether prevented such things for the future. The snake had been scotched only, not killed. But nothing can detract from the unsullied nobility of the man, who, under his circumstances, could speak and act as he spoke and acted.

In the midst of Sir John Lawrence's anxieties on this and other subjects, there had been one brief interlude of family life and enjoyment, which must not be altogether omitted from my narrative. His intimate friends knew well how much his anxiety had been increased during the early part of the Mutiny by his separation from his wife. Doubtless, he might have summoned her to his side at any moment in case of necessity, and there was consolation to each in the thought.

[1] Compare, as an illustration of Sir Frederick Halliday's statements, the following extract from Meadows Taylor's *History of India*: 'Much retributive justice had been dealt out to prominent rebels. But the cry for more revenge —more blood—raged furiously. Lord Canning was assailed in England and India by a hurricane of abuse. While, at the outset, he endowed every person in authority with extra powers, he found, as the circle of rebellion and resistance narrowed, and as an almost indiscriminate slaughter was carried on, that restraint was needed, and he resolutely imposed it by his order of July 31. Real criminals were not the less brought to justice, but the burning of suspected villages and indiscriminate slaughter of the people were checked in time.

But there were many other English ladies living at Murri, certainly in greater comfort, and, possibly, in greater safety than could have been the case if they were living in the plains; and the Chief Commissioner, feeling that 'nobility imposes obligation,' determined not to set an example which might be imitated by others, and might even cause a panic similar to that which had taken place at Simla, at the outbreak of the Mutiny.

But now the extremity of the danger was over, and the cool season had come. So, on November 4, he started to meet his wife at Jhelum, in her descent towards the plains; and, once more, on November 9, I recognise in the folio volumes of letters the familiar handwriting, which had seldom long been absent from them till the Mutiny broke out. But the interval of domestic happiness was all too short. 'Harrie and the babes,' says Sir John Lawrence to his brother George, who, as Resident in Rajpootana, was weathering the storm with his wonted courage and resolution, 'are to leave Mooltan by a steamer on December 26. I shall go so far with her. I had intended going home in April, for a year, on sick certificate, as my eyes are ailing and require rest and advice; but this is now out of the question. I feel bound to stay for another year until all be restored to order.'

My husband (says Lady Lawrence) looked very ill and worn after the long strain of anxiety. But his work never relaxed, nor did he give himself any rest. My health was also bad, and feeling that matters were still so unsettled in India, he told me that he would feel relieved if he knew that I were safe at home, in England. This was a most terrible trial to us both, but I knew that he was right, and that it would only worry him if I did not agree to the plan. Moreover, as he reminded me, he would have to move about a great deal, and as I could not be with him, it was better for me to go to our children. Nearly eight years had passed since our little girls had left us, and it was indeed time that they should, if possible, begin to know their parents. So we started, on December 15, for Mooltan. It was sad work, and I hoped, as each day passed, that something might occur to save me from the separation. When the last morning—January 6—arrived, we had our usual Bible reading, and I never can read the 27th Psalm, which was the portion we then read together, without recalling that sad time. I was weak and foolish enough, even then, to beg my husband to let me stay, and so made the parting harder for him. But that could not be. So, with a sad and almost broken heart, I went on board the little steamer which was to take the passengers down the river to Kurrachi. He came down with me to the steamer and made every possible arrange-

ment for our comfort; and now, as I write, I can almost see his figure as he rode along the bank of the river, first keeping up with the steamer, and then watching it as long as he could.

At Kurrachi, Lady Lawrence was hospitably entertained in the house of Bartle Frere, the Chief Commissioner of Scinde, who had been working so cordially with her husband for the common cause; while Sir John Lawrence, broken down in health as he was, and yearning for repose as he had been for two years past, returned to Lahore, determined not to leave his province till he had done all that he could, not only to put everything in perfect order within it, but to reinforce the new Commander-in-Chief for the great campaign which was about to open in the North-West.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN LAWRENCE AS A PACIFICATOR.

SEPTEMBER 1857—JULY 1858.

WHEN the news of the death of General Anson and of the rapid spread of the Mutiny throughout the whole of the Bengal army reached England, early in July, the Ministers, who, up to that time, had been inclined to doubt the extent and the extremity of the peril, woke up, partially at least, to its reality. The Queen and Prince Albert, as is now well known, had taken a truer view from the beginning, and had not failed to urge it upon the Government in a series of admirable and stirring communications.[1] Much larger reinforcements were hurried out with all speed, and Sir Colin Campbell was offered the chief command of the Indian Army. 'When will you be ready to start?' said Lord Palmerston as he made the offer. 'To-morrow,' replied the fine old soldier, and, on the morrow, July 12, he was actually off, saying that he would get his outfit in Calcutta.

The appointment of Sir Colin brought Sir John Lawrence, in spite of all intervening obstacles, into close communication with Head-quarters. The two men were old and tried friends, and the troops, the arms and the counsel with which the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab had so unstintingly supplied successive commanders of the Delhi Field Force, were now to be as freely sought by Sir Colin Campbell as they were to be freely given by Sir John Lawrence, towards the completion of the great works that were in hand; the relief of Lucknow, the reconquest of Oude, of Rohilkund and of the Gangetic Doab, and, more important still, the ultimate reconstruction of the Bengal army and the reorganization of the whole system of the government of India.

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[1] *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv. pp. 73–74; 77–82; 88; 90–92; 124–128, &c.

These were some of the objects to which, over and above the safety of his own province, Sir John Lawrence addressed himself during the next eighteen months, the last before his return to England, and I propose, in this chapter, to allow him to speak as much as possible for himself, to describe his own work and plans, his hopes and his fears. With this view, I shall quote, as freely as my limits permit, and with as little explanation or comment as is consistent with clearness, from the remarkable series of letters which he wrote to Lord Canning, to Sir Colin Campbell, and to General Mansfield in India; to Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had been one of his earliest friends, and was now Secretary to the Treasury in England; to Mr. Mangles, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, and to Lord Stanley, the President of the Board of Control. Sir John Lawrence evidently felt great doubts whether he would ever return to India, and we may observe in some of his letters not a little of the solemnity, the earnestness, the insight,—the *vox cygnea*, in short,—of a departing seer.

The first letter which he received from the new Commander-in-Chief showed how warmly any advice or assistance which he could give would be welcomed.

Independently (says Sir Colin Campbell) of our long-established acquaintance, which would make me desirous of keeping you well informed of what arrangements it may be in my power to make at this crisis, I am sure, my dear Lawrence, you will be of the same opinion, and it would be a matter of real gratification to me if we exchange our ideas and plans from time to time. On my arrival here I found officers of every rank anxious to be at least Divisional commanders and at the head of small Columns, independent of all control. . . . After great exertions, I have succeeded in reinforcing Havelock, so as to make his force up to three thousand men and upwards by the 15th instant. Sir James Outram accompanies him in his capacity as Civil Commissioner, leaving to his friend all the glory of relieving our friends at Lucknow. . . . I have looked with an anxious eye to the Punjab since the troubles began, and I can only be thankful that Government was lucky enough to have you in that country to meet the storm.

Sir Colin Campbell had made only one request of Government when he accepted his new command. It was that General Mansfield, who had served under him, with the highest credit, in previous campaigns in India, might be recalled from Warsaw, where he was rendering service to his country of a notable but of a very different

kind, in order that he might act as Chief of his Staff. Of course the prayer was granted, and as Sir W. Mansfield is to be brought into very close contact, during much of the remainder of his life, with the subject of this biography, I may quote here his opinion of the services, military and civil, which had already been rendered by Sir John Lawrence.

Camp near Futtehgurh: January 1, 1858.

How I wish (he says in writing to Sir John) that your master-hand was at work in these parts. Believe me it is even more wanted than in the Punjab when you first annexed it. I tell you, most privately and confidentially, that, in my opinion, the men charged with this business here are not up to the mark. I do not think the occasion understood by them, and I doubt very much if the folks in Calcutta can bring themselves to understand the real state of things. . . . Pray accept my hearty congratulations on all you have been able to effect during the tremendous trial to which you have been exposed. Your page of history will be a bright one.

Some extracts from Sir John Lawrence's first letter to Sir Colin, written on October 15,—shortly, that is, after the fall of Delhi,—will give his general view of the situation and its requirements.

We have indeed had a terrible storm, and it is, I am persuaded, only by the mercy of God that a single European is alive on this side of India. At one time, I began to think that all must be lost. We have now, so far as I can judge, weathered the gale. But until the troops arrive from England our position must continue to be precarious.

Your return (of troops) shows great weakness, but, by this time, I anticipate that the remainder of the China force will have arrived, and henceforward troops will probably be arriving weekly. Delhi and Lucknow having fallen, all will go smoothly with common prudence. The mutineers, deprived of their guns and *matériel*, and with no supplies of ammunition and money, will gradually melt away. Already the political horizon is clearing, and my chief anxiety now is for the frontier, where we are very weak, owing to so many of our old Punjab regiments being away and the European regiments being so sickly. . . . The most pressing subject at present with us is the disposal of the Hindustani troops. When the reinforcements from England arrive, some might be entrusted with their arms. But the majority are, to my mind, utterly useless and dangerous. For the last three months they have only been kept from joining the mutineers at Delhi by sheer force. We have had the rivers guarded and the guns planted, with the disaffected men encamped on the plain, where all they might do could be seen. Even the best regiments among the Hindustanis require weeding.

In the North-West all is progressing as favourably as we could hope for. An Irregular force from this recovered Sirsa, Hansi, and Rohtuck. All the rest of the country round Delhi has been cleared by the Movable Column. The upper portion of the Gangetic Doab—that is, Saharunpore, Meerut, Muzuffurnuggur, Bulundshuhur—down to below Alighur, seems also safe. The insurgents and fanatics all disperse and disappear as the mutineer soldiery are driven away. This morning we heard of Colonel Greathed's success before Agra. This will keep Gwalior quiet, from which quarter great danger was to be apprehended. I think that Furruckabad will soon be cleared of insurgents. There will then only remain, in the upper provinces, Gwalior, Rohilkund, and Oude. Gwalior may, I think, lie over for a time. So long as the Movable Column does not leave the Doab, or go below Mynpoorie, I should say that the Gwalior troops will not cross the Chumbul. If they do, that Column, reinforced by the 3rd Europeans in Agra, should be able to settle them. Rohilkund, I think, may also lie over for a time; and as to Oude, you will know much more about it than I can tell you. I only know that Havelock has done nobly. In fact, he and his troops have exceeded all our hopes and expectations. I was rejoiced to see that Outram did not supersede Havelock.

With a couple of fresh European regiments at Peshawur, and an equal number above Cawnpore to help Greathed's force, which is numerically small and a good deal worn, I think all would be pretty snug. . . .

I am anxious, directly that matters admit of it, to see a Commission of able officers assemble with the view of concocting some good scheme for a new native army for Bengal. Unless this be done, we shall only glide back into the old rotten system; perhaps, into something even more dangerous. It strikes me that there is some danger that our officers, in their horror of John Pandy, may go into the other extreme and make too much of John Sing. We can no more rest our trust on the Punjabi than on the Hindustani. We cannot do without a native army, but our aim should be not to have it in the least degree larger than is absolutely necessary. And, above all, our European force should be so large, and so well placed and commanded, as to render resistance hopeless.

From the moment that Delhi fell, Lucknow took its place, as the Head-quarters of the Mutiny, as the centre of interest, to which all eyes were, for many months to come, to turn with so much anxiety and so much pride. And it will be necessary, if we are to understand the policy recommended by Sir John Lawrence with respect to it, to glance, very briefly, at the vicissitudes of the siege, its successive reliefs and beleaguerments. The 'relief of the Residency' on September 25, 1857, was the last and the most splendid of the long series of successes won by Havelock, and it will also be for ever

memorable for the noble self-abnegation of Sir James Outram. But, in reality, it was no 'relief' at all. The small garrison of 927 Europeans and 765 natives had, each one of them,—as though they were all inspired by the last words of their beloved chief, Sir Henry Lawrence,—'tried to do his duty,' during a siege of twelve weeks, exposed to sufferings of which, as Tennyson has truly told us in his stirring ballad, the hard fighting was the least.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight.
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all through the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be healed.
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life.
Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief.
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered for all that we knew.
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shatter'd walls,
Millions of musket bullets, and thousands of cannon balls.
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

But now Havelock and Outram had come at last; and the garrison straightway found themselves—Havelock and Outram and all—hemmed in as closely as ever by the vastly superior numbers of the enemy and by the seething population of the city. The garrison was, in fact, reinforced rather than relieved. They had double the number of mouths to feed and no more food with which to do it.

At last, Sir Colin Campbell was able to start from Calcutta, and arriving at Cawnpore on November 4, he put himself at the head of the miscellaneous force of four thousand men which he had managed, by immense exertions, to collect, and, a few days afterwards, was off again for Lucknow, fought his way against desperate odds, and, on

the 17th, the four generals—Inglis, Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell—had their famous meeting, immortalised by painter and poet, in the long beleagured Residency. The siege was, at last, over; and the civilians, women and children—such of them as survived—were carried off in safety to Cawnpore, and thence despatched to Allahabad.

Thus a second great episode in the Mutiny had, to all appearance, ended in our favour. But it was still in appearance only. For Sir Colin Campbell, unable, as he believed, with his small and much diminished force, to conquer or keep the vast city, determined to abandon the Residency, and, leaving Outram and Havelock to hold the Alum Bagh, to fall back himself upon Cawnpore. But Havelock's last victory had been won. He was on his death bed, dying of dysentery, and Lucknow is thus the resting place of two of the foremost heroes of the Mutiny. The Alum Bagh contains the grave of the stern Puritan soldier, Sir Henry Havelock. The Residency will remain an object of almost religious veneration so long as English rule in India lasts, partly, because of the heroic memories of the siege which cluster so thickly round it, but still more, because it contains the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence.

The withdrawal of Sir Colin Campbell from Lucknow was a confession of weakness; but it was a confession of weakness made by a good soldier and a prudent man. The disasters which, in his absence, had befallen Wyndham at Cawnpore he instantly retrieved. He recovered Futtehguhr and Furruckabad, and, with hardly any loss to his force, defeated the enemy in several engagements. 'The news of the day' (December 21), says John Lawrence, writing in excellent spirits, which were not usual with him at this period, 'is the best that we have received since the fall of Delhi. We have now beaten and dispersed the last body of the mutineers which had not yet met us, and have taken forty-eight guns—that is, thirty-seven at Cawnpore and its vicinity, and eleven near Futtehguhr; and all this with scarce any loss to ourselves!'

On the fourteenth of that same December, a pressing appeal for Cavalry, written in Greek characters, the most common form of cypher despatch in those days, had reached Sir John Lawrence from General Mansfield. And this is how he answered it:—

Camp, Mooltan Road: December 16, 1857.

My dear Mansfield,—I received your letter calling for Cavalry two days ago, just as I was starting for Mooltan. I have arranged with

General Penny to send down the Head-quarters of the 1st Sikh Cavalry from Delhi, about four hundred and thirty sabres. I will do all I can to supply their place at once, and have ordered off two troops of a new corps now being raised at Lahore. I hope also to complete this corps within another month, or nearly so. The remainder of the 1st Sikh Cavalry must, by this time, be near Kurnal, and should follow the rest of the corps down the country. This will give you a hundred and thirty sabres more. The Lahore Light Horse (Eurasians) have been ordered off also. The Guides are now on their way up to Peshawur, and must be near Umballa. I have requested the commanding officer to send on the Cavalry by forced marches. On their arrival at Peshawur I shall be able to send down two squadrons of the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, Sikhs and Pathans, many of whom are old soldiers, I hope, within a month, to have started from Lahore some thousand Sowars, so as to make up the Cavalry reinforcements to sixteen hundred sabres. Let me know if this will suffice, or whether more will be required. As each party starts, Colonel Macpherson will send you notice. They ought, however, to be in your neighbourhood about the following dates:—

1st Sikh Cavalry	570	sabres,	Feb. 15
Lahore Horse	120	„	March 1
Punjabi troop of 17th Irregulars .	80	„	March 15
Two squadrons of 2nd P.C. . . .	160	„	April 1
Pathan Horse of sorts . . .	660	„	April 1
	1,590		

You may depend on my doing all I can to send them down as quickly as possible. You might give orders for them to make play and not delay on the road. All will go straight to Meerut. I want to know if you will require any of the three regiments of European Infantry now bound to the Punjab *vid* Kurrachi. I will gladly keep them, for we require them. Still, if necessary, we could spare one. I want also to know if you require Artillery. We can easily give you one battery or troop, and, at a pinch, two; though General Gowan is much averse to it. Still he has agreed. We expect also to be able to give you two regiments more of Punjab Infantry—one new, the other old—directly the Guides reach Peshawur—say about February 20. And when Scinde sends us a Beluch or Bombay regiment of Infantry, we will make shift to send a third regiment of Infantry down. I can raise more Cavalry, but it takes time, and they are not very good thus hastily raised.

We trust that the news of your success at Cawnpore is correct. We are all well in the Punjab. What is to be done with all the Pandies we have here? They are sadly in the way. But what can be done with them?

A letter like this must have shown Sir Colin, with his small force, on what a vast reserve of strength he had to fall back in the person of Sir John Lawrence, a reserve which was likely to prove equal to all emergencies. 'The promise of so much Cavalry,' said his Chief of the Staff, General Mansfield, in a burst of gratitude, 'is indeed a grateful one. It was among the numerous urgent wants which were most urgently pressing upon us. The transient successes of Infantry are, in the long run, quite unavailing, unless it is possible to follow them up with a cloud of horsemen.'

That Sir John Lawrence's performance was equal to his promise need hardly be said. He was even better than his word. By the middle of February he had sent down not merely 1,600 but more than 3,000 Cavalry drawn from all quarters, three regiments of Punjab Infantry, one of English Infantry, and twelve guns! Nor was he willing to give material aid alone at such a crisis. The Commander-in-Chief was, just then, preparing for his final advance on Lucknow, which was to be followed up by the reconquest of Oude and Rohilkund. Was the war to continue to be one of simple extermination, or was it not right—now that the balance had declared itself in our favour—to hold out the olive branch to the less guilty among the soldiers and peoples who were still in arms against us? This was the question which occupied some of John Lawrence's most anxious thoughts for months to come. He lost no opportunity of urging his views on all who had any influence in the matter; and that he and those who agreed with him were right, will probably be the opinion of those who glance at his arguments and recollect the prolonged struggle and the loss of life, native as well as European, which was the result of the contrary policy.

I had no idea (he writes to Mansfield) that Sir Colin's force was so small as you describe. As the hot weather approaches we must expect great sickness. The more we can do before April 1, the less will the soldiers suffer. By that time, the Europeans should, if possible, be under cover. . . . I believe that we shall have no incursions into the Doab from Rohilkund. This has been essentially a military rebellion. Large bodies of certain classes, in particular of Mohammedans, have joined. But these will settle down as the former are broken, destroyed, or dispersed.

The most difficult problem is how to deal with the mutineers. If we wage a war of extermination, we can only do so at a large cost of life on our own part, and with much labour and expense. The danger is that, when broken up, these desperate men may wage a guerilla warfare

with us, for which our troops and our arrangements are ill-adapted. I think it will prove sound policy to leave a *locus penitentiæ* of some kind for the least guilty. I do not mean that I would altogether pardon them, but I would spare their lives. . . .

I am inclined to think that you will not have more than one severe fight in Rohilkund, especially if the mutineers get well punished in it. All the Hindus seem to be in our favour, and what they have suffered at the hands of the Mohammedans must exasperate them against these gentry. I think that the Cavalry I am sending down may be safely trusted. There are not many Pathans of Peshawur among these troops. The Pathans of that quarter are, doubtless, of the same lineage as those of Rohilkund, but they have been separated many generations back. These men are, however, now on the winning side, and, under such circumstances, can be relied on. The Pathans of the Derajat are among the most trusty of our Punjabi soldiers. The other Mohammedans are men of Hindu lineage, and acted in the Hansi district without hesitation against the Mohammedans of those parts. The fact is that, under certain circumstances, and up to a certain point, you may trust most native troops. The Punjabis stood the test of Delhi when matters were looking very black. They will not now fail us when we are victorious; at least not at present. I would not, however, recommend that the Commander-in-Chief should leave Rohilkund without any European troops, and pass on. I would suggest that European Artillery and one regiment of European Infantry be detained in that province. These and a couple of corps of Punjab Infantry and a regiment of Cavalry would keep all snug, if commanded by a proper officer. I would leave, however, a greater proportion of Sikh Cavalry in Rohilkund, where the people to guard against are Mohammedans, and take more Mohammedan Cavalry into Oude, where the Hindu element among the mutineers abounds. However, as I said before, with the single exception of Vivian's Ressalah, who are highwaymen and cutthroats, I look on the Mohammedan Cavalry whom we are sending you as a respectable and reliable body of soldiers.

The reinforcements from England are at last making their appearance. Drafts to the extent of about five hundred men have arrived. The 7th Fusiliers are now near Hyderabad, and the greater part of the 98th have reached Kurrachi. What I view with most apprehension is the increasing number of Punjab troops generally. We have Punjab Infantry, Cavalry, Pioneers, Artillery, Mounted Police, Foot Police! In round numbers, the Punjab troops of various kinds cannot fall short of fifty thousand men. Now this does not seem wise or prudent. If we allow the Punjabis to feel their strength, we may one day have as much trouble with them as with the Hindustanis. I have hung back as much as possible. But, so far as I can judge, little is being done in the way of raising native troops except here.

Unhappily, the cry for war to the knife was still in the ascendant, and Sir John Lawrence, who could never be accused of not having the courage of his opinions, wrote to press his views in favour of an amnesty on Lord Canning :—

February 1, 1858.

My Lord,—I do not know whether you may feel disposed or not to grant anything like an amnesty in favour of the least guilty of the mutineers and insurgents in Oude and elsewhere. But I feel persuaded that such a measure would be very politic. It is much easier for people to advocate the destruction of all offenders than to show how this can be effected. Now that we have taken Delhi, beaten every large body of mutineers in the field, and are prepared to enter Oude again in force, we should simplify matters much if we issued a proclamation declaring that those mutineers who have not murdered their officers, or women or children, and who gave up their arms shall be allowed to go to their homes and live unmolested. In like manner, I would deal with the common insurgents. We could then deal more easily with the desperate characters. At present, all are held together from the very desperation of their condition. If this continue, it is difficult to foresee when the country will be pacified. When the enemy can no longer keep together behind walls in numbers, they will break up into small parties, plunder the country, and carry on a guerilla war.

At present, many Englishmen advocate a policy of extermination, never reflecting how injurious such a course of conduct must prove to ourselves. In the same way, they advocated the annexation of the Punjab in 1846, utterly forgetful, or rather in total ignorance, of the circumstance that we had not the means of carrying out such a measure. In both the Sikh wars matters were quickly adjusted and peace and security restored, because we dealt wisely with our enemies. After the first war, we treated the Sikhs as a nation with generosity. In the second war, we acted with equal consideration to them as individuals. While we put down crime with a strong hand, as regarded the past we were lenient and generous.

I fully admit that we have now to deal with a very different enemy. Still we should not also forget that, as a ruling power, we have also our shortcomings and want of foresight to answer for. We placed temptation and opportunity before the mutineers, which it was difficult to resist. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, committed themselves simply from the force of circumstances : on the one hand threatened with fire and sword if they refused ; on the other, plunder and social advantages were pressed on them. Many hesitated long, but seeing no vitality in our power, no prospect of succour, they concluded that the game was up, and began to act for themselves. It is well known that, in former days, the Mahratta armies were recruited by the people of the very provinces

which they were laying waste. Oppressed and plundered to-day, these people became robbers and plunderers in their turn. And so it may prove with our enemies. We cannot destroy them without injuring all their relations and connections. The one hundred thousand mutineers of the Bengal army and its contingents probably represent half a million of men. Will it not then be wise to reduce the number of desperadoes as far as possible? Unless matters are managed with great tact and judgment, our difficulties in Oude may only commence after the capture of Lucknow. The mutineers have their homes and families in Oude. They can fly no further. They will disperse, and may make a guerilla war of it against us.

A noble letter, remarkable alike for its statesmanship and its humanity! The views contained in it were supported, as I gather from other letters, by Sir James Outram from the beleaguered Alum Bagh, and by General Mansfield, who was the mainspring of the preparations for his liberation. But, for some reason or other, they were not acted upon by the authorities till it was too late, and with the consequences which Sir John Lawrence had predicted.

On February 28, Sir Colin Campbell set out from Cawnpore at the head of the most splendid British force which had ever been collected in India—a force consisting of some twenty thousand men and one hundred and eighty guns—to relieve Outram and reconquer Lucknow. The blindest of the mutineers could see that, henceforward, the cause of the Feringhis would not rest on moral force alone, and there was no one in the English army who did not feel convinced that the rebels, though they numbered over a hundred thousand men, would neither face us in the open field, nor offer a prolonged resistance behind their well-planned fortifications.

But would it be possible to destroy the enemy as a military force, and so, to prevent their escape in armed bodies to regions where we could hardly hope to meet them, face to face, again? That was the important question. It was one to which the heroic defender of the Alum Bagh, no less than the Commander-in-Chief, had given his most anxious thoughts. After many days of hard fighting, the city of Lucknow, which had, for nine long months, defied us, fell into our power. But an unfortunate order—the only mistake, perhaps, made by Sir Colin Campbell in his whole plan of operations—prevented Outram, as he thought,[1] from inflicting upon the retreating army a blow which must have turned their retreat into their rout, or

[1] See *Life of Outram*, by Sir Frederick Goldsmid, vol. ii. p. 332.

their annihilation ; and the rebel force lived to fight us for many a weary month to come.

Had an offer of pardon been made, even now, to the less guilty of the fugitives, it is probable that it would have sown dissension in their ranks, would have cut down their numbers, have saved many who deserved to be saved, and have encouraged the population of the country to declare themselves in our favour. Unfortunately, a proclamation of a very different character appeared—a proclamation not of a discriminating amnesty, but of an almost indiscrimate confiscation. It confiscated, in fact, with some insignificant exceptions, the whole of the land in Oude. Those who have nothing to lose have little to fear ; and what wonder if, finding that they had only their lives to sell, the mutineers determined to sell them as dearly as possible, in a guerilla warfare which would give us a minimum of profit and a maximum of anxiety and effort?

The circumstances and motives of this strange proclamation were partially explained by Lord Canning at a later period. But it carried dismay wherever it was known. It was condemned in India as in England. It found as little favour with Sir John Lawrence as with Sir James Outram. It was the more perplexing because it proceeded from the most humane, and courageous, and noble-minded of men, the man who had withstood the panic, and the passion, and the fierce cry for vengeance which rose from England and from Calcutta in the early days of the mutiny. The people who were to be dispossessed, as it seemed, by a stroke of the pen, of so much that they held dear, could hardly be said, in any true sense of the word, to be British subjects, and, certainly, they had received little benefit from their short-lived connection with us. So strong was the feeling at home on the subject that the scathing sarcasms in which the President of the Board of Control, who had been Governor-General himself, denounced the sentence of confiscation would not, perhaps, have been thought too strong for the occasion, or to have deserved more than severe condemnation, had he contented himself with the pleasure of pointing them to his taste and sending them as a 'secret despatch' to the object of his censures.

Other conquerors (wrote Lord Ellenborough in this famous missive), when they have succeeded in disarming resistance, have excepted a few persons as still deserving of punishment, but have, with a generous policy, extended their clemency to the great body of the people.

You have acted upon a different principle ; you have reserved a few

as deserving of special favour, and you have struck, with what they will feel as the severest of punishments, the mass of the inhabitants of the country.

We cannot but think that the precedents from which you have departed will appear to have been conceived in a spirit of wisdom superior to that which appears in the precedent you have made.

Such sounding periods were too good to be lost to the world, or even to be kept back from it for a month or two. And so, without even consulting the Cabinet of which he was a member, and without giving the Governor-General, to whom it was addressed, a chance of explaining, or modifying, or withdrawing what he had done, the author of the ridiculous 'Sandal-Wood Gates Proclamation' forthwith published his despatch in England, thus doing his best to undermine the authority of Lord Canning at a time when it needed every support that could be given to it. Such an outrage upon all the decencies of official life was enough to wreck a Cabinet, and it would certainly have done so, had not Lord Ellenborough, at once, resigned his seat.

Happily the confiscation turned out to be one chiefly in name. That it was never intended to do all that it appeared to do, is certain from the whole of Lord Canning's previous career; from the explanations which he subsequently gave; from the spirit in which he received the remonstrances of Outram and others and allowed them to add a saving clause at its close; and from the way in which, on the submission of the Talukdars, it was allowed to become almost a dead letter. But that it was a grave political mistake Lord Canning's most strenuous admirers will allow.

The Oude proclamation, in the first instance (says John Lawrence to Mangles on May 6), was calculated to do harm rather than good; to bind all men in one desperate confederation against us. To tell men that all their lands and property were confiscate, to allow them no *locus penitentiæ*, was to drive them to despair. What made it also the less reasonable, was that we should never have carried it out. Why not then, when beating down all opposition with one hand, hold out the olive branch with the other? I understand that the proclamation has since been modified, and I trust it is the case. Pray do not quote what I have said. I could not bear to say anything which looked ill-natured against Lord Canning, who has a sore task before him. I merely mention it in the hope that people in your position at home may lend your weight to a policy of conciliation towards all but the worst characters.

But the heavy burden, military and political, which must rest on

the shoulders of the Chief Commissioner of Oude, now that the rebel army had once more given us the slip, was not to fall on the man who had borne the brunt of the struggle at the Alum Bagh, and who was so much opposed to the confiscation policy which just now seemed to be in the ascendant. Outram received from the Government the highest recognition of his services which it was in its power to give, the post of Military Member of Council, and Robert Montgomery was summoned from the Punjab to take his place. What remarkable energy Montgomery had shown during the Mutiny no reader of this biography will need to be reminded. But a few lines, showing his chief's appreciation of him, written before there was any thought of separation, will be read with interest, now that the two men were about, after so life-long an intimacy, to take, for a time, different paths.

He is a fine fellow, brave as a lion, and gentle as a lamb. I don't know any man in India who has deserved better of Government than he has. When the insurrection broke out, I was at Rawul Pindi. It was mainly Robert Montgomery's moral courage and coolness and decision which kept things straight at Lahore. But for him, the Hindustani troops would not have been disarmed, in which case God only knows what would have happened.

Such a man it was hard to lose, especially while there were so many embers of the Mutiny still smouldering in the Punjab. But Sir John Lawrence was determined not to stand in the way of his old colleague. Montgomery had been in the Punjab ever since its annexation. He was a friend of both Lawrences, and in him their conflicting views might be said, if not to meet and harmonise, at all events, to lose their edge. He seemed, therefore, pre-eminently the man to bring the newly annexed, and still bitterly hostile, province of Oude under the domain of law, to succeed to the work of Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir James Outram, and to tone down the application of the sweeping Oude proclamation.

The Punjab, as we have seen, had sent forth with eager profusion its best soldiers, Nicholson and Chamberlain, Coke, Daly, Alexander Taylor, and many others, to play their parts before Delhi. It was now to send forth its best civilians, one by one, to some of the most difficult or important provinces in India, men who would discharge their trust with the maxims and in the spirit, and with something also of the insatiable appetite for work and the simple-minded devotion to duty, which they had acquired in the Lawrence school. It was a

self-emptying process, which can hardly yet be said to have spent its force. Sir Robert Montgomery in Oude was only the first of a long succession of Punjab civilians who, like Sir Donald Macleod or Sir Henry Davies, Sir George Campbell, Sir Richard Temple or Sir Charles Aitcheson, not to speak here of Sir John Lawrence himself, have risen to some of the highest posts in the Empire, and have filled them with an almost monotonously uniform success.

The Punjab has thus been the nurse of Indian statesmen as well as of Indian heroes; and when protests were, not altogether unnaturally, made to Lord Canning by distinguished civilians belonging to other provinces against the number of appointments which were being given by him to men trained in the Punjab, his only answer was to the effect that he was very sorry but he must take more. At such a time, the very best men must be brought to the front, independent of all considerations of precedent, seniority, or etiquette.

Of course what India gained, the Punjab lost. Sickness or death, or the demands of the service elsewhere, had already made great gaps in the ranks of those whose names will be for ever connected with the establishment of British rule in the Punjab. Henry Lawrence was sleeping at Lucknow; John Nicholson at Delhi; Montgomery was already Chief Commissioner of Oude, and Macpherson had been called away by Sir Colin Campbell to help him in his Oude campaign; Daly had gone into Rajpootana to help George Lawrence; and Robert Napier, who had just returned from England, was finding a splendid field for his military abilities in the North-West and in Central India. But enough of the old staff still remained to keep alive the spirit and to hand on to others unbroken the best traditions of the Punjab. There still remained with their chief, Donald Macleod, who was afterwards to become Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Becher and Thornton, Edwardes and James, Temple and Barnes, Lake and Pollock, Roberts and Ricketts, Douglas Forsyth, and Reynell Taylor. And, more than this, the places of those who were gone were, in many cases, filled by men who had left the Punjab in obedience to the demands of the Mutiny, but now gravitated back towards it. Thus Richard Lawrence returned from the charge of the Jummoo Contingent and the Jhujjer district, and became Military Secretary to his brother in the room of Macpherson. Neville Chamberlain, to John Lawrence's infinite delight, threw up the Adjutant-Generalship of the Bengal

army, and, having recovered from his wound, returned to the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, with which his heart had always been. Harry Lumsden, too, who had been shut up, with his brother Peter, a close prisoner in Candahar, at times in some danger of his life, and always pining for active and honourable service during the Mutiny in India, was, at length, relieved from his perilous solitary confinement, and returned to the command of the Guides, whom he had originally helped to raise.

The object of Lumsden's mission, it will be remembered, had been to see that the subsidy given by the English Government to the Ameer was applied to its proper purpose. But they had been able to see nothing of the kind. Close prisoners in Candahar, they had seen about as much of Afghanistan as a foreigner, accused of crime, might see of England from the windows of a railway carriage, as he travelled from London to York, under a strong escort of police. They returned, therefore, profoundly impressed with the folly and the danger involved in sending an Englishman to represent his country among a people so attached to their independence, so suspicious of foreigners, so treacherous and so ferocious as the Afghans.

Their mission did good service, at the time and for twenty years to come, in helping to drive this lesson home. And it may be well, now that the fate which befell Burnes and Macnaghten in 1841, and might at any time have befallen Lumsden in 1857, has, in the recurring cycle of our folly, befallen Cavagnari in 1879, to draw attention once more to the lessons for the future which may be learned from the nearly forgotten mission of the Lumsdens.

Among the letters of congratulation which had been crowding in upon Sir John Lawrence from all parts of the Empire, since the taking of Delhi, the first in point of interest must have been one from his former chief, Lord Dalhousie. Worn down by the inroads of rapidly increasing disease, and his superlative merits as an administrator temporarily obscured by the share which his annexations were then supposed to have had in bringing on the Mutiny, Lord Dalhousie had been watching, in dignified silence, but with rapt attention and interest, the bursting of the storm around his pet province and his Chief Lieutenant. If his annexations had in any way precipitated the storm, he could, at least, feel that it was by the province which he had first annexed, and by the Lieutenant whom he had himself placed there, that it had been, in great part, laid;

and little wonder if, while he still said nothing of himself, but confidently left the part he had played to the judgment of a remote posterity, he poured forth his sympathy to John Lawrence thus:—

Malta: November 28, 1857.

My dear John,—I have not troubled you with any letters during the last terrible months, because I felt assured that you would not doubt the deep interest with which I should watch your measures and their results; in which case I thought I should do well to abstain from occupying even a few minutes of your time. But now that a little blue sky is beginning to appear through the clouds, and now that the 'Gazette' has begun to speak, I must break silence, and congratulate you on the Red Ribbon (the G.C.B.) which you have so nobly won for yourself. Never was that honour more fully earned, and never has it been conferred with more unanimous assent from the country, than when it was allotted to you.

You will easily conceive with what pride I have seen the part you have played in these great scenes, and how the Punjab has been the great bulwark of defence for the Indian Empire, in the time of its seeming extremity. Be assured that your conduct and services are fully appreciated by your countrymen, and that they are conscious of and grateful for the invaluable aid that has been rendered by you, splendidly backed by Montgomery and by Nicholson, and, so far as I am able to see, by every man under your orders.

Once more let me congratulate you heartily and affectionately on your Ribbon, and on the fame of which it is the emblem. I knew, before I left England, that the Cabinet designed more than one mark of its confidence and approbation for you, and I have rejoiced in it all. I would to God that your brother Henry had lived to enjoy the honours which would, undoubtedly, have been accorded to him, and to share with your friends the pleasure which his warm and generous heart would have especially felt in witnessing the distinction you were earning for yourself, side by side with him. But he rests in the death he would himself have wished to die, and his name will long live after him.

Pray remember me to Montgomery, and to Edwardes, and Lake, and any of the old lot whom you may see. I remember you all, on my own behalf, with constant and grateful regard.

Lady Susan will not be content without my adding her best regards and congratulations to you. We are in this island for the winter. I hope it may do me good, for I am still quite disabled. Always, my dear John,

Most sincerely yours,
DALHOUSIE.

To this John Lawrence replied:—

Camp, *en route* from Mooltan to Lahore: January 14, 1858.

My dear Lord Dalhousie,—I have to thank you very sincerely for your kind letter of November 28. It is a source of very great satisfaction to me to find that my exertions are acknowledged and appreciated by my friends and my countrymen. This is indeed the best reward that any man can obtain, next to that of feeling that he has done his duty and been useful in his generation. Nevertheless, I am well pleased to receive the fresh decoration which has been given me.

We have indeed had a terrible time. Up to the capture of Delhi, the scales were trembling in the balance. The Punjabis of all classes have behaved admirably, and the zeal and the courage of the Punjab troops have far surpassed my hopes and expectations. Still, if Delhi had not fallen, we must have been ruined. Had the troops retreated, all must have been lost. Had indeed the storming not succeeded, all must have gone. To Nicholson, Alexander Taylor, of the Engineers, and Neville Chamberlain, the real merit of our success is due. Chamberlain was severely wounded soon after his arrival at Delhi, and, until the actual storm, was, in great measure, laid on the shelf. But when our troops got inside, and Nicholson was mortally wounded, Chamberlain again came to the front, and kept up the flagging spirits of our people and directed the movements of the troops. John Nicholson, from the moment of his arrival, was the life and the soul of the army. Before he went down he struck the only real blows which the mutineers received in the Punjab, he led the assault, and was the first man over the breach. Alexander Taylor, though only the second Engineer before Delhi, was really the officer who designed and arranged all the scientific operations which led to the success of the assault, and, in the actual attack, was as forward as any man that day.[1]

Since Delhi fell, all has gone well. There has been doubt, and hesitation, and delay, but always progress. The mutineers produced no one man of ability, or even of enterprise. Their fatuity was extreme. They,

[1] It has been justly pointed out by Colonel Yule, in his article on these volumes in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1883, (p. 318), that this sentence does an injustice, though no doubt an unintentional one, to Baird Smith, the Chief Engineer, 'one of the ablest and most distinguished of his corps, whether in peace or war.' . . . 'All honour' he writes, 'within the bounds of justice to other men—to Taylor! No man braver, brighter, so beloved, or half so indefatigable, was in the gallant band of Engineers at Delhi. His chief (Baird Smith) was in miserable health, worn by chronic diarrhœa and camp-scurvy, and, for a long period, confined to his quarters by a painful wound. Everything that could be done under such circumstances was done by him in a very masterly way. The great considerations connected with organisation, provision of siege material, advice to the General, &c., were so dealt with by him. Taylor was undoubtedly the ubiquitous, unresting director in the trenches, where, with a few exceptions, the works were planned as well as supervised by him; but all and every vital act was done either 'under the orders or with the intelligent cognisance of Baird Smith, and on his sole responsibility.' Nicholson's letter quoted above (p. 112) quite supports this view.

literally, seem seldom to have advanced until we were ready to meet them. The Jodhpore Legion walked into our hands. The Gwalior mutineers, whose presence at Delhi would have given the victory to their cause, never moved. Had they even confronted the pursuing Column under Colonel Grant, disaster must have occurred. But no; they waited, and attacked Cawnpore when eight hundred Europeans were ready to meet them. I think that the neck of the Mutiny is broken. There is no one military body who have not in their turn been defeated; and none fight with power the second time, except when behind walls. We have taken the greater part of their guns, and the defeat and capture of the rest can only be the work of time. The danger, however, is that guerilla warfare may follow. Then, again, the whole civil administration has to be reorganised, and a new military system devised. It seems to me difficult to see how all this is to be done.

For myself, my thoughts are bent on home. I can never hope to retire at a more auspicious juncture. There is nothing to induce me to pass the rest of my life in exile. So long as I am useful, I shall be Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. But this will never enable me to keep a son at home in my old age. I say not all this in the way of complaint, but simply to account to your Lordship for my movements. I had arranged to go home with my wife this very month, but a sense of honour and duty has bound me to my post. I trust that the political horizon will be cleared enough to allow me to take my *congé* in another year. My wife left Mooltan a few days ago for England in very delicate health. I was rejoiced, however, to see her and my children on their way home. India, for many a day, will be no place for English women.

My poor brother Henry died nobly at his post. To his intelligence and foresight the whole of the Lucknow garrison owe their lives. Nothing but these precautions could have enabled our people to make the stand they have done. All our Punjab officers have done well—General Sydney Cotton, Herbert Edwardes, Robert Montgomery, my brother Richard, and Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson in particular.

I regret much to hear that your Lordship is still so great a sufferer. Should you be at Malta as I pass through, I will make a point of landing and calling. Pray present my compliments to Lady Susan.

Another letter of congratulation which reached John Lawrence about the same time as that of Lord Dalhousie, must have been almost equally acceptable to him. Sir Charles Trevelyan, in his energy and his vivacity, his thirst for reform, his hatred of corruption, his sympathy with the oppressed and with the masses everywhere, was a man very much after John Lawrence's own heart. Macaulay, who was soon afterwards to become his brother-in-law, describes him in one of his most lifelike letters thus:—

He is a most stormy reformer. Lord William Bentinck said to me, before anyone had observed his attentions to Nancy: 'That man is almost always on the right side in every question, and it is well that it is so, for he gives a most confounded deal of trouble when he happens to take the wrong one.' . . . He is the soul of every scheme for diffusing education among the natives of this country. . . . He has no small talk; his mind is full of schemes of moral and intellectual improvement, and his zeal boils over in his talk. His topics, even in courtship, are steam navigation, the education of the natives, the equalisation of the sugar duties, the substitution of the Roman for the Arabic alphabet in the Oriental languages.[1]

What Trevelyan was as a young man in 1834 at Delhi, that he has been all his life, and that he is in 1881, at the moment when I am writing. In 1857, he had written a series of admirable letters upon Indian subjects to the 'Times,' under the then well-known signature of 'Indophilus.' He was therefore just the man to whom John Lawrence could open out his views on the important questions which were crying for solution in India. The series of letters which John Lawrence wrote to him are, in my opinion, among the most remarkable he wrote at all. But I am only able to quote a few salient passages :—

Camp, Mooltan Road: December 16, 1857.

My dear Trevelyan,—Many thanks for your letter of October 20, and kind congratulations. We have just been passing through a frightful ordeal. It is by God's mercy alone that an English person is alive on this side of India. I recognised your old signature (in the 'Times') at once. I don't think I saw all your letters, but I did see most of them, and liked all I saw, though I do not think that Delhi would answer for our metropolis, in consequence of its insalubrity. I am glad you do not advocate its destruction. It is a position of great importance, and should be held by us. We have been almost as much to blame for what has occurred as have the people.

I have, as yet, neither seen nor heard anything to make me believe that any conspiracy existed beyond the army; and even in it, one can scarcely say there was a conspiracy. The cartridge question was to my mind, indubitably, the immediate cause of the revolt. But the army had for a long time been in an unsatisfactory state. It had long seen and felt its power. We had gone on, year by year, adding to its numbers, without adding to our European force. Our contingents, which, under better arrangements, might, like the Punjab troops, have acted as a counterpoise, were really a part of the army. All the men were 'Poor-

[1] *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by George Trevelyan, M.P., vol. i. p 387.

beas.' The Bengal army was one great brotherhood, in which all the members felt and acted in union.

Our treasuries, arsenals, forts were all garrisoned by them. As one letter I intercepted said, it was a *saf mydan* (a clear level) from Delhi to Calcutta, and as a Hindustani observed to a Sikh friend of mine, the proportion of European soldiers to Hindustanis was about equal to the salt a man consumed in his chupatti. The Mohammedans took advantage of the revolt to convert it into a religious and political affair. The missionaries and, indeed, religion, really speaking, had nothing to do with the matter. It was an affair of caste, of personal impurity. Both Hindu and Mohammedan believed that we meant by a bit of legerdemain to make them all Christians. Religion, as you know, with them, consists in matters of ceremony. Provided missionaries talked to them without acrimony, I believe they would never have objected to their talking for ever on religion. This, however, only applies to the body of the people, including the soldiers. Of course there are many fanatics. A sense of power, then, defective discipline, and want of sufficient employment ruined the Bengal army. Reform was impracticable, for the officers would not admit that any was necessary, and nobody not in the army was supposed to know anything about it.

I think that we have now weathered the storm. The worst seems over. But great and radical changes are necessary, and who is to effect them? We need a man at the head of affairs of great heart and head, and of vast experience. Nothing short of this will do what is necessary. Condign punishment should of course be meted out to all murderers and the leaders of mutiny. But I see every danger of justice degenerating into revenge of a savage character. Already we hear of strange deeds being perpetrated by private individuals at Delhi and elsewhere. Already it looks too like a general war of white man against black. There is little fear that offenders will escape the just penalty of their crimes; there is much that many innocent people will suffer. It was a great misfortune that troops, even in small numbers, were not sent out overland. Thousands of natives who, in the first instance, kept aloof, fell off, thinking that our hour was come. They would have sided with us if they had seen a chance; but with the general defection around, and no aid within hail, it is not surprising if they were carried away also.

We should have a European army of at least double its former strength in India, carefully kept up to the maximum strength. The native army should be no greater than is absolutely necessary. It should be officered by men carefully selected and removable simply because they were not successful in the discharge of their duties. The Mutiny Act, as regards native soldiers, should be abolished—at any rate, made to accord with common sense. No man should escape punishment for technical reasons. The officers should be selected in England

by competition, as is done with civilians. They should join European corps and learn their duty and habits of discipline, and selections should be made from this body for native corps. Officers so selected should receive extra pay, and so have a strong inducement to exert themselves and give satisfaction. The cry for numbers of officers for native corps is merely a cry for rapid promotion. The police should be reorganised and divided into two bodies—organised police on military principles for guards of gaols, treasuries and the like, and detective police for other duties. The latter will not be benefited by drill. This does not give discipline and moral training, which is what is wanted. Select such men carefully, pay them properly, look after them thoroughly, reward and punish promptly, and you will have good police. So far from being surprised at their faults, I only wonder they did so much as they did. The Sepoys in the army would never have done one-fourth of their work.

The condition of the Lawrence Asylum had for some months past been an object of anxiety to Sir John Lawrence. Since the death of his brother, its founder and chief supporter, contributions had fallen off so much that there was fear lest its usefulness might be seriously curtailed at the very time when, owing to the increase of European soldiers in India, it would be most required and appreciated. It was able, under the care of the Rev. W. Parker, to give 340 boys and girls—all the orphans of European soldiers—a home, an education, and, in most cases also, the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and all this in a climate eminently suited to Europeans. It would have been sad indeed if such an institution had been allowed to fall; and John Lawrence, moved by brotherly as well as by wider considerations, threw himself heartily into the work. He had already obtained, by direct application to Lord Canning, a grant from Government, and now his correspondence with Trevelyan gave him the opportunity of urging its claims for a permanent endowment upon the committee charged with the distribution of the funds which had been raised in London for the sufferers in the Mutiny. What the result of his influence and exertions was, is borne witness to by the existence, not of 'the Lawrence Asylum,' but of 'the Lawrence Asylums' at Kussowlie, at Aboo, and at Ootacamund, and by the noble work they have done ever since.

Another of his letters to Trevelyan deals with the question of throwing open the Civil Service to public competition, and contains many characteristic opinions and remarks, which, if some of them

seem like truisms now, it will be remembered were paradoxes, or nearly paradoxes, then.

Camp, near the head of the Bari Doab Canal: April 23, 1858.

My dear Trevelyan,—The mail is about to go out, and I have little time to answer your letter of March 11. However, I have often thought over many of the points discussed in your memorandum, and will give you my opinion to the best of my ability.

I am a strong advocate for extending the competition system throughout all branches of the army. I am sure it will work well. As yet, time has not allowed for a fair trial in our Civil Service, but the specimens which it has furnished to the Punjab have been favourable. We have received three of these civilians; none of them have been at work more than about one year, and all are well thought of—all are above the average. One in particular (Aitcheson) promises to make a capital officer. Montgomery, to my great regret, has been carried off to Oude. I think, with Dr. Vaughan, that it is a mistake to suppose that a clever boy, who has obtained high proficiency at school, cannot be an adept at manly exercises. I think also that mere bookworms are not likely to be candidates for the English services. The circumstance that a boy is willing to come forward and compete for an appointment where the standard is high, is indicative of a certain amount of 'grit' in his composition. Moreover, admitting that a few bookworms do find their way into the service, there are parts which will suit them and in which they may do good service. Such men are in every respect superior as public officers to a regular dunce—a thorough hard bargain. . . .

Nothing can be more important than to secure for the army a body of really able officers, of men who have received a good education, and, from boyhood, have been accustomed to use their intellects. With an army so officered it would be impossible for any Government to appoint incapable commanders. Public opinion would not permit such abuses. As it is now, mediocrity is the rule of the day; capacity the exception. Public sympathy, even in the army, is in favour of a chief of inferior talents. It is considered cruel to pass him over. Nothing short of a calamity will ensure a proper selection. The zeal, energy, ability, and real experience, which prevent misfortune, are seldom to be found in high quarters. . . .

I have always considered that the maximum age for civilians might be reduced with advantage. We want well-educated gentlemen rather than first-rate scholars. Men who come to India at a comparatively mature age, such as clergymen and lawyers, seldom like the country, and are apt not to sympathise, as they should do, with the natives: I would certainly place the examinations under the control of a carefully organised Department. Otherwise the papers may not maintain an

equable standard, and a different estimate be placed at different times on the same subject. Clerical appointments should be given to the candidates of the highest character. We have some admirable clergymen in India, but they are not, as a body, what they might be. We do not find that piety and zeal which are so desirable.

Again, I would recommend that officers should not first be separately posted to the Cavalry and Infantry. I would appoint them all to the Infantry. It is difficult for an officer to judge for which of the two branches he is best suited until he has been in the service some time. Peculiar qualifications are necessary to make a good Cavalry officer. A whole regiment is paralysed if its commander prove unequal to an opportunity. As officers advance in life, some become unfitted for this branch of the service. They become fat and unwieldy. They lose the nerve and dash essential in a good Cavalry officer. In India this is particularly the case. But such officers might do well in any grade in the Infantry. One of the reasons why the Regular native Cavalry has so seldom distinguished itself may be attributed to this circumstance. The best Cavalry officers in the Indian service have not belonged to the Regular Cavalry.

Again, I am a strong advocate for the system at present in force in India. That is, I would neither have all officers, in the first instance, appointed military men, nor would I prevent the latter holding civil appointments. In the first place, it is a great advantage to Government having the power of employing able soldiers in this way. I look on it that the administration of the Punjab has greatly benefited by the mixture of civilians and military men. It has excited a wholesome competition. If we really deserve any credit for the management of the Punjab, it is because we have steadfastly endeavoured to improve the administration. We have encouraged zeal and ability, and have used all our powers to get rid of incapable officers. Hence, with many defects, we have attained fair success. In the North-West the civilians look on the service too much as a vested right. This is not the case here. Again, surely able soldiers have not degenerated by civil employment. I hold that the very reverse has been the case, and that they have become more efficient soldiers from the very opportunities which civil employment has given them. The great want in the army is administrative experience. Civil employment supplies this defect. General John Jacob, John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, my brother Henry were (or are) all good soldiers, and their civil experience improved their natural gifts. The way in which the English act is quite unreasonable. No objection is raised to an officer, who has been twenty years vegetating in Her Majesty's army, afterwards holding the highest military posts. But an outcry is raised and the service is considered to suffer when an officer of the Indian army even returns to his regiment after improving his natural abilities, and extending his experience, in civil employment.

I think the Council question is a very difficult one. Your scheme appears a better one for the public service than Lord Palmerston's, but, if the members are to have no voice in the final decision, it seems very difficult for them to take a sufficient interest in it. After thoroughly mastering a subject and caring for it in all its details, to have one's opinion quietly set aside, perhaps by a chief who did not understand it at all, would surely be gall and bitterness. Delhi will, I hope, now do very well. I stopped the different civil officers hanging at their own will and pleasure, and appointed a Commission, since which matters have greatly improved, and confidence among the natives has been restored. It was most unfortunate —— being in power at Delhi. He did a great deal of harm. He has, however, now gone home. I was sorry myself for the Bullubghur Raja, but I believe he deserved his fate. Whatever may have been his real views and wishes, he took a decided part against us.

Matters are slowly improving in the North-West. The mutineers cannot stand a moment before our troops. The insurgents are beaten down everywhere. But we neither kill them nor forgive them. They escape, break up into guerilla parties, and plunder the country. We ought long ago to have had a discriminating amnesty, that is, an amnesty which included all but the murderers in cold blood of our countrymen and countrywomen. It must come to this after we have lost a few thousand more of our soldiers by exposure and disease.

The reconstruction of the civil government will be no easy task. The Governor-General, having already more work on his hands than he could manage, has now undertaken the administration of the North-West Provinces. Montgomery is perhaps the best man available for Oude. He did admirably here, and I am under the greatest obligations to him. I hope his merits will be acknowledged and rewarded. General S. Cotton and Herbert Edwardes also have been of effective service.

But Government still held out no hopes of an amnesty. The 'Special Commissioners' were still using, and in too many cases abusing, the special powers of life and death committed to them, under the most ghastly of necessities, by Lord Canning. He knew that the power was being abused, and he was deeply pained by it, and in several cases which were brought before him rebuked the offender with all the weight of his moral dignity. But he did not, as yet, see his way to withdrawing the trust generally. He was able therefore to deal only with the symptoms, not with the source of the disease, and the result was that, in some districts, no native soldier, I might almost say no native, felt his life to be safe. The scenes which I have described at Delhi were being or had been witnessed at Cawnpore, at Benares, at Allahabad, and elsewhere on an even

more terrible scale. 'Things were done and gloried in during those times,' writes to me one who, at the time of the Mutiny, filled one of the highest offices in the Indian Empire, 'which would have disgraced the king of Ashanti.' A 'white Pandy' was the term of reproach thrown in the teeth of those who dared to talk of justice or humanity, or to hint that the time had come when none but proved mutineers and murderers should be put to death. It is easier to awake the appetite for hanging and shooting than to satisfy it. There were certain civilians and military officers who were notorious throughout the whole of India for their thirst for blood. 'Peafowls, partridges, and Pandies rose together,' says one military sportsman and writer, who has unconsciously blazoned his own shame and those of his cloth, 'but the latter gave the best sport. 'The Avenger' was the apt nickname given to one of these worthies; 'Attila' to another. Those who thought or acted otherwise were browbeaten or insulted by the frequenters of the cutcherries and messes. 'What am I to do?' said J. H. Batten, the Judge of Cawnpore, who from the moment of his arrival there in January, had set his face against such deeds, to Sir James Outram, who, like the best and bravest soldiers of the time—Colin Campbell, Mansfield, Hope Grant, and Ingl[illegible]—shrank from shedding blood otherwise than on the field of battle or after a legal trial—'what am I to do?' 'Do you fear God or man?' replied Sir James. 'If you fear God, do as you have hitherto done, and bear the insults of your revilers. If you fear man and the mess, let them hang their number every day.'

The general outlook was thus becoming worse and worse, and Sir John Lawrence, on May 19, wrote thus to Trevelyan:—

> We are not doing very well out here. We are making progress, but it is very slow. From one cause or another, much valuable time was lost in the cold weather, and at last, when Lucknow was attacked, the great body of the mutineers were allowed to slip through our hands. This, indeed, has happened everywhere. Finding that they cannot face us in the field, or indeed in masses even behind walls, and that they have lost most of their guns, and seeing no hopes of pardon, they are breaking up into guerilla parties. In this way, they worry and harass our troops a good deal, and I do not see the end of it. We have had some little *contretemps* arising from bad management. But our real enemy is the climate. While we march one mile the mutineers move three. It is something like setting bulldogs to run down jackals. Neither European infantry nor European cavalry can do it. What little is done is effected by the Punjabi cavalry. But the tendency is to move large massive

brigades, encumbered with many carts and tents, commanded by officers who desire to risk nothing and act according to the rules of war.

Now what the occasion demands is a very different system. We should hold central points and send out flying brigades under young but experienced soldiers—men who really understand what guerilla warfare requires. Such troops, unencumbered with baggage except what they carried on ponies and mules, and able, on an emergency, to move thirty or forty miles and deal their blow, would soon produce great results. At present, the North-West is perfectly quiet, only exposed to predatory incursions from the left bank of the Ganges, and the right of the Jumna below Calpi. In Oude we hold nothing beyond ten miles from Lucknow, except along the line of the Cawnpore road. The country does not seem in the least degree settled.

We have taken Bareilly, and reconquered all the north of Rohilkund. I think that that province will settle down. By all accounts the Hindus are in our favour, for there the Mohammedans showed the cloven foot. Bundelcund is in the hands of the insurgents. Central India is also a good deal disturbed. There are signs of mischief brewing in Nagpore. But European troops are quite unequal to holding the country unaided. We have sixty thousand Punjabi troops of various kinds under arms, upwards of twenty thousand of whom are in Hindustan. But these are inadequate for the subjection of the country, if we are to wage a war of extermination.

But strong measures appear to be the order of the day. Everybody calls out for war to the knife, never seeming to see that we really have not the means of carrying out such a policy. If some change is not made, we may have the present state of affairs for a year or so; perhaps more. No mutineer ever surrenders; for directly he is caught, he is shot or hanged. Naturally enough, all desire to die fighting. I am inclined to think that if we held out hopes of personal security to the least guilty of the mutineers, they would come in, give up their arms, and go to their homes. These we might, hereafter, keep under police surveillance. In the meantime, we should have breathing time to hunt the desperadoes, the murderers of our women and children. But so long as all are classed under one head, all will hold together and resist to the death. I feel very anxious on this subject, for we are very weak all over the country, and not the least so even in the Punjab. We have barely ten thousand Europeans from the banks of the Jumna, including Delhi, westwards, and Peshawur takes a large slice out of these. We have full eighteen thousand Hindustani soldiers to watch, so that we are literally tied by the leg. If any row broke out we should find it difficult to move fifteen hundred men. There is danger also that the Punjabis may see our weakness, and their opportunity, and then what would become of us?

In the meantime, war and general insecurity is becoming the normal

state of the country. If matters do not settle down of themselves—for we shall certainly not do it ourselves—England must send out twenty thousand European soldiers per annum to keep up eighty thousand men in India. Sunstroke, fever, dysentery, and fatigue will otherwise soon make an end of our armies.

The enemy had, at length, been driven out of Rohilkund, but they had not been destroyed as a military force. They had given the slip twice over to Sir Colin Campbell, and had fallen back into Oude to await the opening of a new campaign—a campaign which could not begin till the cool weather came. Meanwhile, they were amusing themselves by making raids across the Rohilkund border, carrying fire and sword into the peaceable villages, and were back again before our troops could come to the rescue. In Oude itself, we held, 'little beyond the reach of our guns;' and, worse still, early in June, the town of Gwalior—though happily not its famous fort—fell into the hands of the rebels, while the Maharaja had to fly for his life. Sir John Lawrence knew what this implied, and he lost no time in pressing upon Sir Colin Campbell the importance of recovering it instantly and at any cost, of calling for large reinforcements from England, and of once more begging the Government to build a golden bridge for the more innocent of our enemies.

If Sir Hugh Rose be unable to attack and expel the mutineers, we may anticipate a general insurrection in that country, which will probably extend through Central India. As Government will not hear of an amnesty for any of the mutineers, I think we should prepare for a campaign on an extensive scale in the cold weather. It is essential to us that we should either condone the offences of the least guilty of the mutineers, or destroy them. To defeat them without destroying them, will not bring peace or security. They have nowhere to fly to. They must obtain terms, or fight it out with us. I have always thought that the advance on Lucknow, or, at any rate, after we had expelled them from that city, was the time to admit such as were willing, exclusive of the cold-blooded murderers, to terms. It will now be more difficult to bring them to terms, because the severity of the season prevents our exerting a sufficient pressure on them.

Still I would counsel that an amnesty be offered to all but the worst offenders. Whether it be accepted or not, it will do good; for, even if refused, it will gradually breed disunion and insecurity among the mutineers. I feel, however, persuaded that by a little management, thousands would give up their weapons, and return to their homes. At first, only a few might surrender, but as others saw that they were fairly treated, they would also come in. Whatever policy, however, is pursued, as regards

the treatment of the mutineers, I think it would be well to write urgently to England, so as to get out as large a body of Cavalry as possible. I look on it that every month this war lasts, it is a serious blow to our prestige and power in India, and even in Europe. No man can foresee indeed what may happen. By the cold weather, we may have a war on this frontier. The army of the Maharaja of Kashmere is by no means in a satisfactory state, and we may have an outbreak there. He has by no means the ability and prestige of his father. A considerable number of our mutineers have taken refuge in his border villages, and he is unwilling or afraid to seize and give them up. . . . I wish indeed that I could have met you. Hitherto it would not have been politic for me to have left the Punjab, even for a few days. I have not been well lately. Plenty of work and the heat in camp have told on me. If better, I shall go down in July when the rain has fallen, and possibly might manage to meet you. But my presence in the country, just now, and indeed while the struggle lasts, is of importance.

What Sir John Lawrence urged thus forcibly on the Commander-in-Chief, he was not the man to refrain from urging in equally forcible terms on the Governor-General himself:—

Should we not recover Gwalior very soon, its loss will scarcely fail to have an injurious effect on our interests. The country is very strong, and the fort one of the most formidable fortresses in India. Its loss may lead indeed to a general insurrection in Central India. Under any circumstances, it would appear to me politic to prepare for a campaign on a large scale next cold weather. . . . Lastly, I would again venture to recommend that some mercy should be extended to the mutineers of those corps which did not murder our countrymen and countrywomen. I feel persuaded myself that if this be done, and if those that first surrender are sent in safety to their homes, good results must arise.

I know how unpopular such a policy will prove, but I know also how essentially necessary it is if we desire to put an end to the contest, and pacify the country. If the promise of their lives, and safe return to their homes, do not bring in any of the mutineers, after all, we are in no worse a position than at present. Indeed, I would urge that even then we are in a better one. We shall show the world that we have some feelings of mercy. We shall show many of the mutineers that their condition is not altogether desperate. Our policy will sow dissension and distrust among our enemies, and lessen therefore both the means and the inducement to resist to the death.

Sir John Lawrence wrote in much the same strain to Meredith Townsend, the able editor of the 'Friend of India,' a paper which, in his time as in that of his predecessor, John Marshman, and of

his successor, Dr. George Smith, stood, in point of information, of ability, and of independence, at the head of Anglo-Indian journalism; and it is hardly necessary to add that he obtained the sympathy and support which he asked. But he was also determined, as far as possible, to bring his influence to bear on the Home Government as well; and, with this view, on June 16, he wrote letters to Lord Dalhousie, who had just returned from Malta to England, and to Lord Stanley, who had lately become President of the Board of Control. The letter to Lord Dalhousie is the last which he wrote to him, and is characteristic in every line of it. That to Lord Stanley is the first of a remarkable series of letters, which I regret that I have not room to quote in full.

Murri: June 16, 1858.

My dear Lord Dalhousie,—I have not written to you much since this Mutiny broke out; for I have had much to do, and I knew also that you were suffering. I think, however, that we are now at a stage in the crisis when I must not only write, but ask for the aid of your still potent voice.

We are, I conceive, in great difficulties in India, and I do not think that our position is, by any means, known or appreciated at home. England has done much for us, but she should do more, if we are to recover our lost prestige and diminished power. Her delay in sending out reinforcements in the first instance was well-nigh fatal. As it was, it did us immense harm. It caused thousands to become compromised who would otherwise have remained true. We have never recovered this mistake, and the policy which has hitherto been pursued has enhanced our difficulties. All the bad passions of our nature have been excited. It has been a war of extermination against mutineers, and, in many instances, even against insurgents. It has become, to some extent, a war of races. The consequence has been that we have an uphill part to play—a part which, I may add, is beyond our resources and our power. While denouncing vengeance on our enemies, we have let them slip through our hands on every occasion. . . . At Delhi, we had not the means of punishing them. At other places we have allowed them to escape. It has become a great guerilla war. East of the Jumna we are nowhere secure beyond the range of our guns. Slowly we march our heavy Columns after the mutineers; as we come up, they disperse and assemble at another point. Each expedition costs us the lives of many brave men from exposure. We might as well set bulldogs to run down foxes as European soldiers to catch Hindustanis. We require native troops for the purpose, and we have none to speak of, except Punjabis. Old and new ones together, we have already 59,000 on my rolls, and more than 60,000 if we count all classes. More are required, but to raise more would be very dangerous.

We want more European troops from England; a good body of real light Cavalry. We require a thorough change of policy. We want a discriminative amnesty; that is to say, an amnesty which, excepting all cold-blooded murderers, would allow all others to go and live at their homes in peace, provided they obeyed the laws. We require also a man at the head of affairs with real vigour and promptitude, a man who can see what is to be done in the twinkling of an eye, and, seeing it, will have his own way. If a goodly body of troops be sent out by October next, and a proper system of tactics be introduced, coupled with a policy of vigour, combined with consideration, we shall yet do well. Otherwise it is difficult to foresee what may not occur, and I am quite certain that we shall not see the end of this rebellion for several years. People have no idea of our real position. Now, merely as a question of finance, it is far better to spend money now, and by a vigorous effort to beat down opposition, than allow it to extend over a series of years.

I am a good deal the worse for continuous and hard work. I had arranged to go home last February, but this was rendered impossible by the Mutiny. I am very anxious, however, to get away, and nothing but a sense of honour induces me to remain. Directly I can see an opening I shall go home. It is little use my writing to people in power in England. There I possess no influence. You, my Lord, are differently situated; you have done great things for India. By coming forward now, and inducing the Ministry to act decidedly, you may be instrumental in saving this great Empire to England. In one word, we want more European soldiers in India, and—a dictator.

The resignation of Lord Ellenborough, 'a new, inauspicious element,' as Prince Albert had aptly called him, in the Derby administration, after the publication of his sweeping censure of the Oude Proclamation, had saved the Cabinet of which he had been a member, and had brought into his place a man who, by sound judgment, by his 'statesmanlike insight into character and race,' and by his interest in India, stimulated, but not first aroused, by his travels there in 1852, seemed well fitted to preside over its destinies, while it was passing from the nominal sway of the Company to that of the Crown, and to make a solid contribution towards the settlement of the great questions—military, political, and religious—which had been raised by the Mutiny. We have seen, in an earlier chapter, how, by his visit to Lahore, and by his journey along the Derajat frontier, Lord Stanley had made the acquaintance and had come to appreciate the characters of both the Lawrences. And it was fortunate for England and for India that, at this critical juncture, the abounding knowledge of India possessed by Sir John Lawrence was placed at the disposal

of Lord Stanley, and welcomed by him, as such knowledge will always be welcomed by a true statesman.

Murri: June 16, 1858.

My dear Lord Stanley,—I do not think that I have ever written you a line since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Lahore. Our paths have lain in such different directions, and we have both been so fully employed, that little time or occasion for communication has existed. We are now, however, passing through a great crisis in India, and on its proper management will, in a great measure, depend not only the future destinies of this great appanage of England, but the very security of her sons and daughters in India. We are by no means progressing out here in the satisfactory manner people seem to think in England.

Up to the fall of Delhi, it was a struggle for existence. After that event matters greatly improved. It gave indeed a deadly blow to the Mutiny. It was also followed up with some vigour. A Division followed up the enemy, and gave them little rest. Brigades scoured the country, and, in many places, reduced the people to obedience. The large reinforcements which landed from England proved to the mutineers and insurgents that English soldiers were forthcoming. The delay, however, in attacking Lucknow; the escape of the great body of the mutineers from that city; and their, I may say, general escape on every occasion, when we might have cut up large bodies of them, and the policy which has been laid down, have operated for much mischief. We are now, I believe, in a worse condition than we have yet been since the fall of Delhi. The mutineers have now learnt how to fight us to advantage. They spread themselves over the country, and coerce and overawe the people. They plunder and murder our friends, and collect the revenue. As we advance in one direction, they make for another. In the meantime the climate is more deadly than the enemy. It kills our European soldiers by hundreds and thousands. By the time the cold weather arrives, the season for active military operations, we shall have no sufficient body of soldiers to take the field. We have Oude to reconquer. In that province we hold nothing beyond the range of our guns at Lucknow. Gwalior has fallen into the hands of the mutineers with, I fear, a couple of million of treasure. Unless we can retake it, which is at least problematical, a general insurrection, throughout the Mahratta States, may be anticipated. Central India is a strong country, difficult for military operations; and, with plenty of money, soldiers can be procured in any numbers. We have re-occupied Rohilkund, but that province, the Gangetic Doab, Benares and Behar, are overrun by large bands of guerillas. The people are rapidly becoming accustomed to war and rapine; in fact, falling back into the old state in which they were plunged before we became the supreme power in India. In England,

80,000 or 100,000 of our troops appear a prodigious force, but when quotas are told off for all parts of India, such a body of soldiers is, really, very small. Out of these, moreover, large deductions for casualties must be made. Before, perhaps, a single regiment landed from England in 1857, we must have been from 8,000 to 10,000 men below our complement. Since then, several thousands have died, and still more have been disabled. I should doubt much if 50,000 English troops are, at this moment, available.

We are all quiet in the Punjab, and even down to the banks of the Jumna. But, day by day, the scenes in Hindustan must be producing their effects. Contrary to sound policy, but driven by the sheer necessity of our position, I have raised large bodies of Punjabi soldiers, and have still to raise more. I have 57,000 of these troops on my rolls. We have only Punjabi troops with which to hold the country and aid in reconquering Hindustan. These troops have behaved admirably hitherto. But it is not in human nature that they should not see of how much importance they are to us, how much the success of the present struggle depends on them. It is not wise, it is not politic that this should go on.

I would also say a few words on the policy which has hitherto prevailed. It has all along appeared to me that the press, the European society, and the Government have taken too high a line. With the majority of Englishmen the cry has been, 'War to the knife!' totally forgetting that such a policy requires proportionate power. Now it seems to me that, setting aside all considerations of mercy and humanity, we have not the means of enforcing such a policy. If every insurgent, or even every mutineer, is to be put to death, or transported beyond the seas, we shall require 200,000 European soldiers, and, even then, we shall not put down all opposition in half a dozen years. Is England prepared to send out these troops? Is England prepared to send out from twenty to thirty thousand troops annually to supply casualties? If she is not, it behoves you all to meet the difficulty fairly, and to decide what ought to be done. Our prestige is gone! our power literally slipping away. In attempting to compass an impracticable policy we are endangering our very Empire in the East. I am no advocate for forgiving the murderers of our women and children. I would hunt all such wretches down. But, to do this effectually, we must discriminate between the mutineers. At present, every man who is caught is hanged or shot. Who will surrender under such circumstances? Thus all classes of mutineers or insurgents are bound together by the very desperation of their position. When we advanced on Lucknow with our large and efficient force, and with our tremendous Artillery, we should have offered terms to all but the cold-blooded murderers. Entrenched behind their fortifications, few would have then surrendered. But our

offers would have become well known, and would have led to discussion and dissension and insecurity. When the insurgents had once been driven out of Lucknow, our proclamations would have begun to bear fruit, and, provided only that those who came in first were treated leniently, more would have followed. By this time, thousands of men now in arms would probably be sitting down quietly in their villages. We have missed a good opportunity, and have thereby aggravated our difficulties.

But, even now, it is not too late. While doing all we can to separate the less guilty from the desperadoes, we must also be in a position to deal heavy and rapid blows on all those who continue in arms. Our offers of life and personal security will bear fruit most abundantly when backed by real power. In the one hand we should hold out the olive branch, and with the other deal destruction. To enable us to do this, England should send out every man that can be spared. All should be out here early in October. We are in great want of good Light Cavalry. Two or three thousand Yeomanry selected for the especial work, and coming out here for two or three years' service would prove invaluable. Our Heavy English Cavalry, except in a stand-up fight, are nearly useless. With a large and efficient European force, we can then raise any number of native troops. Without a considerable body of such auxiliaries, we can indeed neither reconquer the country nor hold it, if reconquered. With a sufficient European army, such troops, properly disciplined and commanded, would prove perfectly innocuous. Above all, we require for this purpose the best man whom England can provide, and this man should be invested with unlimited power. Ability, force of character, knowledge, are all essential to bring matters to a successful issue.

Pray do not suppose that there is any personal motive in what I have said. I have been, hitherto, contented to hold my own post, and do my duty to the best of my ability. I neither look for, nor desire, nor expect anything for myself. I have served now twenty-nine years in India. I have had my share of work. My health is much shaken, and my sole desire is to return home and settle down among my children. I have no aspirations for employment in India, but when I retire I should like to do so with honour. I should like to do it when I saw that real danger was over. I had made up my mind to go home last February. But this was impossible. My present wish is to get off next February.

I make no apologies for this long letter. One in your position can do much. I can do little but give you a true account of affairs. I do not ask you to take for granted all I say. Test it by your own sources of information. Compare what I say with what others say, with what you can glean from the public prints. Even supposing that I have over-

estimated difficulties, no reasonable man, who is behind the scenes, can deny that our position is, in a high degree, precarious and dangerous. Even as a matter of economy, it is better to make a great effort now to trample down rebellion than to allow it to continue for years. Every day the war lasts is fraught with dangers, many of which it is difficult even to foresee. We may have a war in Europe. We may have a commotion in Central Asia. The changes which the death of Ameer Dost Mohammed Khan would cause at Cabul and Khorassan must be great. They may lead to an embroglio along our western border. The continuous struggle in which we are engaged may lead to combinations among the different powerful chiefs in the country. They have seen the Maharaja of Gwalior driven in disgrace from his own kingdom. They have no security that the demoralisation will not extend to their own troops. They may consider that it is easier to swim with the stream than to struggle against the torrent. I perceive the new Maharaja of Kashmere is by no means at ease, and that his troops are somewhat excited. Every Poorbea soldier who finds an asylum in the Jummoo border propagates lies against us. We have twelve thousand of these soldiers unarmed, many of them encamped under range of our guns. The terrors of transportation, the uncertainty of their ultimate fate, the feeling of their evil intentions, all render them right desperate. They cannot but believe that we shall ultimately destroy them. Hence they leave no stone unturned to do us all the harm they can. I ask you to reflect how greatly embarrassed we must be, with such men on our hands; how desperately shackled we must be in the event of insurrection or invasion.

I will say no more. I appeal to your feelings as an Englishman and a patriot to come forward and aid us in our difficulties. England may not otherwise awake before it is too late.

It is not difficult to imagine the influence which such a letter would have upon a statesman like Lord Stanley. It described the situation exactly as it was, not as it ought to be, or as Government might well wish that it might be. The picture was worked in in gloomy colours; but only with the hope that when they had produced the effect intended, and aroused all concerned to a united effort, they might be painted out by other and brighter tints.

That the colours were by no means too dark I may prove by quoting one of many letters written from the centre of operations to Sir John Lawrence, and by a man who was not likely to take a sombre view unless facts required it :—

I am sorry to say (writes General Mansfield from Futtehguhr on May 30) that Government, as yet, makes no sign as regards dealing largely with

the Sepoy question. It is to me quite inexplicable. We moved strongly immediately after the fall of Lucknow. The Military Secretary of the Governor-General came up to confer; Sir Colin afterwards went down to Allahabad. But still the Governor-General does not move. I have seen a copy of the instructions sent down to the Commissioner of Goruckpore, respecting pardon being granted to certain men; but they are so minute, and so full of petty restrictions, that no mortal man can possibly give them practical execution. It is really very sad, and adds to our difficulties every day. I see no end to the war on these terms, which solder up an offensive and defensive alliance for ever between the military mutiny and the territorial insurrection. I believe that if the moment of the success of Lucknow had been happily turned to account, we should have got over more than half our difficulties. As it is, the best opportunity for an amnesty ever known was lost, and we are engaged in a guerilla war, and of a very serious description, which will probably last for years. . . . The bulk of Sir Hugh Rose's force goes to Gwalior immediately, leaving garrisons at Jhansi and Calpi. The state of Oude is as bad as it can be. It must be reduced by the action of a dozen Columns at the same time. Where they are to be found I am sure no man can say. I hope they will turn up. In the meantime there is a cry for help and troops from all sides, and the districts about Arrah, &c., are in a regular state of war. Lugard, who is there, cries lustily for help which we cannot give. It will all come right in time, but we must have time, and we must rest the troops. The mortality of late has increased very much, and in some corps has been almost alarming. But it must be so in such weather as we now have. We go to Allahabad immediately.

Happily, when things were at their worst they began to mend. Gwalior, which had been lost to us by a bold stroke on the part of the mutineers, was recovered, before the end of the month, by a still bolder on the part of Sir Hugh Rose; and with its recovery and the brilliant pursuit of the mutineers by Robert Napier, passed away the immediate danger of a rising among the Mahratta States. Better still, Government at length did give some signs of 'dealing largely with the Sepoy question,' and in the direction so long advocated by Sir John Lawrence.

There were in the Punjab some 15,000 disarmed Sepoys, men equally suspecting and suspected, a source of danger to every Station in which they were to be found, and altogether forming a grave addition to the anxieties of men who were already overburdened. There were some who recommended that when the Mutiny was over, the Sepoys should be restored, with few exceptions, to their former position; a step dangerous enough whenever and however

it should be carried out, and, meanwhile, involving an indefinite prolongation of anxiety and misgiving. Others were for indiscriminate banishment. But the just and merciful, and, at the same time, prudent course advocated by Sir John Lawrence won the day. Convinced that many of the Sepoys were innocent or had been hurried away by the 'madness of the moment,' he had done what he could to make their position since disarmament less intolerable. In particular, knowing the resistance and therefore the bloodshed which it would occasion, he had opposed the proposition of Cotton to employ the Sepoys at Peshawur in forced labour on the public roads, and he opposed, still more strenuously, the proposition of the Lahore authorities to confine the Sepoys of the Mean Meer cantonment, as though they were all convicted criminals, in the central jail. Whatever their intentions towards us, each disarmed Sepoy must have died a hundred deaths in imagination during the long months which had passed since disarmament. We have seen how, at a very early period of the Mutiny, Sir John Lawrence had begged Lord Canning to allow the better disposed among the Sepoys to be sent to their homes, and leave was now at last given him to do as he desired. All details were left to him, and his plan was as simple as it was safe. Three parties of twenty disarmed men set out each day from each of three stations, and having been conducted by an armed escort at the rate of ten miles a day, and by three different routes, towards the frontier nearest to their respective provinces, were allowed to make their way thence, by themselves, to their homes.[1] All combination was thus rendered impossible. A slight outbreak of the hitherto faithful 10th Infantry at Dera Ghazi Khan, and a more serious one of the 67th and 69th at Mooltan—both of them suppressed without difficulty—convinced Sir John Lawrence that the homeward movement was not less but more desirable than it had seemed before. And thus, within a few weeks, the Punjab was cleared, without mishap, of 15,000 men, each one of whom might have proved, in combination with others, a still formidable foe, but was now to become, with very few exceptions, a peaceful cultivator of the ground, or to rejoin our service in the guise of a policeman.

Some few regiments, which had given no cause of complaint, and had been disarmed simply as a matter of precaution, were

[1] Cave Browne's *Punjab and Delhi*, vol. ii. p. 255.

exempted from the general sentence, and received back their arms with honour. Such were the 59th Native Infantry, whom Nicholson, when he disarmed them at Umritsur, had himself begged his chief to treat with consideration as soon as the Mutiny should be over. Such, too, was the 58th, at Rawul Pindi, whom Sir John Lawrence had himself induced, in spite of their temporary panic, to lay down their arms, and in whom therefore he felt something of the personal interest of a preserver. And such, once more, were the detachments of various mutinous regiments, men who had stood firm when their comrades had risen against us, had saved the treasure committed to them, and protected the lives of their officers or their officers' wives and children at the risk of their own. These detachments were, on Sir John Lawrence's recommendation, formed into a regiment of Irregulars, which was to be called by the proud name of the *Wafadar Pultan*, or 'Faithful Regiment.'

Other rewards were given, and that with no niggard hand, to the great chieftains of Puttiala and Jheend, of Nabha and Kuppurthalla, who had been 'faithful among the faithless,' and had come forward to our support when our prospects were at their darkest. Here, too, Sir John Lawrence might justly feel that it was his policy which had enabled them to rally to our side. For it was he who had urged upon General Anson an immediate advance upon Delhi at a time when every leading officer at Head-quarters was for delay or circumspection; and, had his representations not been successful, the whole country between the Jumna and the Sutlej would have risen and have carried the chiefs, who had now so loyally served us, to the other side. From the moment that Delhi fell he had not ceased to urge upon the Supreme Government the importance of rewarding these chiefs at once, and in that shape which goes nearest to the hearts of all Indian potentates, by grants of land. His recommendations were now, at length, carried out, and the loyal princes received their reward under conditions which bound them to us by closer ties, and helped to paralyse the adjoining robber tribes.

The forced loan, at the rate of 6 per cent. interest, which, early in the Mutiny, had been levied by order of Sir John Lawrence on different districts of the Punjab, had been raised with some difficulty—for the visits of the tax-gatherer are never pleasant, and the money-loving Sikh was not likely to give his money readily in support of a doubtful cause—but raised it had been. And it proved

a master-stroke of policy. For it supplied us with funds when we needed them most sorely, and bound the land-owners and merchants to the cause of our Government by ties the force of which they could not fail to recognise. And now, within a year, it was religiously repaid, interest and all, to our anxious creditors!

On another principle equally well understood in the East, that a community is responsible for the acts of the individuals of which it is composed, Sir John Lawrence issued an order that all damage done to individuals in a given district should be made good by fines levied on it. And thus again, within little more than a year, every loyal citizen in the Punjab received full compensation for any loss that he had suffered.

How Sir John Lawrence dealt with the cry for blood which had been raised after the fall of Delhi, and which was still to be heard in the districts that were falling again under our rule in India, I have already shown.

But there was another cry which was beginning to make itself heard both in England and in India, and which called not less loudly for the insight, the grasp, the calmness, the toleration of a Christian statesman. The cry now raised was for 'the elimination of all unchristian principles from the government of India.' How this came about requires explanation. The English Government had always, hitherto, professed to observe a strict neutrality between the rival creeds of its subject races. In early times, indeed, it had gone beyond this. For while, partly from prudential considerations, and partly from religious indifference, it had tolerated and authorised, or even encouraged, some of the most debasing customs or cruel and immoral religious rites of its subjects, it had systematically discouraged all attempts to introduce Christianity into India.

That day had long since gone by. Christian missionaries were no longer in danger of being browbeaten by the authorities. But the Bible was still a forbidden book in all Government schools, even for those who wished to read it; and converts to Christianity who, by the mere fact of their conversion, had cut themselves off from all employment by their fellow-countrymen, found themselves also practically debarred from employment by their conquerors.

But now the Mutiny had come. It had caused men to think as well as to act, and many maxims of government and conduct which had, hitherto, been accepted as axioms were brought into question, and judged in the new and lurid, and possibly, misleading light

thrown on them by that great upheaval. There had always been among the servants of the East India Company a leaven of men who had strong religious convictions, men who were not wholly content to hide their light under a bushel, and had, in uneasy moments, asked themselves after the manner of the early half-converts to Christianity, whether it was possible to serve both the Company and Christ, or whether they must needs make a choice between the one and the other. These men belonged chiefly to what is called the Evangelical School. It is a type of religion, which, like the Puritanism of which it is the child, has sometimes tended to become narrow, hard, and uncharitable. But, upon the other hand, it is to the zeal and the devotion, the burning love to God and man which have characterised its chief apostles, that we owe it that any form of religion was kept alive in England in the most flippant and heartless of epochs. And it is to them, too, that some of the most salutary social reforms, the most flourishing religious societies, and the most far-reaching and comprehensive charitable institutions of which England has to boast, owe their origin and progress.

The number of men who were moved by deep religious convictions of this kind had much increased in India in recent years, and nowhere were so many of them to be found collected together as in the Punjab. They were men who were disposed to see the hand of God in everything; who saw it, above all, in the Mutiny; and regarding the Mutiny as a Divine judgment on us as a nation, they set themselves, in the spirit of the Hebrews of old, to discover and to put away the unclean thing. With these men—all of them his friends—Sir John Lawrence found himself in partial, but by no means in complete, sympathy. His religion was of a much simpler and more childlike type. No more sincere Christian ever lived. He walked as in the sight of God. He read the Bible every morning of his life with prayer, and regarded it as the only and as the sufficient guide to Heaven. But he rarely talked on religious questions, and, still more rarely, did he make use of the phraseology which was current in religious circles of the strictly Evangelical type. The religious expressions occasionally found in his letters are of the simplest and most childlike kind. They increase considerably, in number, at the time of the Mutiny. But their general character is unaltered, nor can I find any indication of a change in this respect, even to the end of his life. Several of his intimate friends, men who had formulated their religious belief, and, as is commonly the case with men of their type of

mind, were not unwilling to talk freely about it, have told me that they often regretted John Lawrence's 'shortcomings' in this particular; that they tried, more or less in vain, to 'keep him up to the mark;' and that they were half-amused, half-surprised, when, on his return home as the hero of the Mutiny, they observed the capital that some people, with whom he was only half in sympathy, attempted to make out of him, by inducing him to mount a platform and deliver a speech which trenched on matters of religious controversy.

Now it was observed by religious men in India, that had the Sepoys possessed any real knowledge of Christianity; had not, in fact, pains been taken to keep that knowledge from them; they could never have supposed that the English Government intended to make Christians of them against their will by a series of external acts. There was much truth in this, and had the times been altogether quiet times there would have been little to say on the other side. But the times were not quiet times, and in moments of panic, above all of religious panic, the more incredible, the more preposterous, the more impossible a thing is, the more readily does it propagate itself and spread like wildfire among the multitude. In any case, as the Mutiny gradually subsided, a cry for an entire change of religious policy was raised in India. It was re-echoed, with exaggerations, on religious platforms in England, and it, finally, found a mouthpiece in India in the person of Herbert Edwardes, one of Sir John Lawrence's most distinguished lieutenants, a man of much rhetorical power, and, as this biography has shown throughout, of very great force of character.

After consultation with friends who were of a like mind at Peshawur, Edwardes issued his famous Memorandum on 'the elimination of all unchristian principles from the government of India. Among what he called the 'unchristian elements' in our policy, against which his attack was directed, were the exclusion of the Bible and of Christian teaching from Government schools, the endowment of native religions by the public revenue, the recognition of caste, the observance of native holydays in the public offices, the administration by the English of Hindu and Mohammedan law, the publicity of Hindu and Mohammedan processions, the restrictions on the marriage of European soldiers in India, and the connection of Government with the opium trade.

Here was a comprehensive programme, and how did Sir John Lawrence deal with it? It is obvious from what I have said already

that there was something in it with which he would heartily agree. But there was much also to which he would offer, to which any true statesman would offer, and, not least, the more calmly-judging even of Edwardes' own school, an uncompromising opposition. The answer he gave is one of the most comprehensive and sagacious which ever came from his pen; but before I proceed to quote its more important paragraphs, I would show, by an extract or two from his private letters, how, on one or two points—the introduction of the Bible into schools, and the hearty support of Christian missions—he was prepared to go a good way along with Edwardes. He differed from him chiefly—and few will deny that he was right in doing so—in thinking that in no case should the Bible be read in Government schools, without the express wish of the pupils or their parents.

There is now (says Sir John Lawrence to Trevelyan on July 2, 1858), a great dispute growing up as to whether the Bible shall be introduced into our schools or not. I think that it should, and that—provided only it be done with prudence and tact—the people will never raise an objection. All that we have to do is to take care that the study of the Bible be optional with the children.

And to his friend, William Arnold, a son of Dr. Arnold and the able Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, who took strongly the opposite view, and argued that the Founder of Christianity would Himself have disapproved of the measure, he writes as follows:—

I believe that, provided neither force nor fraud were used, Christ would assuredly approve of the introduction of the Bible. We believe that the Bible is true, that it is the only means of salvation. Surely we should lend our influence in making it known to our subjects. A Turk who acted up to his own convictions would only act consistently in inculcating the study of the Koran. But whether he acted rightly or wrongly in doing so, is for a higher judge to determine. As a matter of policy I advocate the introduction of the Bible, quite as much as a matter of duty. I believe that, provided we do it wisely and judiciously, the people will gradually read that book. I have reason to suppose this because the missionaries are successful. On the other hand, nothing will more surely conduce to the strength of our power in India than the spread of Christianity. You seem to think that we violate the principles of toleration by attempting to convert the people. I think you might just as well assume that we violate such principles by preferring in a public office a respectable man to a reprobate, a wise man to a fool, and an industrious man to a lazy one. The whole question seems to me to resolve itself

into what is the just interpretation of the term 'toleration.' I consider that it means forbearance; that is to say, that we are to bear with and not to persecute mankind for their religious opinions. But this cannot mean that we should not strive by gentle means to lead those in the right way whom we see to be going wrong.

I now proceed to give the more important paragraphs in his reply to Herbert Edwardes.

The above heads (the ten unchristian elements enumerated by Edwardes in his Memorandum on the government of India) are certainly comprehensive, and embrace almost every point on which the conduct of the British Government, in reference to Christianity, could be open to doubt or question. How far they actually exist or how far some of them are really unchristian, may be matter for further consideration. But on this the Chief Commissioner's opinion will be apparent from the remarks which I am now to offer on each head separately.

3. Firstly, then, in respect to the teaching of the Bible in Government schools and colleges, I am to state that in the Chief Commissioner's judgment such teaching ought to be offered to all those who may be willing to receive it. The Bible ought not only to be placed among the college libraries and the school books for the perusal of those who might choose to consult it; but, also, it should be taught in class wherever we have teachers fit to teach it and pupils willing to hear it. Such, broadly stated, is the principle. That the time when it can be carried out in every school of every village and town throughout the length and breadth of the land may be hastened, is the aspiration of every Christian officer. But where are the means for doing this in the many thousands of schools in the interior of the country? Supposing that pupils are forthcoming to hear, who is to read and expound to them the Bible? Is such a task to be intrusted to heathen schoolmasters, who might be, and but too often would be, enemies to Christianity, and who would be removed, not only from control, but even from the chance of correction? It may be said, indeed, that the Scriptures do not need interpreters, and may be read by anyone; but still it might be possible for a village schoolmaster averse to Christianity to read and explain the Scriptures in an irreverent and improper manner. And, then, the strongest advocates of religious teaching would admit that the Bible had better not be read and explained in a perverse, captious, and sneering manner. If, then, the Bible is to be taught only by fitting persons, it will be admitted that our means are, unhappily, but very limited. This difficulty does not seem to have fully struck Colonel Edwardes; but it has been noted by Mr. Macleod, who suggests that Bible classes should be formed only in those Government schools where a chaplain or some other Christian and devout person, European or native, might be found to undertake the teaching. That some such rule must in practice be

observed seems certain. But then it will be obvious at a glance that such teachers must be extremely few. That the number will increase may, indeed, be hoped, and very possibly native teachers will be found of good characters and thoughtful minds, who, though not actually baptized Christians, are yet well disposed, and might be intrusted with the reading of the Bible to classes. But, at the best, the reading of the Bible in class must practically be restricted to but a small proportion of the Government schools. In these latter there ought to be, the Chief Commissioner considers, regular Bible classes held by a qualified person as above described, for all those who might be willing to attend. There is a good hope that such attendance would not be small; but, however small it might be, the class ought to be held, in order that our views of Christian duty might be patent to the native public, and in the trust that the example might not be without effect. The formation of Bible classes of an approved character in as many schools as possible should be a recognised branch of the educational department. Inspectors should endeavour to establish them in the same way as they originate improvements of other kinds, and the subject should be properly mentioned in all periodical reports. But, on the other hand, the Chief Commissioner would never admit that the unavoidable absence of Bible classes should be used as an argument against the establishment of schools unaccompanied by Christian teaching. If Government is not to establish a school in a village unless it can find a man fit to read the Bible, and boys willing to hear it, then there is no doubt that at first such a condition could not be fulfilled in the vast majority of cases; and the result would be that light and knowledge would be shut out from the mass of the population. A purely secular system is not, the Chief Commissioner believes, in India at least, adverse to religious influences, nor worthless without simultaneous religious instruction. On the contrary, the spread of European knowledge among the natives is, as it were, a pioneer to the progress of Christianity. The opinion of missionaries, in Upper India at least, may be confidently appealed to on this point. If this be the case, then, having established all the Bible classes we could, having done our best to augment their number, having practically shown to the world by our educational rules that we do desire that the Bible should be read and taught, we may, as Mr. Macleod has appropriately expressed it, hope that 'a blessing would not be denied to our system' of secular education. But, so far as the native religions are concerned, the Chief Commissioner considers that the education should be purely and entirely secular. These religions ought not to be taught in the Government schools. Such teaching would indeed be superfluous. The natives have ample means of their own for this purpose and need no aid. But, if they did need aid, it is not our business to afford such. The case is of course utterly different as regards Christianity. Of that religion the native can have no knowledge except through our instrumentality. And this religion we

should teach exclusively, so far as we can, from the preference which it is our right and our duty to give to what we believe to be truth. But while we say that Christianity shall be the only religion taught in our schools, we ought not, the Chief Commissioner considers, to render attendance on Bible classes compulsory or obligatory. If Colonel Edwardes would render it thus obligatory—if he means that every pupil, if he attend school at all, must attend the Bible class, should there be one—then the Chief Commissioner entirely dissents from this view. So long as the attendance is voluntary there will be boys to attend; but, if it be obligatory, then suspicion is aroused, and there is some chance of empty benches. Moreover, as a matter of principle the Chief Commissioner believes that, if anything like compulsion enters into our system of diffusing Christianity, the rules of that religion itself are disobeyed and that we shall never be permitted to profit by our disobedience. The wrong means for a right end will recoil upon ourselves, and we shall only steel people to resistance where we might have persuaded them.

4. Secondly, Colonel Edwardes recommends that all grants or alienations from the public revenue for native religions be now resumed *in toto*. In the Chief Commissioner's opinion, it would be difficult to imagine a more impracticable measure. These grants are all old, and many of them ancient. Our predecessors granted them; succeeding Governments of different faiths respected them; they, in time, became a species of property; they acquired a kind of State guarantee, to the effect that the alienation of revenue should not be disturbed during good behaviour. On our accession, we regarded them as the property of certain religious institutions, just as conventual lands in Roman Catholic countries are ecclesiastical property. As property (held on certain conditions) we maintained them, and as nothing else. They were never considered as religious offerings on our part, either by ourselves, or by the grantees, or by the people. Ot course we have made no new grants of this kind, and those previously existing we have endeavoured to curtail wherever there might be reason. In the Punjab many overgrown grants have been reduced, though care has been taken that the reduction should not be such as to press unfairly. In some cases the endowment is reduced on the death of each successive head of the institution, until a minimum is reached sufficient, with economy, to cover the expenses. We have diminished their political honour and prestige by attaching to them conditions of loyalty and good behaviour. In short, we have in no wise encouraged them. But, now, to resume them altogether would be a breach of faith (inasmuch as they have been guaranteed, with more or less of legal sanction, by ourselves), and would resemble the confiscation of property. And to do so on the ground that the institutions are heathen would be nothing short of persecution of heathenism. That anything approaching to such persecu ion is enjoined or sanctioned by Christianity

is not to be supposed. Indeed, it might be feared that any such attempt on our part would frustrate its own object. The judgments of Providence would become manifest in the political disaffection which might ensue, and in the hatred with which our rule would be regarded by an influential priestly class suddenly thrown into distress. Such a step would be far more likely to retard than to promote the progress of Christianity, and we should never cease to be regarded by the people as the authors of an unjustifiable spoliation. Our equal and impartial forbearance towards all creeds differing from our own has always constituted one of our first claims to the confidence of the people. It has been one of the pillars of our strength, and it has been one of the means by which we have held subject millions in control. This forbearance and just impartiality is perfectly consistent with the due profession of our own faith; and the Chief Commissioner believes that this line of conduct is practically inculcated by the whole tenour of Christianity. Whether, while thus acting, we have been sufficiently open and zealous in our own professions, may be matter for consideration. The Chief Commissioner doubts whether we have been really so remiss in this respect as Colonel Edwardes and many others believe. But he admits that in future we are called upon by the lesson of recent events to examine our ways and to strive for improvement. I am to add on this topic that, since the Punjab came into our possession, our officers have never been concerned in the administration of, or otherwise connected with, heathen shrines or institutions. If any such case had ever come to the Chief Commissioner's knowledge, he would immediately have put an end to it. . . .

6. Fourthly, Colonel Edwardes proposes that all native holydays should be disallowed in our public offices. The Chief Commissioner cannot consider this to be a reasonable proposal, and Mr. Macleod also is opposed to it. The number of these holydays should be restricted to those days on which either Hindus or Mohammedans are bound to attend the ordinances of their respective religions. But we surely cannot refuse our native *employés* permission to attend on such occasions. To refuse this would be in effect to say that a native shall not remain in our service unless he consent to abandon his religion. By all the principles of Christianity this is not the manner in which we ought to contend with heathenism. Christians are not unfrequently employed under Mohammedan Governments in various parts of the world. What would they say if their tenure of office was made conditional upon their working on Christmas-day and Good Friday? In this matter, we must not forget the maxim of doing to our native *employés* as we should wish others to do to us. Under this heading, it may not be amiss to add that the closing of all public offices and the suspension of all public works on the Sabbath, in obedience to the standing order of the Supreme Government, are duly enforced within these territories.

7. Fifthly, Colonel Edwardes thinks that in our criminal and civil administration we still adhere too strictly to the Hindu and Mohammedan laws. To this opinion, however, the Chief Commissioner cannot assent. He concurs very much in the views expressed *per contra* by Mr. Macleod. As to the criminal law, Colonel Edwardes himself has, with research and ability, shown how persistently and consistently our legislators have, in the course of half a century, eliminated every objectionable element of Mohammedan jurisprudence. Our Indian criminal law may have many defects, and may most properly be replaced by the new penal code. But still its principles, as actually administered at the present day, are consistent with morality and civilisation. As regards the civil law, Lieutenant-Colonel Edwardes remarks that any conquerors but ourselves would, long ere this, have introduced their own code. Now the Chief Commissioner, so far as he understands the history and policy of conquering nations, believes the above opinion to be erroneous. No doubt, conquerors have always, in what they deemed important matters, enforced their own rules. But in purely civil affairs, not affecting imperial policy, and operative only as between man and man, conquerors have, as the Chief Commissioner apprehends, in all ages and countries permitted to the conquered the use of their local laws. We have done the same in India (as well as in our other dependencies and colonies), and must continue to do so. In many important respects, such as inheritance and the like, the native laws are as good as the codes of other nations. To abrogate them and to substitute a different code of our own would be impracticable, and, if by any means it were practicable, a grievous oppression would be inflicted, utterly alien to the spirit of Christianity. The Chief Commissioner cannot believe that even Colonel Edwardes would push a theory to such extreme consequences. There are, indeed, some branches of law regarding which the native codes are incomplete, and in these departments it is very properly proposed to introduce the English law. In the native codes, however, there are two points in which reform should be introduced whenever it shall be found practicable—namely, polygamy, and contracts of betrothal by parents on behalf of infant children. It cannot be said that these practices are immoral in the abstract, as they were more or less followed by the Jews and the Patriarchs; and the fact that they are not sanctioned under the Christian dispensation would not, *per se*, justify us in prohibiting their adoption by our heathen subjects. If we, by legal force, interdict things on the ground that they are not Christian, we come to enforcing Christianity by secular means. But still polygamy and early betrothals are socially very objectionable, and in reality much affect the welfare of the people. The Chief Commissioner would, therefore, earnestly desire to see the law in these respects altered, if it could be. But it cannot at present for the people cling to it, and, in some

places, would shed blood for its sake. But if ever the temper of the public mind shall change, or if we should succeed in raising up a strong party among the natives in opposition to these laws, then the time for legislation will have arrived. Further, under this head it is to be remembered that Indian legislation has made two important steps in advance by legalising the remarriage of Hindu widows, and by removing all possible civil disabilities or legal disadvantages from Christian converts. . .

13. The various points named for discussion have now been reviewed. Before concluding this letter I am to state that Sir J. Lawrence has been led, in common with others since the occurrence of the awful events of 1857, to ponder deeply on what may be the faults and shortcomings of the British as a Christian nation in India. In considering topics such as those treated of in this despatch he would solely endeavour to ascertain what is our Christian duty. Having ascertained that according to our erring lights and conscience, he would follow it out to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideration. If we address ourselves to this task, it may, with the blessing of Providence, not prove too difficult for us. *Measures have, indeed, been proposed as essential to be adopted by a Christian Government which would be truly difficult or impossible of execution. But on closer consideration it will be found that such measures are not enjoined by Christianity, but are contrary to its spirit.* Sir John Lawrence does, I am to state, entertain the earnest belief that all those measures which are really and truly Christian can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but, on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability. *Christian things done in a Christian way will never, the Chief Commissioner is convinced, alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke nor excite distrust, nor harden to resistance. It is when unchristian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned.* The difficulty is, amid the political complications, the conflicting social considerations, the fears and hopes of self-interest which are so apt to mislead human judgment, to discern clearly what is imposed upon us by Christian duty and what is not. Having discerned this, we have but to put it into practice. Sir John Lawrence is satisfied that within the territories committed to his charge he can carry out all those measures which are really matters of Christian duty on the part of the Government. And, further, he believes that such measures will arouse no danger; will conciliate instead of provoking; and will subserve the ultimate diffusion of the truth among the people.

14. Finally, the Chief Commissioner would recommend that such measures and policy, having been deliberately determined on by the Supreme Government, be openly avowed and universally acted upon throughout the empire; so that there may be no diversities of practice,

no isolated, tentative, or conflicting efforts, which are, indeed, the surest means of exciting distrust; so that the people may see that we have no sudden or sinister designs; and so that we may exhibit that harmony and uniformity of conduct which befits a Christian nation striving to do its duty.

15. In submitting the present despatch I am instructed to state that the original of Colonel Edwardes' memorandum has been already forwarded by him to a high quarter in England, to be made use of, if occasion should require; and that therefore the Chief Commissioner would suggest the expediency of transmitting home a copy of this Report as soon as may be conveniently practicable.

R. TEMPLE,
Secretary to Chief Commissioner, Punjab.

There are a few passages in this noble document which are not perhaps quite consistent with the spirit of toleration as it has now come to be understood. It would be strange if it were not so, for the spirit of toleration is essentially progressive, and it has made immense strides in the quarter of a century which has passed since Sir John Lawrence's words were written. But its essentials are all there, and Sir John Lawrence's calm statesmanship, and simpler and truer views of Christianity, as is evidenced more particularly in the memorable sentences which I have ventured to print in italics, saved him from the mistakes and dangers into which the more fervid temperament of Edwardes and some of his friends would infallibly have plunged us. Edwardes' programme would, as John Lawrence was fond of expressing it, have 'upset the coach.' It would have been essentially unjust, and, as such, it must infallibly have retarded the spread of true Christianity. And it was this conviction which led him, some years afterwards, when it was his business, as Governor-General, to select a candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab, to postpone the otherwise paramount claims of Edwardes to those of the more cool-headed Donald Macleod. We have seen how he protected the mosques and temples which, in the iconoclastic zeal aroused by the Mutiny, many of his friends urged him to destroy, and it was in the same honourable spirit of toleration that when, as Governor-General, he found that the Mosque at Agra, which had been shut up after the Mutiny on the pretext that it was too close to the fort and might be used to serve the purposes of a popular rising, was still closed, he gave orders that it should be at once thrown open and restored to its rightful owners. And, for many years afterwards, the names of John Batten, who, as Commissioner of Agra,

brought the facts to his notice, and of 'Jan Larens,' who undid the injustice, might have been heard in the prayers of the faithful in the Mosque, and they thus afford one proof more that it is toleration and not intolerance which strengthens our hold upon the country, and which finds its way to the heart even of a naturally intolerant people.

The date of the above document was April 21, 1858, and it may be remarked here that it was at about the same time that the sound sense and right feeling of the Queen led her, in the same spirit, to protest against some expressions which it was proposed that she should use in assuming the direct Government of India. Lord Malmesbury, in the draft of the Proclamation which he presented to her, had spoken of her power of *undermining* the Indian religions. To this expression she at once, and strongly objected, and proposed instead an admirable sentence to the effect that her attachment to her own religion would preclude her from any attempt to interfere with the religions and customs of the natives, which were equally dear to them; and this sentence received a marked and happy prominence in the Proclamation, as it was ultimately sanctioned and published in India, on October 17, 1858:—

> Firmly relying ourselves (so runs the Royal Message) on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be, in any wise, favoured, none molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law: and we do strictly charge and enjoin on all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.

These noble sentences gave equal satisfaction to Lord Canning and to Sir John Lawrence; and while they reserve full liberty to Christian missionaries, they are also the Magna Charta of religious liberty to all the creeds and races of India.

CHAPTER VI.

RECOGNITION OF SERVICES.

JANUARY 1858—FEBRUARY 1859.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S work in India was now drawing to its close. Peace reigned throughout the Punjab, and was slowly but surely being established throughout the rest of the peninsula. The chief difficulties in the Punjab had been settled or were in the way of settlement. The government of India had already passed from the Company, which had so long and, in later days at all events, so well administered it, to the Crown, with whom the real responsibility and power lay; and Sir John Lawrence was, at length, able to look forward, in the distance, to the rest which he had so long needed and had so long postponed. The congratulations which had been crowding in upon him ever since the fall of Delhi he had received in a manner which was thoroughly characteristic of himself. For instance, in reply to the congratulations of John Becher on November 18, 1857, he says :—

As for myself, the best reward I can have is the success which has crowned, not my efforts merely but those of us all, in the Punjab. I do not expect much, and therefore shall not be disappointed. It is something to think that one has not lived in vain and has proved useful in one's generation.

To Bartle Frere he says on December 15 :—

I have to thank you for your kind expressions regarding my personal interests. I do not, however, myself anticipate that Scinde will be joined to the Punjab, at any rate in my time. I am ready to do anything I can for the public service, and, so long as I hold the helm here, will keep matters straight, under God's help. But I am growing old and weary, and often think that the time is approaching when I ought to make my bow and be off. Do what one can, little real progress is effected. Government ask for too much writing, too many explanations, too many

details, and when all these are supplied, the matter is often postponed *sine die*.

With the congratulations had come honours, though not so fast and thick as those who knew best what Sir John Lawrence had done felt that he deserved. In December 1857, he heard from Lord Panmure that he was to be made a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, 'a communication,' said Lord Panmure, 'which it is as satisfactory to Her Majesty's Government to make, as it will be to the public in general when it becomes known;' while Lord Canning, in making the official announcement to him, wrote as follows :—

I have a better right on this occasion to be the channel through which honours from the Queen shall pass to you, than I had two years ago, when I conveyed to you your earlier dignity in the Order of the Bath—for, assuredly, nobody knows better than I do how richly this increase of distinction is deserved, and nobody has better reason to be thankful to you for the service which has won it, or is more glad to see that service acknowledged in the highest quarter.

In March, 1858, Sir John Lawrence was informed that the Freedom of the City of London had been conferred upon him, and in acknowledging the communication he used these words :—

I trust that it may, one day, be my good fortune to stand in the Guildhall, and thank you all for this great mark of your consideration. Next to the feeling that I have endeavoured, under most difficult circumstances, to do my duty and maintain the honour and interests of my country, the greatest reward that I could desire is to know that my fellow-countrymen sympathise with and acknowledge my labours.

In the following autumn, he was made a Baronet, and shortly afterwards a Privy Councillor. Lord Stanley said, with reference to this acknowledgment of his services :—

I have only leisure, by this mail, to thank you for your letter, and to express the pleasure it gives me to find myself in official relations with you. You will see that Government has in some, though, I am aware, in but an inadequate measure, endeavoured to express its sense of the value of your services to India and the Empire. I trust those services are not ended, and that what is now offered may be regarded as but an instalment of what is your due.

Finding from the tone of Sir John Lawrence's letters that he was bent on returning to England as soon as he could do so with honour,

Lord Stanley wrote, by the next mail, to offer him a seat in the newly formed Indian Council.

The letter I received from you by last mail makes it impossible to doubt the reality of your wish to come home, when the state of India allows. I cannot but feel that this is to the public a misfortune, and I am only reconciled to the idea by the confident expectation I entertain that your retirement will be only temporary, and that it will restore the strength required for the work which England still expects at your hands. It has occurred to me that should you be able to carry out your intention of retiring, you might not be unwilling to give your aid (and no man can give aid so valuable) in the business of Indian administration at home; and therefore, on the chance of the Punjab settling down, of Lord Canning being able to spare you, and of your own desire for return still continuing, I have included your name in the proposed Council of India here, subject to the Queen's approval, which, I need not say, is, in your case, a mere form. . . .

After all, notwithstanding the tone of your letter, and notwithstanding my personal desire to have you as a colleague, I still hope that you may find your health equal to a continuance of your present duty, in which I really do not know who could replace you. We neither of us thought, six years ago, what times were coming, nor that the Sikhs, whom we then still considered as the danger of India, were to be its safety. I am quite aware of the risk we run, even now, from their numbers and courage. They seem to have stepped at once into the place of the Sepoy army, and to be acquainted with their strength, but while there is occupation for them I fear little. The trouble will begin when they get leisure to look round and speculate about the future.

The change in the Home Government of India is greater in show than in reality. The new Council will take the place of the Directors, with only this difference, that, henceforth, the Indian Minister will sit with them instead of apart. . . .

I will not say what I think and feel about the part you have played personally in the trouble of this and last year; but you will believe me when I assure you that of all my recollections of Indian or other travel, none are now so interesting to me as those of the week I passed in your society at Lahore before joining your brother's camp at Huzara.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

STANLEY.

The offer thus made was accepted by Sir John Lawrence for the ensuing spring, or for such time as he might be able to leave India. But, meanwhile, the higher honour of the Peerage, at which Lord Stanley had, to all appearance, hinted, did not come. Sir Frederick Currie, the Chairman of the Court of Directors, had not ceased, alike

in his official and private capacity, to urge upon the Government that a Peerage was the only fitting recognition of such services as John Lawrence had rendered. But finding that Ministers did not, at present, seem disposed to do their part, he resolved that, at all events, the Court of Directors should do theirs ; and, by almost their expiring act, they passed unanimously a resolution which, on August 25, 1858, was as unanimously confirmed by the Court of Proprietors, in behalf of one of the last and most distinguished of their servants.

The resolution ran as follows :—

That, in recognition of the eminent merits of Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, G.C.B., whose prompt, vigorous, and judicious measures crushed an incipient mutiny in the Punjab, and maintained the province in tranquillity during a year of almost universal convulsion ; and who, by his extraordinary exertions, was enabled to equip troops and to prepare munitions of war for distant operations, thus mainly contributing to the recapture of Delhi, and to the subsequent successes which attended our arms ; and in testimony of the high sense entertained by the East India Company of his public character and conduct throughout a long and distinguished career, an annuity of 2,000*l.* be granted to him, the same to commence from the date when he may retire from the service.

This resolution was proposed by Sir Frederick Currie, the Chairman of the Court, an old friend of Sir John Lawrence, who, it will be remembered, had been acting as Resident at Lahore before the annexation of the Punjab, and was therefore able, alike from local and personal knowledge, to speak of the man and of his work. It was seconded by Captain Eastwick, the Deputy Chairman, a man who was, as yet, personally unknown to Sir John Lawrence, but was to prove one of his most intimate, perhaps his most intimate friend, from the day of his return from India right on to that of his death. He had distinguished himself in early life by his uncompromising opposition to the high-handed proceedings of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde, and he possessed an intimate knowledge of the natives of that part of India, and a keen sympathy for them. I quote here a few sentences from his speech in seconding the grant :—

There can be no question of the claims and merits of Sir John Lawrence. The trumpet of his fame has given no uncertain sound. Amid the group of illustrious men who have been brought prominently before the eyes of the public during the late terrible convulsions in India, Sir John Lawrence, like Saul of old, stands, from the shoulders and upwards, higher than any of his compeers. The public voice of India and the

public voice of England have pronounced their verdict in language not to be mistaken; and the only feeling is, if I err not, a feeling of surprise and disappointment that earlier and more decided steps have not been taken to mark the sense of the country with respect to the services of him who is universally allowed to hold the foremost place among those who by their wisdom, firmness, and heroic conduct, have, under God's blessing, preserved the British Empire in India. . . . We have seen the self-sacrificing labours of those who bear the heat and burden of the day in maintaining that empire, and we believe that the man who has fought his way to the highest eminence there, through a long career of honour and usefulness; who has restored peace and order to provinces where anarchy and bloodshed reigned; who has reconciled warlike and hostile races to British sway, and placed the resources of a vast kingdom at the disposal of the British Government in the hour of her greatest need, has as fair a claim to the gratitude of his country and as just a title to the highest honours of the State as the proudest representative of hereditary wealth, or the most favoured partisan of a parliamentary leader. . . .

To my mind, there is no single point in the administration of the Punjab which reflects greater lustre on Sir John Lawrence and those associated with him, than the characters of the men who have been trained and given to the public services under their supervision. . . .

It was his implicit confidence in his subordinates that enabled him 'not only resolutely to keep order in the Punjab, but to hurl every available soldier, European and Sikh, against Delhi. . . .'

At the critical moment, Sir John Lawrence threw open wider the ranks of our service, and gave employment to all who would enlist. Amid the universal distrust of the natives of India, a weaker man would have hesitated to adopt so bold a measure; the tide might have turned and the vessel of the State been stranded; but we all know the result of this move of Sir John Lawrence, and we have only now to take precautions against the returning Sikh wave. . . .

In order effectually to nip incipient mutiny in the bud, measures of extreme severity were necessary on some occasions. We all know that revolutions are not to be extinguished with rose-water. But, at this distance of time, it is impossible to read of the wholesale destruction of human life without feelings of pain and sorrow. I will mention two facts, which will, I think, show that Sir John Lawrence himself only sanctioned such severe measures from imperious necessity. He had no desire to shed unnecessary blood, but acted on the principle of stern, solemn, retributive justice. After the capture of Delhi and Meerut, his first act was to put a stop to civilians exercising the power of hanging criminals according to their own will and pleasure, and to establish a judicial commission to try all offenders. No act contributed more to the restoration of confidence among the natives, and to the tranquillity of the

surrounding districts. We also know that Sir John Lawrence was, from the first, the opponent of blind, indiscriminate vengeance, and the strong advocate of amnesty, to include all except the murderers in cold blood of our countrymen and countrywomen. These measures show that he knew how to temper justice with mercy, firmness with conciliation; that he could be, as the natives say, both '*nurm*' and '*gurm*' (soft and hot, or gentle and severe), which is the only way to rule the natives of India. . . .

It was Mr. Canning who stated that no monarchy in Europe had produced, within a given time, so many men of the first talent in civil and military life as India within the same period. I believe Mr. Canning spoke the truth. And among the eminent statesmen whom India has produced, I believe few names will hold a more prominent place than that of Sir John Lawrence.

The honour which so many people thought was due to Sir John Lawrence had, in May 1858, been conferred on the fine old Commander-in-Chief who had recently crowned his long and distinguished career by the recapture of Lucknow. It was a distinction which was thoroughly deserved; but, a year or two afterwards, Lord Clyde, who had hoped to be able to accompany his friend to England, meeting him in London at the door of the Athenæum, said to him, 'By the way, John, did they ever offer you a peerage? They ought to have made you a peer long before they made me.' The same modesty and simplicity of character comes out so well in a letter written by Lord Clyde when he first heard of the honour which was in store for him, that I quote an extract from it:—

July 12, 1858.

My dear Lawrence,—I hope you continue well and that you have good news from Lady Lawrence. When may we look for such a state of affairs as will admit of our return home? I have been informed of Her Majesty's gracious intention to raise me to the peerage. This is a very great honour; far too great a one for a poor soldier of fortune like myself. I am approaching fast the age assigned to the life of man by the Psalmist. I have neither wife nor child. I have plenty of money; and, for an old man, I have no wants. I have had but one hope and one ambition from the termination of the Crimean service—to have a little time to myself between the camp and the grave, and to pass that little time near to some old friends, quiet and good people, who live in great retirement away from towns and the bustle of life. I should have been very grateful to have been left with my military rank and without any other. With you, my dear friend, it is very different; you are still young; you have a wife and family who will take a pride and pleasure

in seeing you ennobled, and this will be a true happiness to you, for no man has worked harder for their sakes than you have. My best and kindest wishes attend you.

Very sincerely yours,
COLIN CAMPBELL.

The reply is equally characteristic :—

July 21, 1858.

My dear Sir Colin,—I am very happy to hear from yourself of Her Majesty's gracious intentions towards you, and I heartily wish that you may live long to enjoy your honours which you have so well won. Doubtless, you do not care much for such things ; still, as a mark of the appreciation of your services, they will be acceptable. I have not myself heard authoritatively that any such favours are intended for me. If they come, I shall receive them with pleasure. Otherwise, I am too much of a philosopher to vex myself. I have lived long enough and seen sufficient to teach me that the best reward any man can have is the feeling that he has done his duty to the best of his ability.

Sir Frederick Currie, not knowing that Sir John Lawrence was contemplating an early return to England, had written more than once to tell him that a peerage would probably be offered to him, and that his salary as Chief Commissioner had been increased by the Court in special recognition of his services. Sir John Lawrence's answer is written in a tone of just appreciation alike of what he had done himself, and of what others had done for him, and is not without many touches of biographical interest :—

Murri : August 18, 1858.

My dear Currie,—I have to thank you very warmly for your kind and handsome letter of July 2. I am infinitely obliged to you for the kindness and consideration which has led the Court, at your suggestion, to increase my salary. I feel grateful to the Court for doing so. Still it has come too late to do me much good. I have long been ailing and have suffered severely. At the very time the Mutiny broke out I was floored by a frightful attack of neuralgia. I am now subject to frequent attacks in the head, the effects of a long residence in India and hard work. With the exception of the month when I went to Calcutta, early in 1856, to bid Lord Dalhousie good-bye, I have not had a day's rest for nearly sixteen years. No human being, for a continuance, can bear the wear and tear of my post, doing the duty as it should be done with no greater aid than I receive, and not break down. Year by year, the work, instead of becoming less, has increased. Business has become more centralised in Calcutta with the Governor-General. Less has been left to the local authority, and more, therefore, has to be reported. First, the whole

department of Public Works in the Punjab was added to my charge, but no Secretary was allowed me. I had thus to be on the watch and endeavour to bring into control a set of officers who, however able and zealous, had long worked just as they thought proper. Now, more than half the new Bengal army has been raised, organised, and equipped by me. Then, the Delhi territory has been placed under me. All this is very honourable, and I am far from shrinking from the load it entails; and, had I been made Lieutenant-Governor of the country with an adequate Staff at my command, I should not have minded. Paper work would have decreased greatly, and I should have had time to devote to the real duties of my post. But with a population of our own subjects of some sixteen millions, besides, at least, seven millions more of those belonging to independent chiefs to look after, and a frontier of 800 miles with which much troublesome work in Cabul is connected, I have, positively, less aid at my command than the General officer of a Division whose duties do not occupy one hour of the day. I once asked for a medical officer to be allowed me, who would act in the double capacity of surgeon and private secretary, but this was refused. My wife for many years used to perform the latter office for me. Now that she has gone home, I get it done in the best way I can. I do not say all this because I am discontented. Such is not the case. But I tell it that you may understand why I find it necessary to go home, as well as in the hope that whether I come home or not, some change may be made. It would cost little to make this a Lieutenant-Governorship and place it on a proper footing. Indeed, I verily believe that it would be a saving. Great delay would be avoided and more vigour would be infused into every Department. Men who look to the local authority for advancement will obey that authority's behests.

As regards the Peerage, it is with much reluctance that I say anything. If Her Majesty shall think fit to recognise my services in this manner, I shall, of course, be highly pleased. But I cannot but hope that, in that case, any pension which may be granted will be extended to the second generation. I am now too old and too worn to make even a very moderate fortune for my eldest son. I have seven children, and all that I can do is to leave my wife and them a very humble competence. In my day I have had more work than pay. The legitimate expenses of my position are considerable. Moreover, a man who is working all day for the public cannot give much thought to his private interests. If Lords Gough and Keane deserved that their pensions should descend to their sons, I think I may say, without egotism, that a similar favour might be conceded to mine.

Under the mercy of God, the loyalty and contentment of the people of the Punjab has saved India. Had the Punjab gone, we must have been ruined. Long before reinforcements could have reached the

Upper Provinces, the bones of all the English would have been bleaching in the sun. England would never have recovered the calamity and retrieved her power in the East. Had the country not been well governed, how different would have been the result! But the people have not only sided with us but have furnished thousands of soldiers to fight our battles. At this moment the Punjabi troops in our ranks of one kind or the other must closely approximate to 80,000 men. In no one case has a single regiment misbehaved. On the contrary, they have vied in bravery with our British soldiers. These are services of which I feel I have some right to be proud. Few men in India have been more severely tried, and surely it is not presumptuous that I should expect some reward. Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than one which would benefit my family. For myself I have as much as I want.

I was glad to see by the last 'Overland Mail' news that Henry's son has at last received the honours due to his father's great merits. Henry's death was an even greater calamity to his country than to his family. What would not be the value of his services at the present crisis? We sorely want such men. We have not yet conquered India. And, even when this has been accomplished, a still harder task—that of pacifying the people and healing old wounds—is before us. It is a task which the bravest and best may shrink from. It is one in which a great man may break his heart and lose his life, and which, even should he by God's help accomplish it, will never be appreciated.

There were many men who prognosticated for Sir John Lawrence, and that too at no distant date, higher things even than the Peerage. It had been rumoured that Lord Canning, partly, as the result of the change of Ministry in England, and, partly, owing to the prolonged strain of the Mutiny—a strain which must have told all the more upon him, inasmuch as, with all his noble qualities, he was wanting in one of the most essential for a Governor-General at such times, the power of rapidly despatching work—would not serve out his time; and the eyes and thoughts of many, soldiers as well as statesmen turned instinctively to the man who, broken down in health though he was, had done the work of both soldier and statesman, and, during the recent crisis, had practically ruled so large a part of India.

But Sir John Lawrence's own eyes and inclinations, as we have seen, were turned in quite another direction. The *heimweh*, the yearning to see wife and children from whom he had so long been separated; the yearning for repose—that word of which he could hardly be said to know the meaning, for he had not tasted it for sixteen years past—were strong upon him. Above all, the threatening

of congestion of the brain, his total inability at times even to collect his thoughts, told him in language which was not to be mistaken, that if he hoped ever to be able to work hard again, he must take rest at once.

I am very sick and fairly used up and want to go home (he says to one of his friends). So long as I am able, I will stay at my post and do what I can. But here is no child's play. To destroy these mutineers, and place our power upon a proper footing, requires great ability, much force of character, and full powers concentrated in one person. You can have little idea how much the best and wisest out here are dispirited, to use no stronger term. Here we are, nineteen months after the breaking up of the war, scarcely with our heads above water.

'I will go home,' Sir John Lawrence used often to say in conversation, 'and turn grazier or farmer in some quiet corner.' Nevertheless, the bare idea of greater work to be done and wider responsibility to be faced, acted upon him at times as does a cordial on the worn-out mountaineer who, having fancied that, on topping an eminence, he will have reached his destination, finds that it still lies many a weary climb onward, and that he has to start afresh.

I am sorry for Lord Canning (he says to Montgomery), and hope he may weather the storm. I have no wish to be Governor-General, though I would not refuse if the post were offered to me. Home and a moderate pension would suit me much better. I am getting old and stiff and do not feel that I am half the man I formerly was. You appear to be 'an evergreen.'

A remark, I may add, which seems to me as true at the moment when I am writing, as it was twenty-three years ago, when Sir Robert Montgomery was still Chief Commissioner of Oude and his correspondent was still Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.

To Sir Colin Campbell, who, like many others, had expressed a hope that he might see Sir John Lawrence, at no distant date, Governor-General of India, he writes back :—

Many thanks for your last very kind letter. I do not, however, think there is much chance of my succeeding Lord Canning should he go home, consequent on the change of Ministry. The Governor-Generalship is too good a post for a fellow like me. It will more likely be given to some great man at home. However, this will not put me out. My present wishes are to see all safe and well, so as to go home next February. I shall then have served twenty-nine years, during which time I shall have done a fair share of hard work.

But if John Lawrence was to go home either temporarily or permanently, who was to be his substitute or his successor? On this subject he was, naturally, very anxious; and a letter to his old friend Lewin Bowring, then Private Secretary to Lord Canning, shows in which direction his wishes turned.

My friend Montgomery is still making constant pulls on me for civil officers for Oude. He has lately asked me for three more. I have agreed to give him one, young Crommelin, who is now at Gujerat. I hope that no more of my men will be drafted away. I have already given a great many, and am, I assure you, very hard up. Several officers, and some of them good men, are going home this cold weather. If I get a bad or even an indifferent officer in charge of a District, all must go wrong. The mischief which may be done in six months is, very often, not cured in as many years. I am afraid I must go home for a year myself. I have been, gradually but surely, breaking down for the last three years. I have half lost my eyesight, and suffer much from the head. The work here is excessive, and the assistance at my disposal is not sufficient. The constant grind is too great for any man. If I get better, I shall come out in the cold weather of 1859, D.V. But some rest I feel I must have, to save myself from a total breakdown.

I wish you could try and ascertain who will 'act' for me. I should like Montgomery to be the man if he could be spared. Unless my *locum tenens* be a really good workman and good fellow to boot, all will go wrong. I feel very loth to go, lest anything should go wrong in my absence. But the doctors say that it is absolutely necessary.

P.S.—Oude ought to be settled by January next, the time when I want to go. If necessary, I would stay a month longer. There can be no question as to the superior importance of the Punjab to Oude. The work here will always be double that of Oude; and the frontier alone makes this charge of the greatest consequence to the general interests of the Empire. Should there be any row here or any great danger impending, I would remain, at any risk.

Meanwhile, Lord Canning, hearing of Sir John Lawrence's approaching departure, had written a letter, in which he expressed, in the warmest terms, his regret for the temporary loss of his 'invaluable assistance and support,' and begged for his frank opinion as to the claims of various possible successors—Montgomery, Edwardes, Frere, and others.

There is no man (says the Governor-General) in these Provinces or in Bengal who is suited to the work. Indeed, the number of officers qualified for the highest appointments in every branch of the Government is lamentably small compared with the present need of them, when

Oude, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab have all to be supplied with heads. I beg you to write to me fully and unreservedly all that occurs to you on the matter.

This gave Sir John Lawrence a free field; and the result was one of those vigorous yet impartial characterisations, such as we have often seen him giving to Lord Dalhousie.

Murri: September 18, 1858.

My Lord,—I did not answer your Lordship's letter of the 6th on receipt, for I wished to think well over the subject to which it related. As regards myself, I can only say that I would not wish to go home, did not the state of my health urgently call for such a step. I have suffered, for some years, from constant attacks of the head, and have been, more than once, on the point of death. In April, last year, I had a severe attack of neuralgia, and at the time the Mutiny broke out was very ill indeed; scarcely able, I may say, to raise my head at times from paroxysms of pain. As the emergency increased I got better. I have, now again, for some months been attacked by head-symptoms, which renders heavy work irksome and even distressing. And my medical advisers tell me that unless I have some rest, I may have an attack of paralysis; but that a year's rest would set me all right. It is now nearly sixteen years since I was last in England, and, during that period, I have only been absent from my work for the single month when I went to Calcutta to bid Lord Dalhousie good-bye in 1856. I mention these matters that your Lordship may see that I really do require a change. Nevertheless, should danger threaten when the time arrives for my departure, come what may, I shall be ready to remain at my post. I will leave you to judge whether I can go or not.

As regards my successor, I would strongly recommend that Mr. Montgomery be the man. He knows the country and the people. He is liked and respected by both European officers and the natives, and is, I am sure, the very best selection that could be made. There can be no question as to the relative importance of the Punjab and Oude. Moreover, arrangements for the management of Oude are, to my mind, feasible by which Montgomery could be spared. The work of the Punjab is at present too much for Montgomery. It is too much for any officer, if it be done properly. But here again a change will not be difficult.

I had always hoped that Lord Dalhousie's proposal to make the Punjab a Lieutenant-Governorship would have been sanctioned. Even when the Home authorities demurred, I expected that a little explanation would have removed the difficulty. It was not done, and I did not think it proper to move in the matter. Now, however, that the allowances of a Lieutenant-Governor have been given me, and that I am about to go

away—perhaps for good—I do not think that my motives can be misunderstood, when I urge that this measure be carried out. The additional expense will be trifling, while the relief to the chief officer will be great. It will save much paper work and many 'references,' and afford leisure for important work. The additional Staff at the disposal of a Lieutenant-Governor relieves him of much petty correspondence, which, however, is of such a nature that it must be attended to. . . .

With these changes, and the transfer of the new Punjab corps to the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Montgomery will find his post as agreeable as it will be honourable. Without such changes, I despair of any officer being found equal to its demands. I have had peculiar advantages. I have been in the Punjab now for nearly twelve years, and everything connected with the administration has grown up under me. If I have broken down under the work, I think it may be fairly assumed that a modification of the system is necessary. Montgomery is an officer much more suited for the administration of a new country, than for a Council. He is a man of action rather than of deliberation. In Calcutta he will be thrown away. With the improved position in the Punjab, and the certainty that I would not return, I am sure he would prefer the post to Calcutta, or to Oude.

If Montgomery comes to the Punjab, an officer for Oude will be required. I do not think your Lordship will find a better one than Mr. George Barnes, the present Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej Division. Barnes is an officer of great ability, and of extensive and varied civil experiences. He is peculiarly qualified to deal with the difficult subject of the landed tenures in Oude, which I consider will be the main difficulty in tranquillising that province. He has temper, tact, and a kindly sympathy towards the natives, while there is no want of vigour in him.

Macleod and Thornton are both able men, but neither of them is well suited to be the chief civil authority in a new country. Both would be content and happy with Montgomery as their Chief, whereas neither would be so well satisfied with Barnes, Edwardes, or Frere over them.

I come now to Colonel Edwardes and Mr. Frere. The former is an officer of great capacity. Whatever he does, is done well. But he never received any regular training as a civil officer and has not the faculty of rapidly disposing of public business. Edwardes, in short, is a better political than civil officer. With due training in his youth, he would have done credit to any post in India.

Next to Montgomery, I think Mr. Frere would probably make the best civil governor for the Punjab. I do not know him personally, but he bears a high character for administrative ability. The objections to him appear to me to be these. He is a Bombay civilian, and therefore would be hardly so acceptable to Bengali officers as one of this Presidency. He has no knowledge of the Sikhs nor of the Punjab system of

administration, and his policy, as regards the frontier tribes and chiefs beyond our frontier, would, I believe, be different to that which we have hitherto pursued. In all these points, he would not answer, I think, so well as Montgomery. With the latter in the Punjab, Edmonstone in the North-West, and Barnes in Oude, I venture to believe that your Lordship would do well. I have now written to your Lordship as freely and unreservedly as possible. I have omitted nothing which strikes me as of any importance.

Finding how hard-pressed his lieutenant was, Lord Canning did all he could to make his position more tolerable during the few months which remained. He begged him at once to appoint a Private Secretary, and to add any other officer to his Staff who would ease his labours. The boon was one which might have been conferred upon him with advantage at any time during the last eight years, and would, no doubt, have been conferred willingly had John Lawrence, in his insatiable hunger for work, cared to press his claims for relief. The long talked of change, too, in the administration of the Punjab, which had been advocated by Lord Dalhousie before his departure, was, at last, carried out; and the first 'Chief Commissioner' of the Punjab, passed, as of indubitable right, into the position of its first 'Lieutenant-Governor.' The change was made too late for Sir John Lawrence himself to profit much by it. But it was an honourable distinction, and was made more honourable still by the arrangement which was now formally sanctioned that the Delhi district should be included in the new Lieutenant-Governorship; the district which Sir John Lawrence had saved to the Empire, under such unparalleled difficulties, and had, in earlier life, administered with such notable success.

Sir John Lawrence valued the change of status chiefly as it eased the way for his substitute or his successor, lessening his labours and increasing his powers for good; and, though he felt that the temptation held out to him to return at the end of a year, should his health permit it, was much increased thereby, he offered to bind himself definitely not to do so, if Montgomery, the man of his choice, demurred to filling so responsible and eminent a post, unless it was to be his in permanence. In a note headed 'very private,' he writes thus to Montgomery on the subject:—

I do hope that the Governor-General will send you here as my successor. I am sure that you will be the best man for the post. You will get on with the military, be popular with the chiefs and lower classes,

and maintain the system hitherto in force. I told the Governor-General that, in order to facilitate your coming here, I would, if necessary, engage not to return. This I had no wish, otherwise, to do. For it is just possible that circumstances might happen which would induce me to come back; particularly, if the Home Government desired it. Still I would run this risk for your sake. But pray keep this to yourself. I think it right to let you know how the land lies, in case the Governor-General alludes to the subject.

In the same spirit of anxious care for others, he pressed, once more, for the honorary recognition of the services of his subordinates. He had never ceased to urge their claims in documents of every kind, official, demi-official, and private; and now that he was himself a G.C.B., a Baronet, a Privy Councillor and a Lieutenant-Governor, and was about to leave the country, he wrote to Lord Stanley in terms which he felt sure would receive an adequate response.

Murri: September 23, 1858.

My dear Lord Stanley,—This morning I received your note of August 9, through Lord Elphinstone. I beg to thank Her Majesty's Ministers for their recognition of my services. I only wish I had health and strength to enable me to hold on and assist in restoring our position in India. For there can be no doubt that a very anxious task is still before us.

I hope that, on a fitting occasion, you will not forget the officers who have contributed so much to preserve the peace in the Punjab; the men to whom I am so greatly indebted for the success of my administration, and who rallied round me so well when matters looked blackest.

In my 'Report' on what took place in the Punjab I have endeavoured to do them justice. Had it not been for men like Robert Montgomery, Herbert Edwardes, Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Frere, the Commissioner of Scinde, George Barnes, Arthur Roberts, George Ricketts, and others, we could never have weathered the storm. In giving them the fitting recognition for their merits, the British Government will do much to strengthen good government in India, and will confer a great obligation on me.

Sir John Lawrence left Murri early in October. He had been there throughout the hot season; for the remonstrances of Richard Temple, who was working for him at Lahore, had prevented his coming down thither at a time when the heat might, very probably, have been fatal to him. 'I gather,' writes Temple, 'that you are thinking of coming down to Lahore. As one of your strongest friends, I entreat you not to do so. Remember your illness in 1854.

You are not quite well at present, I fear. Your coming down here is not necessary. It will only make you ill, and *cui bono?* All that can be done shall be done, though with our Financial Commissioner (the "Cunctator," it seems, was still true to his name) things must go more or less wrong. But even your Highness' presence will not improve him!'

Two of Sir John Lawrence's nephews, who had just come out to India, Sir Alexander Lawrence, eldest son of Sir Henry, and Charles Bernard, who has since risen to high distinction, had been staying with him at Murri. Their uncle sent for them as soon as they arrived at Bombay, that he might 'see what he could make of them,' and from a couple of letters to his sister Letitia, which have fortunately been preserved, I extract a few sentences which, from a domestic and personal point of view, are not without their interest.

Rawul Pindi: May 21, 1858.

My dearest Letty,—I was greatly grieved to find by Harrie's last letter that you have been very ill. May God grant that this may find you quite recovered! I hope you will go about with Harrie. Change of air and scene will be sure to do you much good. Alex and Charley are with me. They are both very nice young fellows and general favourites. The two differ very widely in character and idiosyncrasy. But both are gentlemanlike, good-tempered, and well-conditioned. They are two of the best specimens of young England that I have seen for many a day, I am very glad they have come up to me. It is very pleasant having them. Richard (his brother), you will be sorry to hear, has had a bad attack of liver. It was a very violent one, and we had no medical man; only what is called in this country a 'native doctor,' a fat old fellow who enjoys 60*l.* a year. We however held a Council of War, cupped poor Dick twice, and then put on fifty leeches. We reduced him greatly, but we also reduced the inflammation. By the time a medical man arrived he was out of danger. I then packed him off to Murri to Nelly's care. We followed quietly to this place. It is rather hot here but healthy: and I am close to the telegraph wires, which, in these sad times, is of great importance. I am wonderfully well. The excitement seems to keep me well. Except that my sight is rather dim, I am as equal to work as ever. I shall not, however, sigh when the time comes to go home. If God spares me, I shall be well pleased to see you all again. In the meantime, the more busily I am employed the quicker does time appear to fly. Harrie writes me charming accounts of the children and her reception. Dear little woman! What happiness it must have been to her to see her seven children all around her! My last letter was from Liverpool. She was then on her way to Ireland. I expect Edwardes two days hence

for a flying visit. He proposes going home in November, and is to undertake a life of dear Henry. It will be to him a real labour of love. I don't know any man who will do it more justice than Edwardes. I hope to leave India next February and to stay at home among you all for the rest of my life.

Ever your loving Brother,
JOHN LAWRENCE.

To add to his other anxieties, there was a severe outbreak of cholera at Murri during the hot weather. It attacked chiefly the European soldiers. The welfare of the soldier was ever dear to John Lawrence's heart, and one who has good reason to know tells me that he visited the hospital almost daily with his brother, and 'did all that he could to help the sick and dying, never giving a thought to the risk he was running, and heedless of the doctors' warnings, who were anxious that he should not thus expose himself.' The mortality at Peshawur was also terrible, and many earnest letters passed between Sydney Cotton and John Lawrence on a subject in which they were both so keenly interested. One of these I quote as illustrative of John Lawrence's views, and not without some permanent value :—

Murri : September 4, 1858.

My dear General,—I return the documents received with your note of the 4th. The information they contain is very sad, and it behoves all those in power to consider the matter well, and to try to discover what are the real causes of the terrible mortality among our European troops. No man feels a stronger sympathy than I do for these poor fellows, or would do more to help them. But I have a strong conviction that more depends on habit of life than even on climate. While I readily admit that the percentage of mortality will, to a certain extent, depend on climate, I believe that close and careful observation would prove that more European soldiers are annually destroyed by the way in which they live, than by the climate. If climate indeed is the sole main cause of the great mortality in India, why is it that officers and civilians do not suffer in a similar proportion? Why is it that the petty merchants, clerks and others of this class, do not die off as the poor soldiers do? What I believe to be the cause is this. Our soldiers live too freely—more freely than they would do in private life in their own homes ; and hence they are predisposed to disease. Then, when epidemics break out, they are the greatest victims. In India, it is well known that Europeans, if they wish to preserve their health, must live more temperately than in England. A man may do with impunity in England that which will lay the foundation of disease in India ; just as a man will eat lumps of solid fat or drink even oil with impunity near the North Pole, which he will loathe

in a temperate climate. Look at the sanitary returns of the English army at home which have been lately published. Just see what the mortality, even there, is compared to the general population. I see that the Committee put it all down to bad barracks. I suspect, when that cause has been removed, we shall find that the mortality among the troops in England will still continue to be excessive. In England, however, it could not be put down to climate, and so it is attributed to bad accommodation; like the pennyworth of bread and the many shillingsworth of canary in Falstaff's account.

My firm conviction is that the European soldier eats too much animal food as a rule, drinks too much grog, and sleeps too much. Except when on service, he has little to do, and indeed, for many months in the year, much exercise is scarcely practicable. These men before they became soldiers had to work all day and live mainly, perhaps altogether, on farinaceous food. An Irish or Scotch labourer scarcely tastes animal food. The same man in India eats meat twice a day; perhaps oftener. Then again, as to drink, look at the quantity of raw spirits they consume, to none of which they were accustomed in their youth. A soldier is not considered a drunkard, he is not returned as such by the medical man, unless he is notorious for having often committed himself. And a man may habitually be a dram-drinker, and undermine and destroy his constitution, and yet be deemed a sober and steady soldier. Such a man in a highly salubrious climate like England or Rawul Pindi may carry on for a comparatively long time; but if quartered in a place like the Peshawur valley, he will rapidly sicken and die. But in the one climate, as in the other, he will not, as a rule, live out his full time. He will not live nearly so long as the poor, hardly worked, ill-fed labouring man. I know, in my own case, that except when marching or out shooting, I cannot eat meat twice a day with impunity. Up here in the hills I cannot do it, though I walk probably three miles a day; and as to liquor, dram-drinking for a month would kill me outright.

During my service in India I have known some regiments and many officers who were known to live hard. This habit, I am happy to say, is yearly going out of fashion, but when I came to India first, it was but too common. I have always found that, in such cases, these officers' career was short; all were prematurely carried off. Such cases can, in no wise, be compared to those of the soldiers. It is much easier, I admit, to see an evil than to devise a remedy. But unless the evil be admitted, it can never be grappled with. What is wanted—as it appears to me—is to obtain a *moral influence* over the soldiers. Mere orders and rules will not answer the purpose. Until we can make the men feel and believe that what we say is really true, we may preach and pester them for ever in vain. I think a good deal might be done by beginning with the men when they first embark for India, by not giving them grog on board ships, by insist-

ing that grog was drunk diluted, by giving a great advantage in the purchase of beer, by giving extra pay to men who never drank spirits, by officers going more among the men and trying to influence them. I have no wish to keep large bodies of European troops at Peshawur, on account of the barracks. On the contrary, I should keep no more than were absolutely necessary. But without some we should not be safe.

From Murri, Sir John Lawrence went to Peshawur, held many conferences there on sanitary and other matters with Cotton and Edwardes, visited several of the frontier forts, wrote his final memorandum, which I have already quoted in full, on the abandonment of Peshawur, and read aloud to the Peshawur troops, who had been paraded for the purpose, the proclamation of the Queen on assuming the direct government of India. He was accompanied on this, his last visit to the frontier, by Richard Temple, his secretary, who has thus described what took place :—

As the year 1858 drew towards its end, John Lawrence crossed the Indus for the last time, to visit Peshawur once more, and I was in attendance on him. As we crossed the Indus at Attock, where a grand old fortress overlooks the swiftly rushing river, he repeated his oft-expressed admiration for that position on account of its classic interest, picturesque beauty, and political importance. Recently, the great river, having been, in its upper course amidst the Himalayas, dammed up by a landslip for some weeks, had at length burst its barrier, and then rushed downwards past Attock with a terrific flood, rising, in a very few hours, twenty feet above high-water mark. The Cabul river joins the Indus at a short distance above Attock ; this flood banked up the Cabul river, and the refluent water inundated the military station of Noushera, twenty miles above the junction. As we descended from some high ground towards the valley of Peshawur, and commanded a full view of the place, John Lawrence drew attention to the difficulties of the situation. 'Look,' he said, 'at the fertile and populous plains environed on all sides by rugged hills from which implacable foes can, at any moment, emerge to ravage and to slay.' We ascended a neighbouring mountain where it had been proposed to establish a sanitarium for fever-stricken Europeans from Peshawur ; but he set his face against the project, declaring that, sooner or later, the helpless invalids would be attacked and slain by the bloodthirsty mountaineers. Arriving at Peshawur, we marvelled at the crowded markets and diversified wares, the mixture of Indian and Central Asian costumes, the clear running brooks and watercourses, the blooming gardens and irrigated fields. We went as near to the Khyber Pass as was permissible, to gaze into its gloomy recesses, rode through the Kohat Pass with a strong escort lest the

Afridi marauders should rush upon us, examined the defensive posts on the Eusofzye, and accompanied Harry Lumsden with a party of his Guide troopers on a hawking expedition.[1]

Leaving Peshawur, Sir John Lawrence went to Sealkote and took the opportunity of paying a first and last state visit to Runbeer Sing, the new Maharaja of Kashmere at Jummoo. Many public meetings and one 'very private' interview by night took place between the two potentates. Rumour had been flying about, supported by something like written evidence, that communications dangerous to us had been passing and repassing between Jung Bahadur, the able and powerful Minister of Nepal, the Maharaja of Kashmere, and the Ameer of Cabul. Dost Mohammed, nettled at the stopping of his subsidy, had come down, as it was supposed, with no friendly intentions, to Jellalabad; Runbeer Sing was inexperienced and lacked the political wisdom or astuteness of his father; while Jung Bahadur, as we knew well, held a trump card in his hand in the person of the ex-Maharani of Lahore, who was under his guardianship at Katmandu, and if only it had suited his purpose to 'play' her in the Mutiny, when Sir John Lawrence had sent his last available Europeans to the Ridge, things might have gone very differently with us there. He had given us some valuable assistance at Lucknow. But there was reason to think that his head had been somewhat turned thereby. The combination, therefore, did not even now seem to be beyond the range of possibility. But Sir John came away from his night interview with Runbeer firmly impressed with the belief that no danger was to be apprehended from that quarter. And here, perhaps, I may best tell an anecdote which shows how entirely, to the native mind, Sir John Lawrence represented and summed up, as it were, the Punjab, and indeed the British Government, throughout the period of the Mutiny.

I was (said J. H. Batten to me) Judge at Cawnpore in 1858, and when the army came back thither after Sir Colin Campbell's final success at Lucknow, the Nepalese chief, Jung Bahadur, came through the station on his way to pay his respects to the Viceroy at Allahabad. I was an old friend of Jung, and had seen a great deal of him at Kumaon when I was Commissioner there, having received him when he visited my territory to wash away his London and Paris sins amidst the snows and sacred shrines of the Himalayas, on his return from Europe. We now

[1] *Men and Events of My Time in India*, pp. 151-152.

had a great deal of private talk together on public matters, and I was amused at the airs he gave himself as the real conqueror of Lucknow. But I was also much interested by all he told me of the Mutiny politics among the great native chieftains, and how he had remained loyal to the English and had kept others so. One of his speeches to me was, 'You see I remained *sidha* (straight and true), and that was useful to your government in very bad times.' I said, 'Suppose you had not remained loyal, what would you have done?' 'Why,' said he, 'I would have let down the Maharani of Lahore on *Jan Larens*, and then what would England have done?' I told this to Sir John Lawrence at Simla in 1864, and he said that Jung overrated his power, but that the Maharani would have been an 'awfully troublesome customer' in the Punjab.

And what Sir John Lawrence was felt to be in a remote corner of Nepal, the personification of English strength and vigour and endurance, that, we may be sure, he was still more in his own province. As regards the Punjab, at least, the prophet was not without honour in his own country. The natives all felt his controlling power. When, for instance, feeling impatient at the slow progress of our troops before Delhi, he said, one day, to Raja Tej Sing, the most influential of all the Punjab chiefs, 'I think I ought to go there myself;' Tej Sing looked at him fixedly for a few minutes, and then said with emphasis, 'Sahib, send the best man you have, or any number of them, but don't go yourself. So long as you stay here, all will go well. But the moment you turn your back, no one can say what devilry may not take place.'[1] And, once more, when Arthur Brandreth was riding in a mail-cart with a native driver at Mooltan on the day before Sir John's departure for England, and the conversation naturally turned on the expected event, the native, with a face of undisguised apprehension, said, 'Won't something happen when he goes?' Jan Larens, as he and as every native of the Punjab thought, was the weight which kept the whole thing down, the pilot who alone could guide the ship aright.

The danger of 'the triple alliance' being over, Sir John Lawrence sent in his final application for leave of absence for fifteen months, to begin from January 1, 1859. He could now do so with a tolerably easy mind. 'The whole country,' he says to Lord Canning, 'from end to end is as quiet as possible. Indeed, I never recollect to have seen the people so loyal and contented. The change at Peshawur, in this respect, since my last visit, is quite remarkable.

[1] Malleson's *Recreations of an Indian Official*, p. 128.

In the interior of the country I have no apprehensions.' There was only one danger ahead, and this he lost no opportunity of impressing upon Lord Canning, upon his successor Montgomery, and upon Lord Stanley at home—the enormous number of Punjabi troops.

The Punjabi troops (he says to Lord Canning) are behaving well enough, but it is quite clear that we have too many of them. All intelligent natives see this. The danger on this account will increase when the war is over and the Punjabis have time to look about them. The strength of their Artillery is small, and even this should be reduced. The great danger will be from the disciplined Infantry, and I cannot too earnestly beg that your Lordship will allow their numbers to fall off. In the next three or four months we might quietly get rid of as many thousands. I do not believe that, at present, these troops mean anything wrong. But native soldiers are great fools; they have an insane idea of their own importance. And while there is much in our system which renders the service valuable to them, there is still much which is irksome. One weak, foolish, or tyrannical officer will do more mischief in a month than six good ones can correct in a year. There is, doubtless, a certain security in the different races of which the Punjab troops are composed. The Pathans will not sympathise in every movement which the Sikhs might make, on account of their old supremacy. On the other hand, the Sikhs thoroughly hate the Mohammedans. Nevertheless, however anomalous it may appear, both, under certain circumstances, would unite. So long as we are strong and are able to maintain our authority, we shall have plenty of supporters. It is only when we are weak that our friends will fall away.

Happily, before many days were over, Sir John Lawrence was able, to his 'infinite satisfaction'—for he felt that the safety of the Empire might turn upon it—to announce in his letters to his friends that Lord Canning had consented to make a gradual and progressive reduction of the Punjabi troops; and, by Christmas, he had returned to Lahore to make his final arrangements for his departure from India. But Montgomery could not be spared from Oude till towards the end of February. So the Chief Commissioner, despite the earnest recommendations of his doctors, clung gallantly to his post till he was relieved. The short delay enabled him to take a leading part in an event of much importance to the future of his province.

On February 8, in the presence of some 200 native chiefs and gentry, who had flocked thither from various parts of the province to bid him farewell and to witness the spectacle, in presence also of a vast crowd of natives of all castes and races, the first sod of the first

Punjab railway was turned by its first Lieutenant-Governor. It was fitting enough that a step which was likely to form such an epoch in the history of the Punjab, so to stimulate its energies, to develop its resources, to double its security, should be presided over by the man who, in conjunction with his illustrious brother, had been connected with it from the earliest days of British ascendency, had brought order out of anarchy, and turned War and Poverty into, comparatively speaking, Peace and Plenty. The railway was to connect Umritsur and Lahore with Mooltan, a distance of 240 miles, and being carried on simultaneously, as was then hoped, with the improvement of steam navigation on the Indus, and with the construction of another railway from Kotri to Kurrachi, would bring the Punjab a fortnight nearer to England, and connect it immediately with the sea, the true basis of our military operations and the best security for our frontier. The silver shovel presented to John Lawrence for the occasion bore on it the motto, equally appropriate to the railway and to the man who turned its first sod—'*Tam bello quam pace*;' and it was observed by the on-lookers that a deep dint was made in the metal by one of Sir John's vigorous strokes, as, with main strength, he filled the barrow with virgin soil. At almost any period of his career he could have done the muscular work of a navvy as well as the brain work of the ruler of a province. A year or two later the Chairman of some Parliamentary Committee on Indian affairs happened to ask him if he did not consider that it would be difficult to do much injury to a railway in a short interval. He replied that if he had a good crowbar and an hour or two to himself he thought he could do a little mischief; and the on-lookers remarked that he gave the answer as though he longed to try the experiment! 'I have little doubt,' says Arthur Brandreth, 'that he would have made a serious breach in its continuity.'

As the time of his departure drew near, marks of sympathy, of admiration, and of regret crowded in upon him from all quarters, native and European. In particular, on the eve of his leaving Lahore, a farewell address was presented to him which, in the number and character of the achievements it records; in the eloquent simplicity with which it records them; finally, in the personal and intimate knowledge of the man and of his work possessed by most of those who signed it, is sufficiently distinguished from other addresses of the kind, and, as such, may fitly close this record of the most stirring period of John Lawrence's life.

We, the undersigned officers, civil and military, and others, serving or residing in the Punjab territories, desire, on the occasion of your approaching departure, to express to you our admiration of your public career in this country.

Many of us have resided for some years in this province; some from the beginning of British connection with it. These, therefore, have long been personally cognisant of your great deeds. Some of us have resided here during a comparatively recent period, but have yet seen and felt the influence of your character on the general administration of affairs.

Those among us who have served in political and diplomatic capacities know how you have preserved friendly relations, during critical and uncertain times, with the native sovereignties by which this province is surrounded; how, all along an extended, rugged, and difficult frontier, you have successfully maintained an attitude of consistency and resolution with wild and martial tribes, neither interfering unduly on the one hand, nor yielding anything important on the other

Those among us who are immediately connected with the civil administration know how, in the interior of the country, you have kept the native chiefs and gentry true to their allegiance by strictness tempered with conciliation; how emphatically you have been the friend of the middle and lower classes among the natives, the husbandman, the artisan, and the labourer. They know how, with a large measure of success, you have endeavoured to moderate taxation; to introduce judicial reform; to produce a real security of life and property; to administer the finances in a prudent and economical spirit; to further the cause of material improvements, advancing public works so far as the means, financial and executive, of the Government, might permit; to found a popular system of secular education; to advocate the display of true Christianity before the people, without infringing those principles of religious toleration which guide the British Government in dealing with its native subjects. They know how you have always administered patronage truly and indifferently for the good of the State. To the civil officers, you have always set the best example, and given the best precepts; and there are many who are proud to think that they belong to your school.

Those among us who have served with the Punjabi troops know how, for years, while the old force was on the frontier, you strove to maintain that high standard of military organisation, discipline, and duty, of which the fruits were manifest when several regiments were, on the occurrence of the Bengal mutinies, suddenly summoned to serve as auxiliaries to the European forces before Delhi, in Oude, in Hindustan, and on all occasions they showed themselves worthy to be the comrades of Englishmen; how you, from the commencement, aided in maintaining a military police, which, during the crisis of 1857, proved itself to be the right arm of the

civil power. They know how largely you contributed to the raising and forming of the new Punjabi force, which, during the recent troubles, did so much to preserve the peace within the Punjab itself, and which has rendered such gallant service in most parts of the Bengal Presidency.

All those among us who are military officers know how, when the Punjab was imperilled and agitated by the disturbances in Hindustan, you, preserving a unison of accord with the military authorities, maintained internal tranquillity, and held your own with our allies and subjects both within and without the border; how, when the fate of Northern India depended on the capture of Delhi, you, justly appreciating the paramount importance of that object, and estimating the lowest amount of European force with which the Punjab could be held, applied yourself incessantly to despatching men, *matériel*, and treasure for the succour of our brave countrymen engaged in the siege; how indeed you created a great portion of the means for carrying on that great operation, and devoted thereto all the available resources of the Punjab to the utmost degree compatible with safety. They know how, since the restoration of peace, you have endeavoured so to dispose the military forces of Government, European and native, that this important province may be held with a firm and enduring grasp.

And lastly, all of us, of whatsoever class or profession, are conscious of the untiring energy, unflinching firmness, unswerving honesty of purpose, with which you have devoted yourself to promote the public service. We all believe, from personal knowledge or common fame, that you have been an instrument in the hand of Providence for the preservation of British rule in Upper India, by your good management and resolute bearing during a period of unexampled difficulty. Indeed, there are many who feel a debt of gratitude to you for the preservation of themselves and their families during that terrible time.

It is a source of pride and gratification to us that your services have been recognised by our gracious Sovereign and our common country; and we observe with lively satisfaction that you will hold such a position in England as may enable you to advocate those principles on which you have always acted in India. And you may be sure that, among all your fellow-countrymen at home and abroad, there will be none who wish more sincerely for your happiness, welfare, and success, than those who have been connected with the Punjab and its dependencies.

This address was signed by 282 civilians, by 474 military and naval officers, by 15 clergymen, and by 83 gentlemen unconnected with the Government. And of these I would remark, once more, with emphasis that a very large part had been eye-witnesses of much of what they recorded. They had gone in and out with him from the earliest Punjab days even until now. They had been behind that

veil which cynics say ought always to hang between the hero and his worshippers, if they are to remain his worshippers long. They had been followers, some of them, of the elder brother, had lost their hearts to him, had, not unnaturally, resented the way in which he had been 'elbowed out of the Punjab' by Lord Dalhousie, and had, at first, not been over-willing to serve his successor. They had smarted, many of them, under that successor's lash. They had been passed over, many of them, by him again and again for some post on which they had set their hearts, and for which they thought themselves qualified, because in his overflowing zeal for the public service he would put no one, friend or otherwise, into a place for which he did not think him to be the best posible man. Yet this was their deliberate, their unanimous verdict about him. Did any ruler ever receive a nobler or more unexceptionable testimony to his public services and private virtues? And here is his reply :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you from my heart for the genial and kindly terms in which you have acknowledged my humble services in the Punjab. While fully sensible of the advantages which an officer in my position must derive by securing the goodwill of his fellow-labourers, I have endeavoured in the course of my administration to be guided by still higher considerations. It is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to me to find that my policy in this respect has not prevented my gaining your sympathy and regard. The compliment which I have this day received from so many, who, by personal knowledge and daily experience are well able to form a correct judgment on the subject, affords me the highest gratification.

I have long felt that in India, of all countries, the great object of the Government should be to secure the services of able, zealous, and high-principled officials. Almost any system of administration, with such instruments, will work well. Without such officers the best laws and regulations soon degenerate into empty forms. These being my convictions, I have striven, to the best of my ability, and with all the power which my position and personal influence could command, to bring forward such men. Of the many officers who have served in the Punjab, and who owe their present position, directly or indirectly, to my support, I can honestly affirm that I know not one who has not been chosen as the fittest person available for the post he occupies. In no one instance have I been guided in my choice by personal considerations, or by the claims of patronage. If my administration, then, of the Punjab is deserving of encomium, it is mainly on this account, and, assuredly, in thus acting I have reaped a rich reward.

When the great mass of the native army in Hindustan first gave signs

of its intentions to mutiny; when disaffection spread from station to station until almost all the Hindustani troops in the Punjab became infected, and only waited the opportunity for rising in revolt, I had to look with anxious eyes for the means of maintaining British supremacy in the Punjab. In the quality of the civil and military officers under my control; in the excellence of the Punjab force which had been raised, trained, and disciplined under the Civil Government; in the general loyalty of the chiefs and people, as much as in the valour of our British troops, did I find the means of securing the public tranquillity here, and of rendering assistance in Hindustan.

The Punjab, which had often been thought a source of weakness and danger, then was found to be a tower of strength to the Empire. In every part of the province, from Peshawur to the banks of the Jumna, was found a body of civil officers who proved themselves equal to the crisis in which they were placed. Not a single officer left his post. In remote districts, the officers held their ground, supported by a few policemen, among a generally contented and well-disposed population. The duties of the administration were almost as well carried on as in times of profound peace.

To the discipline, endurance, and valour of the old Punjab force the British Government owes a lasting debt of gratitude. Admirably officered and commanded; trained for upwards of eight years in the severe and incessant duties of guarding the wildest border in the British dominions in Asia; inured to constant warfare against powerful and warlike mountain tribes, the services of these troops have proved most important. While a portion of the force still maintained its guard on the frontier, a large body were marched away the moment that the Mutiny broke out, some, to assist in overawing the disaffected Hindustani soldiers in the Punjab, but, the greater portion, to share with our gallant countrymen the dangers and honours of the war in Hindustan.

The new troops which the necessities of the times compelled me to raise in large numbers have, without exception, behaved well; and many corps in the field have emulated the gallantry and hardihood of the old regiments.

Further, I thank the officers and men of the British regiments serving in the Punjab for the valour and endurance which they evinced during the terrible struggle. Their deeds indeed need no words of mine to chronicle their imperishable fame. From the time that the English regiments cantoned in the Simla Hills marched for Delhi in the burning month of May, 1857, exposure to the climate, disease and death under every form in the field, were their daily lot. Great as were the odds with which they had to combat, the climate was a far more deadly enemy than the mutineers. In a very few weeks, hundreds of brave soldiers were stricken down by fever, dysentery, and cholera. But their

surviving comrades never lost their spirits. To the last they faced disease and death with the utmost fortitude. The corps which remained in the Punjab to hold the country, evinced a like spirit and similar endurance. Few in numbers, in a strange country, and in the presence of many enemies who only lacked the opportunity to break out, these soldiers maintained their discipline, constancy, and patience.

Lastly, it is with pleasure that I acknowledge how much I have been indebted to the military authorities in this province for the cordiality and consideration I have ever received at their hands. In all the arrangements which it has fallen to my lot to make for the maintenance of public security in all matters in which we have been associated together, I have met with their ready and zealous co-operation. Gentlemen, again thanking you for the great honour you have conferred on me, I wish you health and prosperity and a speedy return to your native country.

On February 25, Montgomery arrived. Sir John Lawrence handed over the government to him with no unwilling heart, and, on the following morning, left Lahore, not to return to it till he was to come thither in all the pomp and splendour of Governor-General of India. From Mithancote he sailed down the Indus, and as a mark of his high displeasure, steamed, without slackening speed, right by the Nawab of Bahawalpore, who, to his certain knowledge, had been disposed to play us false in the Mutiny, but had now, after the manner of his kind, come down in state to the river bank, to greet the conqueror. At Hyderabad, he spent some days with Bartle Frere, the Chief Commissioner of Scinde, who had given him such timely and unstinted aid in the struggle. With his usual hospitality, Frere had contemplated entertaining his distinguished guest at a public dinner at Kurrachi and had made preparations accordingly. But time pressed. Sir John Lawrence yearned to be at home. And this yearning, coupled, I believe, with the knowledge that he would be made a 'lion' of, and have to make a speech, served to quicken his departure, and he set sail, at last, for Bombay and England. 'Your name and services,' said Lord Stanley in one of his last letters to him, 'are in everyone's mouth. Be prepared for such a reception in England as no one has had for twenty years.'

CHAPTER VII.

HOME LIFE IN ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY, 1859—DECEMBER, 1863.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE was met in Paris by his wife and his two eldest daughters. He spent a few days there, and his friend, Arthur Brandreth, who had accompanied him from India, has recorded how a threat, uttered in joke, that he would apprise the Mayor of Dover of his approach, excited the ire of his unostentatious and simple-hearted companion. Accordingly, he managed to cross the Channel unobserved, thus escaping the embarrassing attentions of the crowd on the Dover Pier, and the conventional address at the Lord Warden, and he made his way, without let or hindrance, to the house in London—16 Montague Square—which had been occupied for some time past by his wife and his sister Letitia. It was a happy family meeting, after fifteen years of separation. But many changes had taken place in the interval. The old mother had died, the old Clifton home, with its associations, had been broken up, the sister had become a widow. Of course, his arrival in London could not be kept a secret. He reported himself at once, as in duty bound, at the India House, and was warmly received by the authorities there, not least by his new chief, Lord Stanley. Addresses of congratulation poured in upon him. Deputations from various public bodies, civil and religious, were anxious to greet him in person. Any public meeting, at which there was a chance of his being present, was sure to be crowded by a large audience, anxious, not so much to support the cause, as to catch a sight—like the Romans of old on the return of Scipio from Spain—of the rugged features of the man who had done so much to save our Empire in the East. When he had left England seventeen years before, he was unknown by name to anyone beyond the small circle of his relations and friends. Now, as Lord Stanley had said, 'his name and achievements were in everybody's mouth.'

Public receptions and addresses have become matters of such everyday occurrence, in an age which has been prodigal of petty and unjust and not always successful wars, that I shrink from lingering over celebrations which had a great deal of meaning then, but have become vulgarised now, and can hardly fail to be somewhat distressing and humiliating to the more or less distinguished men who have to undergo them. A passing notice, however, I must give to one or two of the more striking ceremonials of which Sir John Lawrence was the object.

On June 3, the Freedom of the City, which had been awarded him in the previous year, was formally conferred upon him in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, and he was able—as he had expressed a hope, that he should be able to do, in the middle of his anxieties in India—'to stand in the Guildhall and thank the court in person' for the honour conferred upon him.

If ancient Rome (said the spokesman of the Corporation) in the plenitude of her power, could justly boast of the two illustrious sons Cornelia, surely Britain may view with pride, in the persons of Henry and John Lawrence, the recurrence of one of those parallels which history occasionally reproduces. Vain is the endeavour, in the compass of a few brief sentences, to describe the unerring foresight, the admirable promptitude, the indomitable firmness, and the untiring energy displayed by you in trampling out the smouldering embers of disaffection within your own province, enabling you to organise and to furnish those numerous levies which contributed to the capture of Delhi, and the consequent maintenance of our supremacy in British India. Fortunately for myself, the task is as superfluous as it is impracticable, for History has already recorded this brilliant chapter of our Indian Annals, and has conferred upon you the titles of 'Organiser of Victory' and 'Saviour of British India.'

More than half of Sir John Lawrence's reply was a just and warm tribute to the services of the elder of the two 'Gracchi,' his brother, Sir Henry. Of himself he said very little, and that little only that he might dwell upon the services of his lieutenants, and might ask again for their still delayed reward.

Regarding myself, it becomes me to say but little. If I was placed in a position of extreme danger and difficulty, I was also fortunate in having around me some of the ablest civil and military officers in India. In times of peace we had worked so as to be prepared for times of commotion and danger. We had laboured to introduce into a new country order, law, and system. Our object had been to improve the condition

of the people, and obtain their goodwill and sympathies, and hence it happened that, by God's help, we were able to meet the storm which must otherwise have overwhelmed us all. I have received honours and distinctions from my sovereign. I have been welcomed by my countrymen of all classes, since my return home, with consideration—I may say with affection. But I hope that some rewards will, even yet, be extended to those who so nobly shared with me the perils of the struggle, and by whose aid my efforts to maintain the supremacy of my country were crowned with success.

On June 24, in Willis's Rooms, in the presence of another enthusiastic assembly, Sir John Lawrence received an address which, though it was primarily intended to support his religious policy, as indicated in the despatch I have already quoted, also passed under review the whole of his services, and, if we take into consideration the character and number of those who signed it, may be said to have borne a truly national character. It was signed by upwards of 8,000 persons, including the 3 Archbishops, 20 Bishops, 28 members of the House of Lords, 71 of the House of Commons, 300 Lord Mayors and Mayors, Lord Provosts and Provosts. Members of the Government were debarred by their official position from signing, but a letter from Mr. Gladstone, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, probably expressed the collective feelings of the Ministry, and, looking to the profound esteem and admiration with which I know that Lord Lawrence always regarded Mr. Gladstone, it was probably as much valued by him as any other signature in the whole. 'I beg to assure you,' said Mr. Gladstone to Sir Culling Eardley, 'that were I now able to act in my individual capacity, I should be happy to join in any testimonial expressive of the most profound respect and regard for Sir John Lawrence, but I think that my official position renders it inexpedient for me to sign any address relating to public affairs on which I may have to deliberate in another capacity.'

The Universities were as eager as other public bodies to testify to their sense of his services. He received from both Oxford and Cambridge, during the summer of this year, the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. at their great annual Commemorations. At both he was received enthusiastically, and I may perhaps dwell for a moment on the scene at Oxford, which has a special interest for me, inasmuch as it was my first sight of the man whose life I am now writing. He seemed, in spite of all that he had gone through, to be

in the full vigour and prime of manhood, and I well remember the profound interest with which, as the great doors of the theatre were thrown open, and the recipients of the honorary degrees advanced up the centre of the room, to be presented to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Jeune, everyone strained forward to catch the first sight of him. Undergraduates forgot their folly for a moment as they gazed upon his rugged features. The Newdigate Prize Poem, which had been won by Antony Aglen of University College and was of quite exceptional merit, happened to be on the extremely appropriate subject of Lucknow, and I have a vivid recollection of the rounds of applause which greeted some sounding lines referring to Sir Henry Lawrence's services and death—

> Whose lion courage and whose wisdom tried,
> To failing hearts his own stout hope supplied.
> O greedy Death! O cruel bursting shell!
> Then fell their tower of strength when Lawrence fell

Socially, Sir John Lawrence was 'the lion' of the London season. A friend, whose graphic reminiscences of him, as a rough young civilian on his first furlough, I have quoted in full, says:—

> I thought I had never seen anything more noble than his whole air and manner when he returned from the Mutiny. It bore the impress of the greatness of character which had won for him the name of the 'Saviour of India.' At that time he was the hero of the day. It was the fashion to fête him. The Queen and all the nobility vied in showing him every attention, but he retained his perfect simplicity of manners and tastes, a little modified from the roughness of his early days.

Royalty had been forward enough to show its sense of the services which Sir John Lawrence had rendered to the State and to the Crown. The just and sagacious frontier policy, which had taught the Afghans that they had nothing to fear from England, and which had stood us in such good stead during the Mutiny, was as much in favour then with the Court itself, as with each successive President of the Board of Control, with each successive Governor-General, with each successive Prime Minister. That England's extremity had not been the Afghan's opportunity was due to that policy and to that alone.

Sir John Lawrence was invited to Windsor as soon as he arrived in England, and was treated with marked distinction by his royal hosts. He was not, by nature, a courtier. Simple in his habits, care-

less of his dress, popular in his sympathies, free or even blunt of speech, a Court atmosphere would not have been one in which he could long breathe freely. He was impatient of the trammels and constraints even of ordinary English society; and, in India, his disregard of the conventionalities of life, even in the free air of a non-regulation province, had often occasioned amusement and surprise. There were therefore those among his friends who looked with interest, not unmixed with anxiety, to his first appearance at the English Court. The man who, it will be remembered, had, in a moment of pre-occupation, mislaid and lost the Koh-i-noor, and whom not all the instructions of the Court costumier could prevail upon to pin his orders on in their right places, was not unlikely to be forgetful of some of the ceremonial proper to the occasion. But all went off well. What the Queen herself thought of the services rendered by her guest I am fortunately able to show by a letter from Sir Charles Phipps which I find among his papers, and which I have received Her Majesty's gracious permission to publish.

Buckingham Palace: July 4, 1859.

My dear Sir John,—The Queen has commanded me to thank you, in her name, for the beautiful and curious book[1] which you have presented to Her Majesty through Lady Gomm. Valuable as such an addition to Her Majesty's Library would, under any circumstances, be, the Queen directs me to say that she has accepted it with much increased pleasure, as presented by one who has rendered services to Her Majesty of inestimable value in India.

Sir John Lawrence had several prolonged interviews with Prince Albert, and was much impressed by his minute knowledge of Indian affairs. Many English statesmen, he used to remark, of whom he had expected better things, had only the most superficial smattering and the smallest interest in such matters, but Prince Albert's knowledge was both wide and minute. I have already spoken of the surprise felt by Sir John Lawrence when the Prince told him that he had read his paper on the advisability of confining our possessions to the

[1] This book, which is now in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, has had a curious history. It is written in Arabic. It was prepared in the Palace of Lucknow, under the direction of the King of Oude, and is a faithful illustration of the habits, life, and dress of the highest Mohammedan families in India. It was among the booty taken by some Sikhs in storming the Palace towards the close of the Mutiny. They handed it over to their commanding officer, who sent it to Sir John Lawrence, the corps being one of those which had been raised under his orders. He, in his turn, presented it to the Queen.

line of the Indus, and expressed his warm approval of it. And I may also mention here that, some two years later than this, and some six months before the premature death which caused too many people to awake, for the first time, to a full consciousness of the great abilities, the absolute devotion to duty, and the self-sacrificing life of the Prince Consort, Sir John Lawrence remarked to his friend Captain Eastwick, 'I am no courtier; but Prince Albert has always struck me as one of the most remarkable men I have ever met.'

That a man whose merits were so universally acknowledged as those of Sir John Lawrence was not raised at once to the peerage, was a cause of as much surprise in England as it had been in India. The general dissatisfaction found expression in that great safety-valve of English discontent, that powerful redresser of all un-redressed human grievances, a letter to the 'Times.' In particular, I notice one letter with the well-known signature of 'Arthur Kinnaird,' pointing out that the Baronetcy which had just been conferred upon Sir John Lawrence had been offered to him as long ago as the time of Lord Dalhousie; a year, that is, before the Mutiny broke out, and had therefore been earned by his previous services. And, in an able leading article on the same subject, I notice that the raising by the outgoing Government of three mediocrities to the peerage, furnished the writer with a text on which he was not slow to make the appropriate comment:—

> Let us be thankful that still England is nobly served, though she knows not how suitably to reward those who nobly serve her; and let us console ourselves with the reflection that the loss is not on the side of Sir John Lawrence. For though his name would add much to the lustre of the peerage, the peerage can add nothing to the lustre of his name.

One additional honour, however, which I may mention here, was still in store for him. After prolonged discussion, in which the Queen and Prince Albert had taken great personal interest, all the details for the institution of a new Order of Knighthood, to be called the 'Order of the Star of India,' were completed. It was to consist of twenty-five knights, European and Native, the Sovereign being the Grand Master. The first investiture took place at Windsor Castle on November 1, 1861, and, on that day, Sir John Lawrence received, in company with his old friend Lord Clyde, with the Maharaja Duleep Sing, with General Pollock and with Lord Harris, the beautiful insignia of the new Order. They consist of a double star

of rays of gold and diamonds, resting on a light blue enamelled riband, and inscribed with the appropriate motto—for it is the motto of universal religion—'Heaven's light our guide.' The collar consists of the lotus of India and of palm branches tied together; while the badge of the Order is an onyx cameo of the Queen's head.

Happily for the personage principally concerned, the presentation of addresses and the making of speeches could not go on for ever. To no one would the lion-hunting of the fashionable part of London society seem so hollow; on no one would the ceaseless round of frivolities and gaieties which men call pleasure, pall sooner than on John Lawrence; and before I say what little is to be said of his duties at the Indian Council, I turn, with something of the pleasure which he must have himself experienced, to his domestic life during the next four years, to his children and his pets, to the new tastes which he developed, to the old to which he returned, to the new friends whom he made, or to the old ones who gathered round him, to his reading, his tours, and his recreations. Trivial, no doubt, and beneath the conventional dignity of biography, some of these matters may seem to be when taken by themselves. But they are not alien to the purpose which I have kept in view throughout, that of showing the whole man in all his lights and shades, in his domestic as in his public life; well knowing as I do after the close scrutiny which I have been bound to give to every part of my subject, that though he was not free from shortcomings or from roughnesses, in other words, though he was a man and not an angel, he was yet a genuine hero, and that, as Tennyson has said of the Duke of Wellington, so we may say of him,—

> Whatever record leaps to light
> He never will be shamed.

His duties at the Indian Office made it necessary that he should be in or near London; but simple and domestic in all his tastes, and, hating ostentation with a perfect hatred, he determined to be as little as possible of it. All that was valuable in London society of course he would retain. All that was worldly, or frivolous, or worse would float by him. With his sister, Mrs. Hayes, there had been living for some time past the young daughter of Sir Henry Lawrence, a girl who, even then, showed something of her father's exuberant energy and heart; and it was determined that, as soon as a convenient residence could be found, the two households should form one family.

In August, Sir John Lawrence, having initiated himself into his new work at the India Office, took his first holiday; a holiday which no one living had more fairly earned, and, accompanied by his wife and his four eldest children, went for a tour in Ireland. They visited Killarney, traversed the wilds of Connemara, stayed with Lady Lawrence's two brothers in the North, took a last look at the home of her childhood, which had now passed into the hands of strangers, and at Dublin, on their way home, paid a visit to the present Lord Cardwell. By Christmas, a house large enough to accommodate the whole party had been found in Upper Hyde Park Gardens. The mysteries of furnishing and housekeeping, so formidable to those who have lived all their lives in India under conditions wholly different, had been, in some measure, solved, and Sir John Lawrence found himself in the full enjoyment of that for which he had sighed during many a long year in India—a home of his own, with his favourite sister and all his children gathered round him. In the society of his sister he seemed to renew his youth, consulting her, as of old, in everything, and having long talks with her every evening over her bedroom fire. His health improved rapidly, and it seemed as though India would, after all, have no permanently bad effect on his constitution. The work of the India Office was enough to make him feel that he was not idle, not enough to make him feel that he was without leisure. Altogether, he and those about him were as happy as they could well be.

We kept (says Lady Lawrence) early hours in those days. At 8.30 the household met for family prayers, and the large party of children breakfasted with us afterwards. He used to be the life of the gathering, and the merry stories he told and his romps with the children are well remembered. About 10 A.M. he started for the India Office, and did not generally return till late in the evening; but before he left home he was always ready to give help to me in every little domestic matter. It was now that we first became intimate with Captain Eastwick, who has ever since been our dear and valued friend. He and my husband often walked home together. We had many old friends near us, and members of my husband's family were often coming in and out among us. At that time, we did not go out much in the evening. Occasionally he dined out; but as a rule he did not care to do so. Nor did he ever spend much time at the Club. He only dropped in on his return home to hear what was going on. The evenings were generally spent in reading aloud. Sometimes he read to himself; but he was so sociable, and so enjoyed the family being all gathered round the fireside, that he preferred this to

reading alone in the library. He took great interest in politics, but no active part in them. He occasionally brought home work from the office, and I remember sitting with him at night and copying out his papers as fast as he wrote them. This was such a pleasure to me, recalling, as it did, the old Indian days. There was not much occasion for this kind of work now; only it made me very happy.

In May of this year, he attended the Church Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall, at which Sir Herbert Edwardes made his famous speech, a speech which many who heard it thought to be one of the finest displays of earnest eloquence that they had ever heard. When Sir Herbert sat down there were loud and enthusiastic calls for Sir John Lawrence, who was on the platform, but, with characteristic modesty, kept himself in the background. He was much delighted with his friend's success; all the more so that his speech was not open to the objections which his paper of the previous year had seemed to challenge. Sir John Lawrence's criticisms, it seemed, had wiped out all tinge of fanaticism without lessening his zeal and his Christian earnestness.

The late summer months were spent at Worthing, and during his children's holidays Sir John Lawrence gave himself up entirely to them. He took part in all their amusements, especially in the now almost extinct game of croquet, a game in which he was an adept. In the afternoons, he would take the two eldest boys and girls for long and rapid rides to Arundel or elsewhere, he leading the way and they keeping up, as best they could. When the holidays were over, he paid a long-planned visit to his birth-place, the little town of Richmond in Yorkshire. He felt or fancied—as well perhaps he might—that his career was over, and he seemed to have a yearning to look once more upon the hills which had given him birth.

From Richmond he went to Inverary Castle as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and the friendships formed or cemented there ended only with death. In the Duke, he found a man who was prepared to sympathise with him in most or in all of his views on Indian affairs, and who, besides his other splendid gifts, was pre-eminently strong in that in which Sir John Lawrence always felt and always deplored that he was weak, the faculty of expressing himself by word of mouth, on all occasions, in language which was ready, clear, and eloquent. What the Duke of Argyll thought, then and ever afterwards, of his illustrious guest is well known. But I cannot refrain from quoting here a single sentence from one of the most

recent and vigorous of his speeches on the abandonment of Candahar, which probably gives the gist of the whole. 'Of all the great Indian authorities,' said the Duke, 'with whom I have been brought into contact, there is not one who for solidity of judgment, for breadth of view, for strength and simplicity of character is, in my judgment, to be compared with Lord Lawrence.'

Sir John Lawrence's friendship with the Duchess of Argyll was a great source of happiness to both. Her charms and varied powers made a most vivid impression upon him. He would talk with her for many hours together, and her advice was not without influence upon him on one or two of the most critical occasions in his subsequent life.

From Inverary he went down to Glasgow, that he might receive the Freedom of the City, passing on the way through a country which must have seemed familiar enough to so keen a lover of Sir Walter Scott. There was, as I have already had occasion to remark, a good deal of the Scotchman in John Lawrence's character, and he valued the Freedom of the commercial metropolis of Scotland as something more than a mere compliment. He was the guest of Dr. Macduff during his stay at Glasgow, and from a reminiscence with which he has favoured me, I quote one or two passages :—

The Burgess ticket was presented to him in a crowded assemblage of the citizens in the City Hall, and his speech in acknowledgment was listened to with marked attention. There was no attempt at oratorical art or display, no superfluous words of flattery to those who had done him honour. He plunged, with the 'Great Dependency' for his topic, *in medias res*. The lion-like appearance of the man who was then in the prime of manhood, yet whose brow was furrowed with the anxieties of the 'supreme crisis,' lent power and impressiveness to all he said. These days were a great enjoyment to him; for, by a happy coincidence, the meetings of the Social Science Association were then being held in Glasgow, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. Sir John was among the distinguished men upon the platform, and listened 'to the old man eloquent' as he delivered his inaugural address. I took him, one day, to the beautiful home of the late Robert Napier, who by his ship-yards on the Clyde had won a world-wide reputation. Both the man and his surroundings were greatly to Sir John's liking. The charming scenery of the Gare Loch, and the rare artistic treasures of an almost palatial residence, he much admired. The pictures, and statuary, and porcelain were duly exhibited by the host. His visitor had a genuine appreciation of natural beauty, but it must be owned that his preferences inclined to other regions than the artistic. I believe, if the truth were told, that he

set far less value on a Rembrandt or a Titian than on Rob Roy's snuff-box with its appurtenances, as he recalled in handling it the halo which the genius of Sir Walter Scott had thrown around 'the Knight of the Black Mail.' This reference to the Celtic race reminds me of what had evidently made a deep impression on him during his present journey to Scotland. On his way from Inverary, he had passed through a varied portion of the Argyllshire and Perthshire highlands. Again and again did he recur with an almost vehement regret—though I think he had gathered an exaggerated impression on the subject—to the depopulation of the valleys and straths which met his eye, retaining, as they did, only the ruin-memorials of former 'Clachan' and 'Cotter' life; a thriving peasantry dispossessed and displaced by large farms; and these again obliged to make way for the still more exacting claims of the deer-forest! Sir Walter's old ditty in the Macgregor Slogan seemed to have struck a chord in his heart:—

'We are landless, landless, landless, Gregarich!'

The birth of a daughter in June of this year had given a new interest to the home life which was just beginning. But it was a short-lived happiness enough. It will be remembered how, nine years before, Sir John Lawrence had been struck down by the loss of his infant child at Lahore. The true tenderness of the man came out in his dealings with children, especially with very young children. There was no roughness at all then. 'Scratch the Russian,' it has been said, 'and you will find the Tartar.' Of Sir John Lawrence exactly the opposite might be said, 'Scratch him skin-deep and you will find him to be all tenderness.' His roughness was, in fact, skin-deep, and not always that. In the February following its birth the child sickened and died, to the sore distress of its parents; and Sir John, thinking that country air would be better for his other children, determined to leave London and seek a home elsewhere. The influence of Sir Herbert Edwardes and his wife led him to Southgate, and here, for three years, he enjoyed a peace and domesticity which is often denied to Londoners.

Southgate House was an old-fashioned country house large enough to contain his sister and his niece as well as his own family; and it had a good garden and some sixty acres of ground attached to it. Amidst the anxieties of his last year in India, he had often been heard to exclaim, 'I will go home and turn farmer,' and now he was able to do so on a small scale. He cut himself adrift altogether from London gaieties, and gave himself up to country life. Of his fondness for horses I have often spoken, and now he was able, to his great delight, to keep cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry. He

knew each animal intimately, and his dry humour came out abundantly in the names he gave to each, hitting off, to a nicety, its individual character. A pig or a sheep was allotted to each child, which, when it had been fattened at the father's expense, but with the child's care, was duly repurchased by its original owner; and so the interest of the children in the live stock was almost as great as his own. His summer evenings spent in croquet; his Saturday afternoon family drives in the neighbourhood; his Sunday afternoon progresses round his farm; the Sunday evening family readings of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the family repetition of a hymn; and then, to finish all, some thrilling story of his early Indian adventures—'a hunt, a robbery, or a murder,' told as few but he could have told it, to his large-eyed wondering audience—such were the simple pleasures of his home life.

Over the more choice of his animals Sir John Lawrence was very careful indeed, and would leave little to be done by others, as an incident told me by a well-known clergyman, the Rev. John Smith, now the Vicar of Lyme Regis, and one of the most vigorous, hard-working, and warm-hearted of men, will show. It was the time of the Cotton Famine, and the Rev. J. Smith, who was then in charge of a large manufacturing parish in the North of England, and was a total stranger to Sir John Lawrence, had been invited by him to make Southgate House his head-quarters while he was advocating in the neighbourhood the claims of the distressed operatives. The sufferings of these men, so heroically borne, had gone to the heart of Sir John, and he was anxious to show his sympathy for them in every way he could. One morning, the host and his guest happened to start for London together, the one to go to his duties at the India Office, the other to preside at a meeting in support of the starving operatives. Observing that Sir John was carrying an awkward and heavy-looking hamper under his arm on their walk to the station, his companion asked whether he might not carry it for him. 'No, thank you,' replied Sir John, 'I can't trust it to you or to anybody. It's too valuable.' When they arrived in London, and were making their way through the crowd towards a cab, the offer was repeated. 'No,' said Sir John, 'I will give it to no one.' When they were safely seated in the cab, 'Now,' said Sir John, 'I will tell you what I have got in that hamper. It is a pig!' And a live pig, indeed, it was, of a notable breed which he was about to give with his own hands to an old Indian friend!

During his residence at Southgate, he managed to make many new and close friends among his neighbours, as he had done during every stage of his Indian career, even when he was playing the part of the most exacting of task-masters at Lahore. Three of these I must mention by name. First and foremost came his nearest neighbour, Mr. Charles Bradley, who, with Mrs. Bradley, was afterwards to give as signal a proof of friendship as one man can well give to another, by taking charge, during the whole of his well-earned holiday, of all the children of the Viceroy of India, when Mrs. Hayes, the aunt under whose charge they had been left in England, was suddenly removed by death. There was no man, Lord Lawrence used often to say in later times, on whose friendship he could place a more implicit trust than on Charles Bradley's.

Next, perhaps, came Mr. and Mrs. Cater, of West Lodge, Barnet, with whom frequent visits or letters were interchanged from that time to the day of his death. It was Mr. Cater, who, during the vast pressure of public business which the Viceroyalty imposed upon its holder, saved him from much anxiety in looking after his investments and private family concerns in England. And, thirdly, there was Mr. T. C. Sandars, well known as one of the ablest contributors to the 'Saturday Review' from its earliest days onwards, who used to drop in evening by evening, engage in long conversations or arguments with the retired Civilian, which were a source of much enjoyment to both, and take his part in the children's amusements, not least in their Christmas acting. Many other intimate friends Sir John Lawrence made, at this period of his life, but, if I mistake not, with the one exception of Captain Eastwick, they attained not to the standing of these first three.

He took great interest in politics, but he was, in no sense of the word, and at no time of his life, a party man. His sympathies were always with freedom, with progress, with the masses; but he judged every question on its own merits, never taking up a party cry because it was the cry of the party. In the complicated Russo-Turkish question for instance—at a period when I knew him well—he was far too well-informed and clear-sighted to identify himself with the views of either of the extreme parties in England. He knew the faults of each system of government or no-government too well to constitute himself the champion of either. He never anathematised the Turks as a nation, for what he knew to be, in a great measure, the result of the vices of their rulers. Still less did he look upon the

Russians—as it was the fashion in some circles to do—as the enlightened and disinterested champions of oppressed races. He would never have stood up for Turkish misrule, or the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, because, from certain narrow points of view, it seemed to be to our advantage to do so. But still less did he think that a people so grossly misgoverned and so backward as the Russians had a right to plunge half a continent into war in order to compel the Turks to govern better. In a word, he looked at the question from both sides and formed an independent and equitable judgment upon it.

In the American Civil War, which was raging during his residence at Southgate, he took a keen interest, and here he was, throughout, on the side of the North. At that time there were some leading Liberals who felt otherwise. But Sir John Lawrence felt convinced from the beginning that though the motives of the Northerners might not be pure, yet the inevitable result of the struggle would, if they were successful, be the emancipation of the Negro; if unsuccessful, his prolonged enslavement. In the history and progress of the United States he had always taken a deep interest, and he often expressed his regret that a life of unceasing labour in the East had made it impossible for him to visit the great Republic in the West.

His personal wants were of the fewest. They were as simple as was his character. He could not bear money to be spent on himself, and many a kindly rebuke have his wife and daughters received for having bought him an expensive article of dress or ornament, when a cheaper one, as he thought, might have answered the purpose equally well. It was thus a standing difficulty with his children to find a suitable present for him on his birthday. He had no wants, and he did not like superfluities; while they, on their part, were not easy if they let the day pass by unnoticed. It was thus no figure of speech, but the literal truth that he spoke in the hearing of his indefatigable lady-secretary, Miss Gaster, a few days before his death. His illness was even then heavy upon him, though nobody had as yet begun to fear that it was his last; and as he took his short daily walk, the strong man was obliged to lean for support on the arm of his companion. A basket of fine and fresh strawberries in a shop window caught his eye. 'How I should like to have some!' he said. 'Let us go in and get them,' replied his companion. They went in and asked the price. It was half a guinea. 'I never spent so much as that in my life upon myself!' he said, and abruptly left the shop.

And so too, after his death, there was hardly a ring, or a pin, or a piece of jewellery of any kind to be found among his personal effects which could be given to his dearest friends to serve as a personal memento of him. And yet he had 'held the gorgeous East in fee.' Of a man so simple and so self-sacrificing to possess no material memento was, perhaps, after all, the best of all mementoes.

But what he declined to spend upon himself he gave freely enough to others. Not that he ever gave at random or lavishly. He gave only after inquiry and with discrimination. The luxury of giving he always felt was one of the luxuries of which he would have to give the strictest account. Few men have therefore done more good, and few, certainly, have done less harm by their thousand acts of kindness. His left hand seldom knew what his right hand did. His wife, his successive secretaries, and, in some measure, I may add, his biographer, can form a rough idea—and it is not Sir John Lawrence's fault that even they can do so—of the number of his unnumbered but well-considered acts of unostentatious charity, and of the ungrudging expenditure of time and trouble which made up so large a part of the sum total of his life. 'I never knew,' said the clergyman whose striking reminiscence of him I have already quoted, the Rev. J. Smith of Lyme Regis, 'anyone so simple, so prayerful, so hardworking, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known.'

'His religious faith,' says she who knew him best, 'was the most beautiful and simple I have ever known. "Fear God and keep His commandments" was the rule of his daily life. We used to read the Bible together every day, and I have now by me the large-print volumes he used latterly, with his marks at the different passages which particularly interested him.'

Captain Eastwick, who has had special opportunities for observing what he records, says :—

No man understood better than Lord Lawrence that the living for others is the first step towards living to God. The extent to which he laboured in this sphere of Christian charity is known only to the cherished partner of his earthly pilgrimage, the partaker of his joys and sorrows, and the sole sharer of every secret of his inner life. In his charities, as in every step he took in life, Lord Lawrence was not influenced by spasmodic impulses, but acted upon system, upon a deep and abiding sense of duty to God and his neighbour. From the earliest period of my acquaintance with him he was a decided Christian ; a simple, God-fearing man who, to the best of his ability, translated into daily practice the precepts of the

Bible, of which sacred volume he was, to my certain knowledge, a daily, assiduous, and meditative reader. I have often seen him when his sight had grown too dim to allow of his reading other books, spelling out slowly, with his finger on the page, a few verses from a New Testament printed in large type. His majestic countenance wore a mournful yet resigned expression, and when I thought of the deprivation it must be to a man of his strong will and independent nature, my heart was so full that I could hardly refrain from tears.

Lord Lawrence gave the impression as of one walking in the presence of an Omnipotent, All-merciful, All-just Master, to whom he solemnly believed he was to render hereafter an account of the deeds done in the body. He made no professions, and rarely originated religious topics in our conversations, though he did not object to talk on the theological questions of the day when I mooted them. He had a great aversion to that peculiar phraseology which some well-meaning people use in speaking on religious matters. But, when treating such subjects, his tone was simple, unaffected and eminently religious. It was evident that they were familiar to his mind and thoughts. He seldom read what are called 'religious books;' for he used to remark that they did not help him as the Bible did.

He expressed in his life rather than in words the central, all-pervading belief which dominated and directed his whole being. His own views of the fundamental truths of the Christian Faith, as I have heard him state them, were simple and clear. He had no fancy for speculation or for strifes of words. He built his faith on the authority of Scripture, freely admitting that there were many things which he could neither understand nor explain, but which he was content to accept as the revealed Word of God, who, in His own good time, would make all things clear to those who trusted in Him. I recollect once when some one in conversation had been deprecating prayer for rain as useless to change the order of things, Lord Lawrence said to me afterwards, 'We are told to pray, and that our prayers will be answered, and that is sufficient for me.'

But while Sir John Lawrence's domestic life and enjoyments were such as I have described them, he was also working steadily, day by day, at the Indian Council. It was work somewhat different, both in degree and in kind, from that with which he had been familiar for thirty years past in India. Unfriendly critics indeed of the Indian Council have spoken of their work as 'laborious idleness.' But, as a matter of fact, it was then, as it is now, work of real interest; and it involved then, to a degree which it is impossible that it can do now, the discussion of changes of fundamental importance—nothing less, in fact, than the reconstruction of the shaken fabric of our Indian Empire. How did Sir John Lawrence like his work, and how did his work and his colleagues like him?

There was, necessarily, much in the position which a man of his experience, his knowledge, and his autocratic temperament could not altogether relish. He had served on a Board once before in his life, had been the ruling spirit upon it, and had, at least, possessed the satisfaction of feeling that its resolutions, after many heart-burnings and wearisome discussions, were almost always translated into acts. Yet he had never liked it. He was not fitted, he remarked, to run in triple harness, and how would he like now to be one of a team of sixteen, to be a member of a Board, that is, which was consultative only, and whose resolutions might be habitually overruled by a Secretary of State who must always change with the Government of the day, and with whom he might, after all, not find that he had much in common? Thus, though he was proud of the offer which had been made so warmly to him by Lord Stanley, and was glad still to have a voice, if not a hand, in the government of the country in which he had spent his life, he was not able to look forward to his work at the India Office with unmixed satisfaction.

The first meeting of the newly formed Council had taken place in the autumn of 1858. It contained a fair mixture of old names and new, of Conservatives and of Reformers. Among them were men so well known in Indian circles as Hogg, Mills, Mangles, Prinsep, Eastwick, Willoughby, Cautley, Macnaghten, and Rawlinson. Lord Stanley was, of course, the President, and Sir Frederick Currie was selected by him as Vice-President. Sir John Lawrence took his seat at the Council Board on April 11 of the following year—very soon, that is, after his return from India; and in a private diary, which was kept by one of his colleagues and was, of course, intended originally for no eye but his own, but has now been confided to me, I find a few entries relating to my subject, which have, at least, the merits of freshness and of life. In other words, they are the first impressions of a highly competent observer, and, as such, are worth reproducing here.

April 11, 1859.—Interview with Sir J. L. Plain, blunt, straightforward manner; a man of action; the man to change the system in India. We must get out of the old groove; we must trust more to men and less to regulations.

April 21.—Long conversation with Sir J. L. He thinks the system in India must be greatly changed to keep pace with the times. We must get better men forward and give more power to individuals. Several interesting anecdotes of the late eventful times. Evidently, a man

of action; full of energy and self-reliance and fearlessness of responsibility.

May 3.—Sir J. L. evidently requires rest; complains of giddiness and pain in his head, if called upon to concentrate his attention on any work. The medical men in India told him he was travelling towards paralysis of the brain. He has the strongest possible opinion on the necessity for a local army in India, removed from all interferences on the part of the Horse Guards. So strong are his feelings on the subject, that he said that if it were ruled otherwise, he would resign his seat in Council, as he was quite sure disaster would be the result! Sees no objection to an optional Bible-class in Government schools in India.

May 30.—He is greatly dissatisfied with the state of things in India; looks to the future with anxiety; he says that we ought to have 100,000 men in India, capable of being massed at any point.

October 7.—He spoke despondingly of his own health, said he disliked the Council and thought he would resign. He felt that the members had no real power. 'It is my misfortune,' he said, 'to have a decided opinion on most subjects connected with India, and nothing shall deter me from expressing it, whether I offend Royal Highnesses, or Cabinet Ministers, or anyone. I never have eaten dirt, and I never will, if I can help it. I have always observed that those who do eat dirt have, afterwards, to expectorate it.' He thought the system of the India House very defective; hated show, but liked to have the power of being hospitable; would wish to go away for a year and recover his health. He spoke freely and unreservedly on all subjects. I like him much; think he is a thorough honest, energetic man of the Cromwell stamp, full of self-reliance and practical good sense.

November 17.—Walked home with Sir J. L. He said he would give much to speak like Gladstone. He thought he should never speak; it was too late in life to begin.

December 14.—Sir J. L. said that his brother Henry had told him that he had attended the council of war before Sobraon, and that all he recollected was Lord Gough saying, 'I never was bate, and I never will be bate.'

December 31.—In my walk home with Sir J. L., two nights ago, he told me that when he quitted the Punjab there were no arrears, he never allowed any; he always read all the papers himself, and despatched them at once. He saw no difficulty in keeping work down, provided only there was method and industry. But then he was obliged to employ every fragment of his time. There was none wasted from the hour he got up to the hour he went to bed, and he was always looking after those under him. Temple was a first-rate man of business, very ready with his pen, and full of talent; Macpherson, steady and methodical; Herbert Edwardes, very able, would make a first-rate Member of Council; Mac-

leod, sensible, with a great knowledge of India. I wish they would make Sir J. L. Governor-General. We need the best man England can give us, and one who can walk alone.

February 11, 1860.—Sir J. L. offered the Government of Bombay. He refused it.

April 15.—Went with Sir J. L. to hear Louis Blanc on the Salons of Paris at the time of Madame du Defiand, &c.

July 7.—Called on Lord Stanley, who said he thought it was a mistake that the Council were excluded from Parliament. It would not do to have old stagers who defended everything, but Sir J. L. would be invaluable as the representative of the more advanced school of Indian politicians.

February 7, 1861.—Sir John Lawrence spoke strongly on the Opposition side on the military question discussed to-day; division seven to seven; Sir Charles Wood gave the casting vote. Sir J. L. does not think the Indian expenditure will be brought within the income, and is dissatisfied with the way business is done in the office.

March 25, 1862.—He said that if it rested with him he would emigrate. He did not like the trammels of English life. He did not know what to do with his boys.

June 24.—With Sir John Lawrence to see the pictures of 'The Derby Day' and the 'Railway Train,' by Frith.

July 24.—Beat Sir John in a game of chess.

February 25, 1863.—Went to a meeting at the Society of Arts. Mr. Cheatham read a paper on cotton. Mr. Bailey in the chair. Sir John Lawrence spoke.

March 16.—Went with Sir John to the Dean of Westminster to ask permission that Outram's remains should rest in Westminster Abbey.

The remains of Sir John Lawrence, it may be remarked here, are now lying hard by the remains of Sir James Outram. No formal request was made, or needed to be made, to the then Dean of Westminster on the subject. The voice of the nation, no less than the voice of the most Catholic and Christian of deans, Dean Stanley, demanded that it should be so, and the noble bust of Sir John Lawrence, made by Mr. Woolner, dominates, or seems to dominate, the whole of that part of the venerable Abbey.

March 20.—To the Dean of Westminster with Sir John Lawrence to fix the hour and select a site for the grave. Engaged in various ways about the funeral arrangements the whole day.

March 25.—With Sir John Lawrence and Willoughby to attend Outram's funeral. The sergeants of the 78th Regiment came up from

Shorncliffe to bear the body of their old commander to the grave. A touching incident.

November 28.—Heard of Lord Elgin's serious illness. Who will be his successor? Will the Ministry offer the appointment to Lawrence? It would be right, and I think it would be popular. It would be a fitting reward for his great services. The only question is whether his health would enable him to bear the weight of such a charge.

December 1.—Heard of the appointment of Sir John Lawrence to succeed Lord Elgin. Wrote to him and to Lady Lawrence. Proud as she must feel at the recognition of her husband's great deeds and noble character, the prospect of a separation of many months must fill her heart with anxiety.

December 7.—I took leave of Sir John Lawrence.

These extracts speak for themselves. They possess something of the interest which a diary written by Sir John Lawrence himself would have had, while they also faithfully record the impressions which he made, day by day, on the mind of a most observant and appreciative companion. They exhibit him in his new sphere of work, still active and self-reliant, impatient of delays and of circumlocution, fearless in speaking his mind, anxious, most anxious as to the future of India, but clear in his ideas as to what she required. I have quoted from them at some length, partly because of the scattered lights they throw on his public work at a time of which, from the nature of the case, few written memorials remain, and partly, because it is the only period of his life at which I have had the advantage—so invaluable to a biographer, and so seldom, by the necessities of the case, denied to him—of anything approaching to a contemporary journal.

But to return to my narrative. Sir John Lawrence's thoughts during this period, as the few letters in my possession show, often recurred regretfully to the Punjab and his friends there, and this feeling seems to have become more intense as the time passed on. Thus from three letters written to Dr. Hathaway in three consecutive years I extract the following :—

December 12, 1859.

I like England very well, and do not regret having left India, though, I confess, I miss my own old friends in the Punjab. I do not like the work at the India House, and it does not agree with me over much. I should be far better were I to do nothing but run about and see sights and be in the open air.

In the following year, he writes :—

March 18, 1860.

I am amused at your description of 'Alenho'[1] and its changes. The old place did very well for both Henry and myself in our time, and I should have been content to have gone on in it so long as I had remained. I like England very well on the whole. There is indeed much in it to like. To be with one's children in a pleasant climate is a great gain. *Still* the old associations often lead back the memory to India.

And, a whole year later, March 8, 1861, after alluding sadly to the recent death of his little infant daughter, he writes :—

I am constantly thinking of the Punjab and all that goes on there, and sometimes wish myself back again there. Assuredly, one learns to appreciate India after one leaves it. Here, all seems strange and out of place.

The accidents of political life in England had soon deprived Sir John Lawrence of the pleasure and satisfaction of serving under Lord Stanley ; for, on Saturday, June 11, 1859, exactly three months after Sir John had taken his seat, the short-lived Conservative Ministry were defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of thirteen. Lord Derby at once resigned. On June 14, his son Lord Stanley took his leave of the Indian Council, and the same pen which I have so recently quoted thus sums up the impression eft by him on the minds of the Council generally. It was an impression shared, I have good reason to believe, by Sir John Lawrence.

We shall not soon find a more courteous, painstaking, enlightened Secretary of State for India. He has the public good at heart. He is a true patriot, somewhat cold and reserved in manner, but very accessible, and most anxious to gather information from all sources.

What Lord Stanley, in his turn, thought of the man whom he had taken such pains to place upon his Council, he has stated, at length, in his noble speech at the Mansion House to which I have already more than once referred. The gist of the whole is probably contained in a couple of sentences, which are well worth transcribing here. 'Malice itself,' he said, 'has never fastened upon Lord Lawrence's career the imputation of one discreditable incident or one unworthy act.' To appreciate the full significance of this remark, we need only recollect that the whole of that career was passed in the full light of day, that in India, as in England, the tongue of

[1] Al-en-ho was a family pet name for the Lahore house given to it by Mrs. Henry Lawrence after her three children, *Al*ick, H*en*ry, and *Ho*noria.

gossip and of scandal is never silent, and that the whole character of Sir John Lawrence was such as to expose him to the dislikes or misunderstandings of weaker men. The other sentence is not less striking. 'The impression he left upon my mind was that of a certain *heroic simplicity.* Even if his opportunity had never come, you felt that you were in the presence of a man capable of accomplishing great things if they were wanted, and capable also of leaving the credit of them to anybody who chose to take it.'

Lord Stanley was succeeded by Sir Charles Wood, who, as President of the Board of Control, had been author of the famous Education Despatch of 1854. He was now called back to the helm with fuller power and less divided responsibility, but at a period of almost unexampled difficulty. Lord Stanley had been unable, with all his energy and insight, to carry through, in his very short tenure of office, many measures of the first importance. Everything in India was in disorder, and almost everything needed reconstruction. The arrangements for the Councils of the Governor-General and of the Minor Presidencies, the construction of New Courts of Judicature, the re-settlement of the taxes, the re-organisation of the finances, the creation of a paper currency, the codification of the law, above all, the amalgamation of the Queen's with the old 'local' European army in India, and the reconciliation of conflicting interests of every kind —these were some of the questions which had to be solved by the new Secretary of State with the help of his newly formed Council. It was fortunate for India that Sir Charles Wood was a man who cared nothing for popularity and was familiar with all the details of Indian administration; that he was ready to hear all that was to be said on both sides of a question, and was prepared to throw himself, heart and soul, into the stimulating task of remodelling and governing an empire. It is impossible here to give any account of his great measures. Of some few of them I shall have to say something hereafter. In many or in most of them he was warmly supported by Sir John Lawrence; and only on the question of the retention or abolition of the old local European Army, does there appear to have been any strong difference of opinion. Justly proud of what the soldiers of the Company had done, the whole weight of the old Indians in the Council was brought to bear in favour of its preservation. But the little known, though highly dangerous 'White Mutiny' as it was called, which took place in that Army when they were somewhat cavalierly transferred from the service of the Company to that of the Crown,

determined the Government to discontinue the force. The question depended on the Queen's Government and not on the Indian Council. But in order to meet the wishes of his Council, who were anxious to leave their opinions on record, Sir Charles Wood laid before them a letter, which necessarily implied the discontinuance of the force. Sir John Lawrence spoke strongly in favour of its retention, and on a division as to sending the letter, the numbers were equally divided. Sir Charles Wood gave the casting vote.

The Under-Secretary of State for India was Lord de Grey, now the Marquis of Ripon, and I am fortunately able to record the impressions made on him, at the time, by Sir John Lawrence. The a letter, which I am about to quote, has a special interest, independently of its contents, as coming from the man who is so worthily filling Sir John Lawrence's place in India, and attempting so manfully to carry out his work.

Benares: November 29, 1881.

My dear Mr. Bosworth Smith,— . . . I should be only too glad that you should give to the world any letters of mine, which are calculated to show my deep admiration and respect for Lord Lawrence's great abilities and noble character. You are quite right in thinking that it is my desire in the position which I now hold to walk in his footsteps, so far as it is possible for me to do so.

You ask me to tell you anything specially characteristic about Lord Lawrence. At the present moment there is only one thing that strikes me, which you would not perhaps be likely to learn better and more perfectly from others, whose acquaintance with him was longer and more intimate than my own. I shall never forget the kindness which he showed to me when I was Under-Secretary of State under Sir Charles Wood, and Sir John Lawrence was a Member of the Indian Council. He was then at the height of his fame, just after his great services during the Mutiny, and yet he was always ready to give me, though only an Under-Secretary, every assistance and information in his power. He would come and sit in my room at the Office, sometimes for an hour or more together, and place all the stores of his Indian knowledge and experience at my disposal with a kindliness, a simplicity, and a modesty of which I have the liveliest recollection. Here was a man whom I had pictured to myself as the Saviour of an Empire, and the strong, stern ruler of men, who would yet come, day after day, and sit by my fireside in my little room in the Westminster Palace Hotel, where the India Office then was, and would talk to me upon any and every question upon which I was at work, as if he had nothing else to do except to help me to do my work more efficiently. I have certainly never met, in my experience, so singular and so winning a combination of greatness and simpli-

city, of strength and modesty, as was to be found in Sir John Lawrence as I then knew him. I think that my subsequent acquaintance with him as Governor-General, when I was Secretary of State, and in his later public life brought more prominently before me his remarkable love of justice. But I shall never lose the impression of the noble simplicity of his character which I received upon first knowing him.

Lord Canning when he came home from India in 1862 came home, like his great predecessor Lord Dalhousie—to die. Long before he left India, his noble character had come to be appreciated, even by those who, in the crisis of the Mutiny, had most maligned and misunderstood him. And there was now no honour which the people of England and of India—even those who, under the influence of panic, had clamoured most fiercely for his recall—would have thought to be beyond his deserts. But, broken down by anxiety, by work, by disease, and most of all, perhaps, by the loss of his equally noble-hearted wife, the only honour which he received, the only honour which he would have cared to receive, was an early grave in Westminster Abbey; and within a few weeks of his arrival, an illustrious son was laid by the side of a hardly more illustrious father.

It had been generally expected that the man who, all were agreed, was by his experience and his past services pre-eminently entitled to succeed Lord Canning, the man who, though he differed from him much in aptitudes, and in temperament, resembled him in his highest quality of all, his moral courage and his resistance to the passions of the hour, would be selected to fill his place. But this was not to be. The choice of the Ministry fell upon Lord Elgin, a man of proved capacity, who, had he succeeded a few years earlier to the post, would certainly have proved a worthy link in the rarely broken chain of great men who have been called to rule India. That his promise at the time of his appointment was high, no one can doubt who recollects the services which he had rendered to England in Jamaica, in Canada, and in China. But the Fates were against him. His working days were over; and before the second year of his Viceroyalty had passed, he was attacked with a fatal illness while traversing the Himalayas at a point 12,000 feet above the sea.

And, now, who was to succeed him? A traditionary maxim, which had come almost to have the force of law, had been handed down from the days when Mr. Canning was President of the Board of Control, that hardly any concurrence of circumstances could justify

the Company in appointing one of their own servants to the highest dignity in their gift. With the one exception of Sir John Shore, no civilian since the time of Warren Hastings had been appointed to that splendid office; for Sir George Barlow and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had filled it temporarily, had not been allowed to retain it in permanence. It was part and parcel of the same general understanding that the Governor-General must be a Peer of the realm and must have risen to something like political distinction at home or in the colonies. Obedient to this unwritten law, the ministry of Lord Palmerston had passed over what many thought to be the superlative claims of John Lawrence, while the laurels of the Mutiny were still fresh upon his brow, and had chosen Lord Elgin in his stead. Why should they think differently now?

Possibly, even now, the names of one and of another candidate who possessed the conventional qualifications may have occurred to Sir Charles Wood. But the fate of the three preceding Governors-General, who had followed one another, with such startling rapidity, to their last home, seemed like a warning to English statesmen that 'the paths of glory'—of Indian glory at least—'lead but to the grave.' Possibly, Ministers themselves shrunk from asking anyone who had not been acclimatised to India to accept so deadly an honour. More probably they agreed in thinking, and, not least amongst them, Sir Charles Wood himself who knew him best, that the claims of Sir John Lawrence were now superlative, and that no more fitting tribute could be offered to the splendid history of the just extinguished East India Company, than to break through precedent and raise to the Viceroyalty the most illustrious of its servants. In any case, it is understood that what clenched the appointment beyond the possibility of doubt was the fact that a border war which had broken out against the fanatics of Sitana on the North-West frontier and an adjoining Afghan tribe seemed to be assuming dangerous dimensions, that Sir Neville Chamberlain had received a check, and that it was likely that the flame of revolt would spread from one warlike tribe to another. Who so fit to deal with this particular danger, who so certain to preserve the peace, as the man who had tamed and conciliated the warlike races of the Punjab, and whose name was a household word, regarded, sometimes with love, sometimes with fear, but always with awe and veneration, by each wild chief of each wild tribe along the dangerous frontier of six hundred miles?

In any case, on the morning of November 30, 1863, Sir Charles

Wood looked into Sir John Lawrence's room at the India Office with the pregnant announcement, 'You are to go to India as Governor-General. Wait here till I return from Windsor with the Queen's approval.' It was not till long after office hours that Sir Charles returned with the warm approval which he had sought and had obtained; and now the 'imperial appointment, which is the greatest honour England has to give, except the government of herself,' belonged to John Lawrence.

When the news (says Lady Lawrence) of Lord Elgin's death arrived, I remember my husband coming to my room, while I was ill from some trifling ailment, and telling me what had happened. I don't know why, but my heart sank at once, and I said to him, 'Perhaps you will be asked to succeed him.' Neither of us expected anything of the kind. Still the idea took possession of me. He went to the Office as usual. Visitors came and went that day. But my thoughts ran on nothing else. He did not come home by his usual train, and I became still more anxious, and so restless that I could not keep still for a moment. At last, when he arrived quite late at night, he brought the news that he was to go to India as Viceroy. I suppose few people would believe that this announcement made me miserable. I could think of nothing but our broken-up home, another separation from our children, and all the risk of climate and hard work for him. Naturally, he felt otherwise and was proud of the position offered him. At my earnest request, he consulted two medical men before he quite decided. But their verdict was favourable. And so there was nothing for it but to face the trial, and begin the necessary preparations as soon as possible, for he was to start at once. I was to follow in the autumn. I can never forget those last days; all the hurry and worry, the constant demands on his time, the private arrangements he wished to make for his family, the kind friends so ready to help—Mr. and Mrs. Cater among the most prominent. A very dear and valued friend, Mr. Jay, who had formerly been a chaplain at Lahore, came to see us for an hour or two before he left. He had prayer with us all before he took leave, and a very solemn and impressive meeting it was. At last the parting came. Before starting, we all gathered for the last time round the drawing-room fire, and he made each child say a hymn to him—Bertie, who was little more than two years old, being in his arms. He left home about 7 P.M. to catch the night mail from Charing Cross; and thus, on December 9, 1863, closed one of the happiest chapters in our happy lives.

It adds a touch of pathos to this account to explain that the 'Bertie' mentioned in it was Sir John Lawrence's youngest son, and that his birth at Southgate had done something to fill up the gap so

recently made in the family by the death of an infant daughter. The moment that Sir John returned from his work at the India Office he might have been seen, if it was a summer's evening, tramping over the fields with his young child over his shoulders, and as the boy grew older, and was able to walk alone, he would follow his father about like a dog, trying to walk as he did, with his hands crossed behind him. In the winter evenings, he would keep a keen look-out for his father's arrival at the door, and follow him into his room, where they would play together by the hour; and after Sir John had been called away to India, it was long before the child could be persuaded that the usual hour in the afternoon would not bring his father to the door of the house again. Of all the trials which the new Governor-General had to face in leaving his home, I am inclined to think that there was no trial equal to that of leaving this child permanently behind him. 'I shall never see Bertie again!' he said; and, once more, the strong-hearted man burst into tears. Not that he was looking forward to his own death in India, but that he knew that the child whom he did look forward, one day, to see again in the flesh could not be *the same child.* The infant would have grown into a boy; the long hair and the half-formed words, and the simple childlike trust, and the hundred nameless charms which go to make up a young child, would be clean gone. There was something in the thought which was almost as hard to bear as the thought of death itself. Even so, I have known one who having loved with a tender love every member of the large family in which he had been brought up, and having been loved by them in turn, was able when he was brought face to face with death, to bear with a strange self-control the last parting from a brother or a sister—for these he could, in some sense, hope to see again in a world where there is no death—but who, when a little child, not his own, which had, somehow, wound itself into his heart of hearts, was brought to his bedside, broke down utterly with the thought that *that child* at all events he would never see again. And there are few of us, I should think, who have ever listened by the open grave of those we love to St. Paul's grand song of triumph over death, and have not felt something of a jar, even in the midst of those aërial strains, when we are warned or promised that in that unseen world, of which we then, perchance, and only then can catch a distant glimpse, 'we shall all be changed.' For it is to the past, which we know and love, and not to the future, which we do not know and can only hope that we may one day love,

that the torn heart clings, in that supreme moment, with inexpressible and passionate yearning.

'I shall never see Bertie again!' With this one cry of irrepressible tenderness, John Lawrence buckled on again the armour which he had laid aside, as he thought, for ever, and went forth, with half-shattered physical strength but with a courageous heart, to grapple with new difficulties, and face vaster responsibilities than even he had ever faced before.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN LAWRENCE AS VICEROY OF INDIA. 1864.

I HAVE now reached a portion of my work which I have all along felt is likely to prove more laborious and difficult, as well as, in some sense, less interesting and less remunerative than any other portion of it. How am I to deal with it? Two methods seem to be practicable. I may attempt from Blue Books and official reports, from published monographs, and from the unpublished piles of letters which lie before me, to give a succinct account of all that happened in India during the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence. Or, on the other hand, I may aim at giving a general sketch in which, while I dwell at some length on anything which is especially interesting in the history of the time, my chief aim will be to give a finishing touch or two to what, if this book is worthy of its subject, ought already to be a nearly finished portrait. In the one case, I should attempt a history of India during the Viceroyalty of John Lawrence; in the other, a sketch of John Lawrence as its Viceroy. For many reasons, I have determined to restrict myself as much as possible to the latter. But it is due to my readers, more especially to those who have served under Sir John Lawrence as Viceroy, and may be disposed to regard that period as specially important, to indicate what my reasons are.

To begin with, a succinct history of India during the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence would require at least a volume to itself, and would swell the bulk of this biography, already sufficiently formidable, beyond all reasonable dimensions.

Secondly, and more important, his Viceroyalty, happily for India, was not what is usually called an 'eventful' one. It was a period, not of wars and annexations, but of peaceful progress and prosperity, chequered only or chiefly by those gigantic physical calamities to which India has, in all ages, been liable, and against which no adequate precaution has, as yet, been devised even by the most enter-

prising, and philanthropic, and farsighted of her rulers. If it be true generally that 'happy are the people whose annals are vacant,' it is pre-eminently true of the people of India. But a period that is vacant in this happy sense of the word does not afford much which is of interest to the general reader.

Thirdly, and more important still: even if it were possible, which probably it is not, to steep oneself so entirely in an Indian atmosphere as to enable one to give a really accurate account of the more difficult questions which were discussed and settled during this period, it would still be a question whether the labour would not be, in great measure, thrown away. A full account, for instance, of the Land Settlement in Oude or the Punjab would be useless to the very few who understand such questions already. It could hardly be made either intelligible or interesting to those who do not.

Lastly, and most important of all: however accurate a history of India during the Viceroyalty of John Lawrence might be, the man, as I have remarked already when treating of his Chief-Commissionership of the Punjab, would still be in danger of being lost in his work, very often in the driest and most mechanical details of his work; and thus, the main object which I have endeavoured to keep in view throughout, would be defeated. A biographer ought not to trench unnecessarily on the domain of a historian. With the details of the history of course he must have made himself familiar, but it is not necessarily part of his duty to lay them in full before the world. Many of them are known already. More may be known by referring to already published documents. When a man has risen to the proud position of Viceroy of India, his history, to a great extent, merges in the general history of his country, and it does not follow, as Sir John Kaye has remarked, that because in many biographies more space is given to the few years in which a great man is universally acknowledged to be great, than to the many years in which he has been training himself for greatness, that therefore that practice is the best.

In any case, whether I am right or wrong, I have deliberately adopted the opposite course. It was John Lawrence's solitary and uphill work as a subaltern in the Delhi district; it was his energy and enterprise as ruler of the newly-annexed trans-Sutlej States; it was the heart-burnings and vexations which he grappled with and overcame as a Member of the Board of the newly-annexed Punjab; it was his multitudinous toils as its Chief-Commissioner while it was

becoming reconciled to our rule, which—all taken together—fitted him to ride the whirlwind and control the storm when at length it broke. John Lawrence, doubtless, stood more prominently before the world as Viceroy of India than when, as ruler of one only of its portions, he had already sent his last available regiment to Delhi and was calmly awaiting the result. But a greater man he could hardly be. And thus it happens, in his case, that what is, historically, the most interesting, is also, biographically, the most important. All considerations, therefore, seem alike to point to the desirability of passing somewhat lightly over the period of the Viceroyalty, of aiming at a sketch rather than a complete history. And I am confirmed in the conclusion at which I had myself arrived, at an early period of my labours, by the advice of those who, from their knowledge of the time or of the man, have the best right to give it.

But it by no means follows, because I intend to pass somewhat lightly over his Viceroyalty, that I therefore agreed with those who have said that it would have been well for Sir John Lawrence had he died in the height of his fame on his return from the Mutiny, and not lived on to undertake so heavy a burden at a time when his strength was no longer what it had been. Doubtless, he would have escaped the petty jealousies, the innumerable vexations, the carping criticisms, or worse, which dog the footsteps of even the most able and popular of Viceroys, and, from a merely artistic point of view, this biography would have had a more appropriate finish, had he died the hero of the Mutiny with his name and his services in everybody's mouth. But the chequerwork of human life does not always adapt itself to the severe requirements of art, and it is well that it should not do so. It is well that a great man who has reached the height of fame should occasionally live through it, should reach the other side, should see what is or is not contained in it, and be able to show that he is entirely independent of it. It is in the case of characters who come below the rank of the highest that one wishes, for their own happiness, that they had died in the zenith of their fame. It would have been well for Marius, for instance, great General that he was, had he died immediately after the battle of Aquæ Sextiæ, the recognised deliverer of his country from the barbarians. It would have been well for the foremost military genius of modern times had his own sun set with the setting of the famous 'sun of Austerlitz.'

But with characters of a nobler type still, men whose aims have in them little or nothing that is personal, the case is different. We do

not instinctively wish that such men should die at the moment when what would have been to lesser men their highest aims have been most amply satisfied. Had Hannibal died at the pinnacle of his unbroken success after the battle of Cannæ, he would, undoubtedly, have been a happier, but we should hardly have felt him to be so great a man as we all feel that he was, when, after his long uphill struggle, defeated but not disheartened, cast down but not destroyed, he went forth as a wandering exile, still true to his early vow, still cherishing his immortal hatred to Rome. Scipio, had he died at Zama, the Duke of Wellington, had he died at Waterloo, would, each of them, have died at the height of his prosperity and fame, and so would have avoided the mistakes which men bred in the camp are likely to make when they try their hands at statesmanship. But few wish that, with their real nobility of character, they had so died.

And so, too, with John Lawrence. Had the disease which threatened him before the outbreak of the Mutiny carried him off at its close, no one would have said that his death was not as happy and as glorious as any death could well be. But how much would have been left undone, how many tints and touches in his character would have been only half filled in! He would not have risen to the splendid post for which his services pre-eminently marked him out. He would not have ruled the Empire which he had done so much to save. He would not have had the chance of showing the stuff of which he was made, by coming down at once from his magnificent Viceroyalty to the dull drudgery of the School Board. Finally, he would not have been able, at the cost of the popularity of the hour and of the favour of the great, but in the fulness of his years, his experience, and his authority, to lift up his voice against a policy which he believed to be unwise, unnecessary, and unjust, and to utter those warnings as to the course and the results of another Afghan war, every one of which a bitter experience has proved to be too true. His biography, I repeat it once more, would not have laboured under the artistic disadvantage of descending from the more to the less interesting, but the picture would have been less complete of the man of whom it has been truly said[1] that—

> he cared not to be great,
> But as he saved or served the State.

[1] By Captain L. J. Trotter, in his excellent *Sketch of the Public Career of Lord Lawrence.*

The appointment of Sir John Lawrence was received with a chorus of approbation by all parties in the State and by newspapers of every shade of opinion in England. The 'Times,' which, on such a matter, we may safely take as the gauge of the universal feeling, said—

It has been happily determined to break through the charmed circle which has so long restricted the office of Governor-General to the Peerage, and to send out to the Empire which was formed by the exertions of Robert Clive and Warren Hastings, not only a commoner, but a commoner wholly unconnected with any family of the English aristocracy. The person, however, on whom the choice of the Government has rested is a man stamped by the hand of Nature with the truest impress of nobility, and though not born to inherit aristocratic titles, is peculiarly calculated to create them. Everyone will recognise from this description that the new Governor-General of India is Sir John Lawrence.

Letters crowded in upon him from men of all parties, all taking the same view, that his appointment was no triumph of one party over another—for Sir John Lawrence never was a party man—but of merit over all party. Lord Shaftesbury, who, it is well known, has always held himself aloof from all mere party movements, and has found higher and nobler work by doing so, wrote to the new Governor-General thus:—'At last Government has recognised your merits, and you are about, God be praised, to enter upon the grand career for which you are so eminently fitted.' One who would have felt no special sympathy with the religious views either of Lord Shaftesbury or of Sir John Lawrence, the late Bishop Wilberforce, was equally delighted:—'Unfeignedly,' he writes, 'do I rejoice in the great act of policy and justice which has placed in your hands the destinies of India. May God enable you to do as He has enabled you to do before!'

'I have heard with delight of your acceptance,' said the Duke of Argyll; 'I was half afraid you might have thought "wife and bairns" against it. But you are so marked out for the place that your refusal would have been a public misfortune. I am sure the Queen will feel your acceptance a great blessing and relief. Going back to India a second time after such a term of service, must always involve a certain risk. But you will feel that it is the place in which you can do most good. You must not overwork by never giving yourself "fair play" in the way of hills and holidays. In ordinary times—

especially in these days of railway and telegraph—it cannot be necessary to stick too much to Calcutta. I trust we may see you before you go, though that must be soon. May God be with you.'

'I rejoice for India,' said Sir John Lawrence's intimate and trusted friend, the Duchess of Argyll, 'and for you too; for you will be in a place where you will be able to do much for other men and for the glory of God. We must trust to Him the life that has become very dear to us.'

'Among the multitude of affairs and congratulations,' wrote Florence Nightingale, 'which will be pouring in upon you, there is no more fervent joy, there are no stronger good wishes, than those of one of the humblest of your servants. For there is no greater position for usefulness under heaven than that of governing the vast empire you saved for us. And you are the only man to fill it. So thought a statesman with whom I worked not daily, but hourly, for five years, Sidney Herbert, when the last appointment was made. In the midst of your pressure pray think of us and of our sanitary things on which such millions of lives and health depend.'

The native Indian newspapers were as jubilant over the appointment as were the English, but the Anglo-Indian press was, naturally, more divided in its views. Some complained of the new Viceroy as a commoner, others as a civilian, others as a Punjabi, others as a proselytiser and a Puritan, others again as a Dalhousie-ite, who would be likely to reverse Lord Canning's policy and return to the 'era of annexations.' But, generally speaking, all ended up by a frank acknowledgment of his eminent qualifications for the post, his honesty, his energy, and his courage; his long Indian experience; his successful administration of the Punjab; his unique services in the Mutiny; his knowledge of the country, of the people, of the languages, of the requirements of India generally, and of the policy which, at that particular juncture, ought to be pursued.

Sir John Lawrence took out with him to India as his Private Secretary Dr. Hathaway, a man of great vigour and energy, who had done much for jails and for the Lawrence Asylum in the Punjabi days, had been an early friend of Sir Henry Lawrence, and was believed, by his medical skill, to have more than once saved the life of Sir John Lawrence when it was in imminent danger. To those who objected that these services, great as they were, did not necessarily qualify him for the extremely delicate and difficult post of Private Secretary, his Chief always answered in the same comprehen-

sive words, 'He will work,' or, as was often his way when considering a question, he appealed to the judgment of his 'brother Henry,' who had remarked that 'if ever he rose to be Viceroy he would make Hathaway his Private Secretary.'

One incident, and one only, of Sir John's outward-bound journey I will record. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness, partly from the lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally, by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. 'Steward, throw that baby overboard!' was a cry which came from many a tempest-tossed and sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last, the new Viceroy, perhaps because he saw in the child, half unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and, to the great relief of the passengers, was always quiet in his presence. 'Why do you take such notice of that child?' asked one of them. 'Why, to tell you the truth,' said the Viceroy, 'that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society!'

Sir John Lawrence landed in Calcutta on January 12, 1864, and received a warm greeting from vast crowds of Europeans and of natives. The cheers of the sailors on the shipping as he steamed up the Hooghly, the unauthorised cheers of the soldiers on parade when his arrival was announced to them in a General Order, showed clearly enough what they thought of their new ruler. Asiatics are not demonstrative. But the first sight of the man of whom they had heard so much, and, but for whom, many of them believed that the Mutiny might have been successful, stirred something almost akin to emotion in the Bengali heart, and showed itself even in their outward bearing. The new Viceroy was received in the usual manner at Government House by Sir William Denison, the Governor of Madras, who had been summoned to Calcutta to bridge over the interregnum, and who, though he had only recently been sent to India from a remote dependency, had won considerable credit by the presence of mind which he had shown during the anxieties of the Umbeylah campaign.

"The disadvantages under which a Viceroy labours who has risen from the ranks of the Civil Service are obvious enough, and I shall often have occasion to refer to them. Even if he is supported loyally —as Sir John Lawrence was, and always acknowledged that he had been, by the great bulk of the Civil Service—it is likely that he will be regarded with envy or with jealousy by some few of the older and more important members of the service, whom he had so hopelessly distanced. They are able to thwart him in ways which it is easy to understand, but which it is not so easy for him to take notice of, to check, or to repress. He brings to his great task a mind which has, necessarily, been made up on many of the more important questions which will come before him. He is imbued in some measure, or, what comes to the same thing, he is regarded by others as imbued, with the ideas, the partialities, the specialties of the particular province or particular office in which he has gained his experience and won his reputation. And this feeling would be greatly intensified in the case of a civilian from the Punjab, and, above all, in the case of such a civilian as Sir John Lawrence. For the Punjab, with all its irregularities of procedure, had, somehow, come to be regarded as 'the model province,' and Sir John Lawrence was the man who with his strong will, his blunt straightforwardness, his carelessness of popularity, his determination to work at the highest pressure himself and to get a similar amount of work out of others, had done more than any other man, or set of men, to gain for it its enviable and envied reputation. Those feelings of jealousy and mislike would inevitably come to the front at no distant period. But, for the present, they were shamed into silence by the sense of the overwhelming advantages which his knowledge of the people, of the country, and of the whole situation gave him. He knew his work before he came to it. He was not therefore obliged, like most Governors-General who have not enjoyed similar advantages, to go to school during the first year or the first half of his term of office. His foot was no sooner in the stirrup than he found himself firmly seated in the saddle. He was not at the mercy either of his own, or his predecessor's, secretaries or advisers. Not a day was lost in setting to work, and, within two months of his arrival, it may be truly said that there was hardly a petty detail of the vast machinery of his Government which he had not personally examined. The quantity of arrears, partly owing to the Umbeylah war, partly to the general character of Lord Elgin's rule, his sudden death, and the prolonged

interregnum, was very great, but they were all cleared up under his hand and eye, as if by magic.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Finance Minister, writing to Sir John Lawrence on February 7, little more than three weeks, that is, after his arrival, said :—

"It is well that we should have *our house in order here*. You have given a tone of firmness and seriousness to our counsels. And although you complain of the difficulty of getting anything decided, to *me* the change is so great that I can again look forward with heart and hope. I rejoice that you have the *power* as well as the will to do what the public service requires.

It had been arranged that the Viceroy should pass on at once to Lahore, where his mere presence would do much to quiet the frontier. But as the Umbeylah war was over, he was free to stay at Calcutta and to clear up arrears. The simple fact that Sir John Lawrence was in India was enough to remind the turbulent that their time was not yet. The ferment of disaffection which, undoubtedly, was then at work beneath the surface of Mohammedan society in various parts of India, never rose to the surface, but sank deeper down or disappeared, and the Wahhabi missionaries of Patna and other cities reserved their spirit stirring harangues or their farsighted intrigues for a more promising opportunity.

Sir John Lawrence was no longer what he had been in physical strength. But the energy of the man, his determination to do for himself what others would have done only by deputy, or perhaps not have done at all; to see with his own eyes, to hear with his own ears, whatever was to be heard or seen, showed itself in forms which amused or startled the officials of Calcutta and of Government House. Did a fire break out by night in the native quarter of the city—one of those fires which, at that time, recurred with such lamentable frequency, and which, if they were not left alone by the authorities to burn themselves out, were seldom extinguished by their exertions till, perhaps, a hundred or more native huts had been reduced to ashes and the inmates had lost their little all—Sir John Lawrence would make his way on foot to the spot while the fire was still burning, that he might judge for himself as to the extent of the disaster and the means by which similar disasters might be best guarded against for the future. In Calcutta few Europeans allow themselves to walk on foot. But in the fortnight which passed before the purchase of Lord Elgin's stud, the new Viceroy astonished the inhabi-

tants by showing himself on foot at times and places where he would be least expected. 'He walked,' says his Private Secretary, 'to the Eden gardens in the gloom of those January evenings, and, like the Sultan in the Arabian Nights, heard with amusement or with interest remarks about himself as he mingled with the crowd. He walked to the Scotch Church or St. John's on the Sunday morning, throwing down his great white umbrella in the porch, and striding in, to the dismay of the officials, who were expecting him to arrive in full Viceregal state at the grand entrance. He walked across the Maidan at five o'clock in the morning, and, on one occasion, when confronted with a bison or buffalo which had escaped from the Agricultural Exhibition then being held at Calcutta, he amused his Staff by telling them 'not to run,' although his own pace was being rapidly accelerated, and escape from the huge animal, as he bore down upon them, seemed somewhat problematical. He walked to the Bazaar when notice of a fire reached him, and he spent much time during this, his first fortnight in the City of Palaces, in examining the different sites suggested for a Sailors' Home, the first public work he took up, and one to which he devoted himself very assiduously, laying the foundation-stone with his own hand, and heading the subscription list with a large donation. It was on his return from one of these pedestrian excursions, late in the evening, that he met with a personal repulse which was duly published in the newspapers on the following morning, and afforded much amusement to the Calcutta community. The south entrance to the Viceregal Palace is considered sacred to the Governor-General, and ingress after dark is only allowed to those to whom he gives special permission. Just as Sir John had passed through this portal he was challenged by the sentry with a smart '*Hoo cum dar?*' ('Who comes there?') Not stopping to reply, Sir John pushed on, when his further progress was effectually barred by the Sepoy, who brought his weapon with fixed bayonet down to the charge. The members of the Staff, who were convulsed with laughter, in vain assured the sentry that it was the Governor-General. He had never heard of, much less seen, the 'great Padishah,' or 'Lord Sahib Bahadur,' walking on his own feet; and when told that this was 'Jan Larens' of the Punjab, he collapsed with fear, and was only too glad to see him pass on, unruffled, into the house.

Another incident of this time is still more characteristic. One Sunday morning, on descending the great flight of marble steps at

Government House when the sun was blazing with even more than its usual fury, Sir John Lawrence found eight mounted troopers of his body-guard drawn up behind his carriage ready to escort him to the cathedral. Not caring about ceremony, and anxious to save the men from unnecessary suffering, he peremptorily ordered the number to be reduced to two, and cut short the remonstrances of the officer of his Staff who had brought them thither, and who defended the step on the score of precedent, by saying with the twinkle of his eyes, which generally succeeded any expression of anger, 'If I can't go to church with *two* troopers as my escort, I am not fit to be Governor-General of India.'

To a man who had lived the life of John Lawrence and who was disposed to make friends, only or chiefly of those whose whole souls were in the public service, there would be much in the etiquette and splendour of the Viceregal Court which could not be otherwise than distasteful. A man who had been accustomed to do almost everything for himself and by himself would not naturally relish the importunate attentions of secretaries, and aides-de-camp, and body-guards, or find much pleasure in the dreary round, the splendid misery of concerts, balls, and entertainments, which are supposed to be as the breath of life to Royalty and its representatives. Still, such things were part of his duty, and he was not the man to shrink from them. His great Durbars at Lahore and Agra and Lucknow were equal in their magnificence, and, probably, surpassed in their historic interest and their associations, any spectacles of the kind which had been seen in India.

But there were abuses connected with the Viceregal Household the toleration of which he thought formed no part of the Viceroy's duty. Always liberal with his purse, as the sums bestowed upon the Lawrence Asylum and the Lawrence Fund in the years of his poverty sufficiently show, he hated ostentation, extravagance, and waste. In his earlier days, he had had much to do with the pensioning off of the cooks, the barbers, the fiddlers, and the dancing girls who had infested the Court of the degenerate successors of Runjeet Sing. The sin of such wantonness of waste had been burned in upon his soul. He had chafed for many a year at the check which had been given to material improvements in the Punjab, by so many alienations of the public revenue, and he was determined, while he maintained all the dignity and splendour suitable to her Majesty's representative, not to tolerate, so far as he could prevent it, any wanton domestic

extravagance. Among the servants at Government House there were some who were past their work, some who had sinecures, some who had gone off on private reasons of their own and had put in substitutes; others who had been servants to members of the Staff of previous Viceroys, and who, when their masters went off to England or had no further need of their services, had been transferred by them to the Government House list as the easiest way of disposing of them. There was a native 'Treasurer' and a Deputy-Treasurer on high salaries, who did hardly the work of one man between them. There was a Parisian cook on a salary of 200*l.* a year. And, as might be expected in such a state of things, there were perquisites and peculations and plunderings on a gigantic scale. Here was an Augæan stable to be cleansed. But where was the Hercules who would have the moral courage to lay his sacrilegious hand upon it?

Sir John Lawrence was well aware that if he attacked any one of the abuses which were rife around him, an outcry would be raised by all those who had any vested interest, actual or prospective, in their perpetuation; that it would be taken up by a portion of the Calcutta merchants and of the Calcutta press; that it would be echoed by the Mofussil papers, edited, some of them, by men across whose path he had been obliged to come in a disagreeable manner in other days, and that India would probably see the last of him before he had heard the last of its reverberating echoes. When Dean Stanley was 'interviewed' in America, shortly before his departure from the country, by the inevitable newspaper editor, and was asked, somewhat triumphantly, what he thought now of American institutions, he asked his interrogator in turn—so he told me himself—whether he wished to hear the truth or not? 'Of course,' said the editor, 'I wish you to tell me what you really think.' 'Well,' replied the Dean, 'your very best institutions—those to which we have no parallel at all in England—are your public libraries, your very worst are your newspapers.' He might have said much the same of a considerable part of the Anglo-Indian press of Sir John Lawrence's time to any Anglo-Indian editor who had put a similar question to him. There were brilliant exceptions, such as the 'Friend of India,' the 'Pioneer,' the 'Englishman,' the 'Lahore Chronicle,' the 'Bombay Gazette' and 'Times,' and perhaps half-a-dozen other newspapers, but the residuum was full of gross and vulgar personalities garnished with the coarsest wit, utterly useless for all purposes of instruction, of refine-

ment, of history. The whole of this portion of the Indian press, Sir John Lawrence knew that he would have against him. Every detail of his private life would be misrepresented and then held up to public scorn. Every malicious slander, every poisonous insinuation which his enemies could conjure up, would be laid on his breakfast table, morning after morning, to be digested by him and by his Staff as best they could. It has been my business to wade through many of these monotonous piles of stupid slander, these ruthless invasions of the sanctities of domestic life. Such newspapers were, happily, all unknown in England then. But times have changed, and some of their worst characteristics, served up, with less grossness perhaps, but with much more power for mischief, form the miserable staple of a whole class of journals at the present day. They are among the least promising of its symptoms.

From the risk of stirring up such a nest of hornets, as I have described, about his ears, even Sir John Lawrence might well have shrunk. For, careless of popularity as he was, he was, yet, it should be remembered, at all periods of his life, keenly sensitive to the criticisms of the press. He knew what power even a degraded press might have, and he would not have been sorry, if it could have been done with honour, to have found it on his side. But this could not be. And the order went forth to attempt the reform of some at least of the worst abuses in Government House. His agent in the matter was his Private Secretary, Dr. Hathaway, to whom, besides the duties of his office, was entrusted the control of the 'Durbar,' as well as of the 'private' purse. The 'Durbar' fund is a supplementary allowance of 3,000 rupees a month, and from it are paid the wages of the servants and other charges not strictly personal. This fund when it was handed over to the Private Secretary was found to have been much overdrawn by his predecessors under Lord Elgin. Retrenchment in this particular was, therefore, absolutely necessary, and, from that moment, the attacks made on the Viceroy and his secretary, by a certain portion of the press, were persistent and malignant. It is easy, of course, by a few turns of expression, to represent all economy as meanness, everything which is not indiscriminate profusion as sordid love of gain, and this was the line of attack taken on almost all occasions. It was Sir John Lawrence's order that everything supplied at his table to his guests should be of the very best. But the cue passed round among too many of those who shared his hospitality and who would have been loudest in their complaints had

they been left out, was to discover parsimony in everything. They went away, for instance, complaining that 'they could not drink the wine, it was so bad; such a contrast to what they had had in Lord Elgin's time!' They did not know that Sir John Lawrence had bought up the wine in Lord Elgin's cellars, and that they were drinking the very wine which, in one and the same breath, they praised and execrated.[1] Did Sir John decline, on high principle—which, whether we agree with it or not, we must needs respect and admire—to give a silver cup to be run for at the Calcutta races, it was put down, not to the earnest endeavour which he had always made, to discourage extravagance—and, above all, that least satisfactory form of extravagance and rascality combined which finds its proper home upon the turf—among men to whom it was so important to be careful as Indian officials, but to the desire to save a few pounds! The exclusion of natives from certain entertainments at Government House, an exclusion which is perfectly intelligible to those who know how different are the ideas of Orientals and of Europeans on the subject of dancing, was put down to the same unpardonable weakness, or to a sudden desire studiously to insult those to whose interests his whole life had been devoted. Human nature being what it is, I am not prepared to say that all the steps taken in the direction of the curtailment of expenditure were politic, or savoured of worldly wisdom. But for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the man, and of the facts of the case, and only for those, I think it well to point out that the little that may have been saved by the withdrawal of the Viceroy's patronage from theatres or the turf, or from mere extravagance of eating and drinking, was doubled or trebled in the subscriptions which he gave to the Sailors' Home, to penitentiaries, to asylums, to charities of every description, not to speak of more strictly religious objects. He was indeed sometimes attacked, with strange inconsistency, by the very same people for his economy and for the amount of his charities; and it may be interesting to add that memoranda before me, the authority of which is incontestable, show that his contributions from his private purse to religious objects alone amounted, in the year 1864, to 900*l.*, and, in

[1] The same story, *mutatis mutandis*, is told of the same class of people after the arrival of Lord Mayo. 'The wine *he* gave was such an agreeable contrast to that which Sir John Lawrence had given them.' But, unfortunately, once again it was the very same; for Lord Mayo had, in his turn, bought up Sir John Lawrence's surplus stock.

1865, to 1,053*l.* With an honourable disregard of what had been done, or neglected to be done, by his predecessors, he instituted family prayers in Government House, for the first time, I believe, in its history, and gave orders that the servants and others connected with it should, as far as possible, be released from labour on Sundays. On these and other grounds the newspapers before me reproach him with his 'Puritanism.' But the name of Puritan is one which, as in the case of the Cunctator of old, will, in the only sense in which it could be truly applied to him, always remain one of his highest titles to honour.

One anecdote I may add here as illustrating the ingenuity with which some of his most praiseworthy acts were distorted by the scandal-loving portion of the press, and I give it almost in the words of the member of the Staff on whom most of the odium for the part he bore in carrying out his chief's orders fell. The true version of the story has never, I believe, been given till now; for Sir John Lawrence, though he winced under the attacks made upon him, and the invasions of the privacy of his domestic life, determined to endure them all in silence, and his orders 'to make no official reply' were rigidly obeyed. The incident occurred only a few months after his arrival in the country.

A small brotherhood of Moravian missionaries had been stationed, for some years past, at Lahoul, on the borders of Thibet and about 100 miles from Simla, where the Governor-General was then residing. Their isolated position, their extreme poverty, and their self-denying labours amongst a semi-barbarous people were known only to a few, and when one of Sir John Lawrence's Staff told him how they were accustomed to work in the fields as common peasants, to manufacture their own paper, to make their own clothes, and expressed a wish that one of the body might be invited for a few days to 'Peterhoff,' the Governor-General's house at Simla, a cordial assent was given, and an invitation was sent out by special messenger. The missionary selected by the brethren walked the whole distance on foot. His dress was a coarse suit of brown camel's hair cloth, which had been woven in the village, and cut out and sewn by the brotherhood. He had no shoes; only sandals made of hemp and coarse string; and his whole luggage consisted of a portable coffee pot in one pocket and his Bible in the other. Dr. Farquhar, the surgeon of the Viceroy, an eminently kind-hearted man, supplied him on his arrival, as best he could, with the dress suit required for dinner, and

attended to all his other wants. In the course of conversation, Sir John elicited that the greatest hardship which the missionaries had to endure, next after the severe cold, was the want of medicine, and their inability to carry on the work of translating the Bible, during the long six months of winter, since they had no lamps or candles. A stock of quinine and other medicines was at once obtained from the Government Dispensary, and a large quantity of half-burnt wax candles, amounting to several thousand pieces, which had been accumulating in the store room of Government House, was ordered by the Private Secretary, with Sir John Lawrence's permission, to be melted down in the Bazaar, and formed into candles of a convenient size. These were the self-appropriated perquisites of a well paid native servant in the establishment, who, having no missionary proclivities, was indignant at the use to which the fragments were converted, and the report soon buzzed about the station that the Viceroy and a particular member of his Staff had hit upon a new measure of domestic economy!

But the grateful thanks of the missionary, as he departed with his precious burden strapped on a mule's back, and his last beaming words of joy, 'You have given us light and health,' have never been forgotten by those two who wished him God-speed as he passed out of their sight. The story has never been told till now, but it will, doubtless, through the missionary press, some day reach that little band of devoted workers in their far-off solitary station, and as they hold up their translation of St. John's Gospel, roughly lithographed on the coarse paper made by their own hands, they will be reminded of an episode in the life of the man at whom the fashionable world of Simla may have thought fit to sneer as the 'Puritan' Governor-General of India, but whom they will always remember with love and gratitude.

I may add here a touch or two to the more humorous side of the story, which I have gathered from other members of the Viceroy's Staff. 'You should have seen,' said Dr. Farquhar, 'the curious figure made by the missionary on his first appearance. We had to rig him up, as best we could, in order to make him presentable at dinner; and so Blane saw his tie, I my waistcoat, the Viceroy his shoes upon him as he came into the room.' Sir John took him under his special protection and made him sit on his right hand in the post of honour. But, even so, it was all that some of the younger members of the Staff could do to maintain their gravity. The Vice-

roy conversed much with him about his work and life. The brotherhood, it appeared, consisted of only three members. They had come out to their distant station unmarried, and when they had got well into their work and wished to change their condition, they had sent home, as was usual in such cases, to the Presbytery, asking that wives might be found and sent out to them. The brides were duly selected and despatched, and one of the brotherhood was sent down to Calcutta to receive, and bring them up to their future husbands and homes. But the cunning fellow stole a march over his brethren. He had first choice, and married 'the bonniest' of them before they left Calcutta. 'And what families have you got now?' asked the Viceroy, following up the thread of the story with perfect gravity. 'Wan' (one), replied the missionary in his broken English, 'has wan, wan has two, and wan wants.' This was too much for the self-control even of the Viceroy; and the younger members of the staff, R. Kennedy in particular—afterwards well known as aide-de-camp to Sir Frederic Roberts in his famous march—went off into a fair burst of laughter.

Another anecdote illustrative of Sir John Lawrence's kindliness of heart, especially where young children were concerned, should be preserved. Early in 1864, an ostrich domiciled in the Viceregal park at Barrackpore, happened to deposit her first egg on the grass, exposed to the inclement climate of that time of the year, and the attacks of jackals and foxes. It was picked up by a girl of eight or nine years old, the daughter of the park-keeper, whose father had died shortly before. Proud of her discovery, she carried off the egg to the bungalow, and having learned something of the habits of the ostrich in its native Sahara, she got some dry white sand, put it into a lidless box, and, half-burying the egg within it, exposed the whole, in the brightest spot which she could find, to the mid-day sun, and when evening came she would transfer it, box and all, to the care of a hen, whose eggs she removed each day for the purpose. Strange to say, the hen took kindly to the task, and, in due time, the monster chick was hatched. The foster-mother took to flight at the sight of her offspring, but the girl supplied its place, and the young ostrich used to follow her about from place to place, share the bungalow with her, and eat off her table. But the fatal day came when a new park-keeper was appointed, and almost his first act was to claim the bird as Government property. It was accordingly carried off to the Government aviary. The little girl, broken-hearted at the loss of her

pet, took to her bed, and became seriously ill. But a kind-hearted military surgeon, who happened to be calling on the widowed mother to see if he could do anything for her, heard the sad story. Through his means, it reached the ears of Sir John Lawrence at Simla, who, by return of post, ordered that the bird should be at once restored to its rightful owner. There was a joyful meeting between the two friends. The girl soon left her bed, and on returning to England, a few weeks later, with her mother, she carried with her the gigantic pet which had been born and bred amidst such curious vicissitudes.

Of the enjoyments of domestic life during this first year of his high office, Sir John Lawrence had little or nothing. He was without wife or child, and there was no one, therefore, with whom he could halve the petty annoyances and the multitudinous cares of his position, by the mere fact that he was able to tell them to a sympathising ear and heart. In his private life, he retained, as far as possible, all his simple habits. His work was done, as in the old Punjab days—and it must have been almost the only thing in the populous solitudes of Government House which could remind him of old days—in the loosest of loose dresses, his coat and waistcoat and collar thrown off, his shirt sleeves tucked up, his slippers on his feet. On one occasion, soon after his arrival, though he was, in other respects, duly attired, he omitted, in a moment of over-work or over-worry, to change his slippers before receiving a Deputation of Calcutta dignitaries. It was an omission which might even have pleased those who had eyes to see, through his neglect, the true character of the man. But there were some who never forgot or forgave it. When he heard that he had given offence, he turned, in astonishment, to his Private Secretary, and said, with a simplicity which, if it ever reached the ears of the Deputation, might well have disarmed any lingering resentment on their part, 'Why, Hathaway, they were quite new and good slippers!'

It must be remembered (says Dr. Hathaway) that, owing to the two months' interregnum which had occurred, the arrears of work had accumulated greatly. The red leather despatch-boxes brought, at all hours of the day, from the civil, military, financial, and other Departments, used, sometimes, to be piled up one on the top of the other to the height of several feet from the floor. But the whole were cleared away before midnight, and the work was done *thoroughly*. No one who saw Sir John Lawrence labouring through a mass of papers on tenant-right in Oude, or examining the plans for barracks submitted by the Public Works

Department, or the dry and depressing statistics tabulated by the Sanitary Commission, would wonder at his writing in his shirt-sleeves, or have a right to feel indignant that, when called away to receive a Municipal Deputation, he should forget to exchange his slippers for his boots, or to remove every mark of ink from his fingers. These infringements of Viceregal etiquette sorely tried some of his Staff. But the iron will of the man never yielded. He held his own in spite of the writers of a certain portion of the Calcutta press, who only judged of him from the microscopic view afforded to them outside the walls of Government House, and who greedily accepted every incident retailed to them, if they thought that it tended to lower the position of the representative of sovereignty.

One man of a very different stamp made the acquaintance of Sir John Lawrence during this period, and I may be excused perhaps if, —in view of the debt which, as an old pupil of his at Marlborough College, I owe to his guidance and friendship, prolonged till his untimely death,—I dwell for a moment upon their meeting. With great differences between them—for Bishop Cotton was shy, quiet, and reserved, blessed with a remarkably equable temper, and a man of high culture—the two men had yet very much in common : strong sense, the highest moral courage, great powers of work, a rich vein of dry humour, absolute guilelessness, absolute devotion to the good of those for whom they laboured, a firm and childlike faith in God. Such men were sure to appreciate each other, and it was not long before they met.

On reaching Calcutta in March 1864 (says Bishop Cotton's biographer) the Bishop had the great satisfaction of meeting Sir John Lawrence, whose recent installation in his high office had been hailed both by natives and Europeans as an event full of promise for India. The new Viceroy was already vigorously at work, investigating official departments with the practised eye of one to whom all grades of State duty were familiar. At their first interview, the Bishop found him buried in papers, with necktie discarded, and with attire generally in accordance more with comfort than conventionality. 'Excuse my dress ; it's very hot,' said the Viceroy, with the true distaste of a denizen of the Punjab for the hothouse climate of Bengal, and then plunged, at once, into a series of inquiries about the Christians in Southern India.

Bishop Cotton was then in the sixth year of his episcopate. He had risen to the level of his high office, developing even greater powers, and creating a position for himself beyond even the highest hopes of those who had most admired him at Rugby and at Marl-

borough. Had he lived to serve out the natural period of his health and strength, it would be difficult, judging from what he had already done, to over-estimate the services which he might have rendered to the cause of Christianity in India. But this was not to be. A fatal slip from a treacherous plank into a rapidly rolling river carried him away in the mid-career of his powers and of his usefulness, and India has not seen a Bishop who is like or second to him since. 'Enoch walked with God,' says his biographer, 'and he was not, for God took him.' And the testimony borne to him, by Sir John Lawrence, in an Order in Council may conclude a digression which has been prompted by gratitude and love for a man of so rare a mould.

Simla: October 10, 1866.

The Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council has learned, with the deepest sorrow, the death, through a calamitous accident, of the Right Reverend George Edward Lynch Cotton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. There is scarcely a member of the entire Christian community throughout India who will not feel the premature loss of this prelate as a personal affliction. It has rarely been given to any body of Christians in any country to witness such depth of learning and variety of accomplishments, combined with piety so earnest and energy so untiring. His Excellency in Council does not hesitate to add the expression of his belief that large numbers, even among those of Her Majesty's subjects in India who did not share in the faith of the Bishop of Calcutta, but had learned to appreciate his great knowledge, his sincerity and his charity, will join in lamenting his death.

But it is time to enter on the more public part of Sir John Lawrence's career as Viceroy, and it may be well to give first a brief account of the machinery of the Indian Government, and of the more important personages by whom, on his arrival, he found himself surrounded. His position as Viceroy with the members of his newly constructed Council around him was, as has been pointed out by W. S. Seton-Karr, very different from that which he had filled as 'paternal despot' of the Punjab. Nor was his power to be compared with that which had been wielded by the more vigorous and self-reliant of his predecessors. Lord Wellesley, Lord Ellenborough and others had often been able, owing to the distance of England from India, and the peculiarities of 'the double government,' to take the bit in their teeth, to strike out a line of their own, to begin a war, to annex a province, to depose the descendants of a long line of kings, in defiance of the wishes of their masters at home, and with the

happy consciousness that a deed of the kind, once done, could not be undone.

But now all this was changed. The electric telegraph had brought Calcutta to within a few days' distance from Westminster, and the wise and energetic, if somewhat despotic, policy of the Secretary of State—the Maharaja Wood, as he was called in India—who was responsible only to Parliament, had shorn the Viceroy of much of his independence of action, and seemed likely to make him, unless he was a man of exceptionally strong will, too much of a mere mouthpiece of the Government at home. On the other hand, the remodelling of the Supreme Council had given the Governor-General 'a semblance of a Cabinet of his own.' I say the *semblance*; for, strange as it may seem to those who judge by the analogy of the Cabinet at home, the Governor-General was unable—indeed he had always been unable—either to appoint or dismiss a single member of his Council without leave being first given from England. Each member of Council was, of course, entitled to have a hearing before any important measure was decided on, and the collective weight of the whole was such that it was difficult for the Viceroy, except on rare occasions, to overrule its opposition. Thus, while the dignity of the Governor-General was as great, or greater than it had ever been, his power, as Sir John Lawrence soon found, and often bitterly complains, was by no means commensurate with it.

The Executive Council consisted of seven members. The Viceroy was President. The Commander-in-Chief had a seat in virtue of his office, and the remaining five places were filled by men who were at the head of the five great departments of State, Home, Legislative, Military, Finance, and Public Works. Each member was responsible for the routine business of his own Department, but on all important questions he took the pleasure of the Viceroy, and, once a week, the whole body met to discuss the affairs of the Empire in common. There was also a second or 'Legislative' Council, composed of the members of the Executive, with the addition of certain unofficial members who were supposed to have a special knowledge of different parts of India, and to be able to represent them in debate. Of this Council, also, the Viceroy was President, and, so long as the session lasted, it, too, met once a week.

Besides the general control over all the Departments of the State which his office necessarily implies, the Viceroy is usually—and Sir John Lawrence was throughout his term of rule—his own Minister of

Foreign Affairs. In other words, he was directly responsible for our relations, first, with all foreign states which were supposed, by courtesy, to lie within the sweep of his searching glance, such as Cabul and Ava, Muscat and Zanzibar; and, secondly, with all the half-independent princes—about a hundred and fifty in number—who are to be found between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin, and rule, it has been calculated, over some 600,000 square miles of territory and some 50,000,000 subjects. Within the limits of this ample roll of feudatory princes are to be found, on the one hand, great potentates who like the Nizam, or Scindia, or Holkar, rule what in Europe would be considered spacious monarchies and have, in times not very remote, been names of terror to all their neighbours; and, on the other hand, Rajpoot chiefs, many of them men of the bluest blood in India, and boasting of a line of ancestry whose length not a few European monarchs might envy.[1]

If we add to the responsibilities which I have described, frequent personal interviews with the Councillors, and the Secretaries at the head of each Department; the voluminous correspondence with the Secretary of State in England, and with the Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, and Chief Commissioners of various parts of India; the interminable applications for appointments, and, as far as may be, their equitable distribution; and then, those other duties, which, though they admit of less accurate admeasurement, are not less real or less exhausting, the laying of a foundation stone, the presiding at a public meeting, the inspection of a new railway or canal, the visit to a school, a jail or a penitentiary, the magnificent but burdensome pageant of a Durbar, the progresses through his vast dominions, the long succession of dinner parties and festivities, the telegrams arriving at all hours of the day and far into the night,—we get a sum total of worry and of work, which is enough to break down the strongest man at the strongest period of his life.

No man, certainly, could have been found who would have been more equal to such a strain than John Lawrence when he was in his prime, and few could have been found who were more equal to it, even now, when his prime was past. Important papers from each of the great Departments flow into Government House without inter-

[1] For more detailed accounts of the machinery of the Indian Government at this period see Wyllie's *Essays on the External Policy of India*, pp. 1–4; Hunter's *Life of Lord Mayo*, vol. i. pp. 189–199, and an article on 'The Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence' in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1870, by W. S. Seton-Karr.

mission throughout the day, and their united streams meet in the Viceroy's private study. They are contained in oblong mahogany boxes which, if he does not work at them in season and out of season, must overwhelm him by their mere size and number. Lord Canning, who, as we have seen, among his other great gifts as a ruler, certainly, did not possess that of rapid despatch, used often during the Mutiny—as eye-witnesses in high position have described him to me—to be surrounded, as it were, by a double or triple line of these boxes, which stood breast-high, entirely hiding him from view, as he sat conscientiously and pathetically working away at one unit in the vast total. Sir John Lawrence, whose powers of despatch were one of the chief secrets of his success, and who had gone through life on the double-barrelled principle of 'No arrears' and 'What you do, do thoroughly,' seldom went to bed till the last box had been cleared off and there was a free field for the first arrivals of the following morning.

The new Viceroy was fortunate in many of the men whom he found at starting on his Council, and in many of the Governors or Lieutenant-Governors who were responsible for various portions of his vast charge. The Financial Member of Council was his oldest Indian friend, Sir Charles Trevelyan, who, after being recalled a few years before by Sir Charles Wood for an act of conscientious insubordination from his post as Governor of Madras, had had the satisfaction of finding that India could not long get on without him; and, on the invitation of the same Sir Charles Wood, had now returned to a hardly less important post, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, as it might be called, of the whole Indian Empire. He was busy as ever in ferreting out abuses. His brain teemed with schemes of reform—economical, educational, and philanthropic. No grass was ever likely to grow under his feet.

The Military Member of Council had been the dearest friend of Henry Lawrence, and, in spite of much official friction in bygone times when he was Chief-Engineer in the Punjab, was by no means unfriendly to Sir John. 'I have had many rubs with Robert Napier,' says his Chief in one of his letters written about this time, 'but he is a noble fellow.'

The Legal Member was Sir Henry Maine, who, before he came out to India, had set a permanent mark on thought and literature by the publication of his book on 'Ancient Law,' and has certainly left his stamp on the Statute Book of India by the many wise laws which, in conjunction with his chief, he was instrumental in maturing and carrying through both Councils.

The 'ordinary' Members were W. Grey and H. B. Harington, who was soon succeeded by Noble Taylor. The Commander-in-Chief was Sir Hugh Rose, a man of great energy, to the brilliancy of whose campaign in Central India, towards the close of the Mutiny, History has perhaps, as yet, done too little justice. He was a true friend of the soldier, ever ready to suggest plans for his good. But his best friends would admit that his presence in Council was not calculated to facilitate the despatch of public business. He was uncompromising and impracticable; always ready to re-open a question when it had been discussed and decided; and his return to England at the end of the following year, while it was universally admitted to be a great loss to the army, was felt to be a relief by all those Members of Council who knew that there was much to be done, and not too much time in which to do it.

As regards the Presidencies and the chief Provincial Governments, Bengal was subject to Sir Cecil Beadon; Madras, to Sir William Denison; Bombay, to Sir Bartle Frere. Drummond was Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West; Oude, destined throughout Sir John Lawrence's reign to be the chief battle-field of tenant-right, formed the Chief-Commissionership of Sir Charles Wingfield, the most thoroughgoing champion of the Talukdars. Phayre was Chief Commissioner of British Burmah; Meade was Resident at the Court of Scindia. The Central Provinces formed an almost virgin soil for the energies, physical and intellectual, of Sir Richard Temple; while Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir Donald Macleod, two of Sir John's right-hand men in bygone years, were to rule in succession and with success the great province with which his name will ever be connected.

The Chief Secretaries of the various Departments were hardly less notable. Sir Henry Durand, Sir William Muir, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Seton-Karr, were successively Foreign Secretaries. Sir Edward Clive Bayley was Secretary of the Home Department; E. H. Lushington of Finance; Whitley Stokes of the Legislative; General Richard Strachey, and afterwards Colonel Dickens, of Public Works; while Sir Henry Norman, whose name has occurred so often in these pages, acted as Chief Military Secretary throughout the whole period of Sir John's Viceroyalty. The names of Sir William Mansfield as Commander-in-Chief, of Sir John Strachey, of Sir George Yule, of Sir George Campbell and of others, come to the front more prominently in the latter part of his reign. Such were

some of the chief personages who play their part during the five years which I have now to sketch. It is well to bring their names together at the outset, for it must always be remembered when, for the sake of brevity, I say that Sir John Lawrence did this or that, that these men, some or all of them, as they shared in his labours, so are they entitled to have—and he above all would have wished them to have—a full share of the credit.

A few extracts from one or two of Sir John Lawrence's private letters to friends in England will throw light on his feelings and occupations during his first three months of heavy work at Calcutta.

February 18, 1864.

My dear Eastwick,—You must not judge from my silence that I have forgotten my old friends in the Council. But the fact is that I have had uncommonly hard work since my arrival. Work had been, for some time, in arrears, consequent on poor Lord Elgin's sickness and death, and some of the heaviest cases were under consideration. I have been, literally, working ten hours a day, and have had little inclination to write to anyone but my wife. I now, however, begin to see a little daylight, and hope, in another month, to be in a thoroughly comfortable position.

I have received the kindest and best possible reception. All my old friends, European and Native, have welcomed me, and, as regards my new colleagues, I like them all very well. They are thorough gentlemen, and everything goes on smoothly. The only difficulty I have experienced is in getting work through. But we have certainly made some progress. Maine is a most agreeable, pleasant fellow in every respect. Trevelyan works very hard, and is the great debater in the Council. He goes at everything. He has treated me most frankly and cordially.

If I can only keep my health, I shall do very well. But Calcutta is a horrid place. The natives from up-country detest it. The Nawab of Rampore only arrived a fortnight ago, and left to-day. One of his people died of cholera after three hours' sickness, and this, with his dislike of the place, sent him off. He said, '*Huzoor! Kalkutta ki howa bigra hai*' (Your Highness, the climate of Calcutta is bad). We have two native councillors still here, one the Maharaja of Vizianagram, and the other Raja Sahib Dyal, a Sikh, a very good fellow. Let me hear now and then from you, and pray send my wife any scrap of news which may comfort her. She is very much out of spirits. Had I known how much it would have vexed her, I would not have come out.

To Sir Erskine Perry he writes:—

Now that there is comparatively a little lull I must begin and write to my friends. Until now, I have had no breathing time; the arrears

have been so heavy. We are getting on pretty well, but we have breakers ahead in the shape of a financial deficit. The opium revenue has fallen off largely, and our expenditure is gradually but surely creeping on. . . . Everybody is, in the abstract, for economy, but whenever it is proposed, objections are immediately raised. This is the case at home, as you know, just as much as out here. The English army now is the great cause of expenditure. Every arm of it, day by day, in some way or other, costs more money. Nothing has as yet been done in the rent question. . . .

I am urging Beadon to make careful inquiry among his best officers, and ascertain the real status of the tenants with the right of occupancy in Bengal. The planters are very strong, for the great body of zemindars are on their side. So are most of the lawyers, and I suspect that the civilians are rather afraid of meddling with the rent question, though some of them[1] speak out. The Chief Justice being on the side of the planters is a great blow and a sad discouragement to the ryots. Peacock, I believe, will go home for nine or ten months. He has been suffering from pains in the head from over-work. By all accounts, he does work immensely.

To Sir Frederic Currie he writes on March 20 :—

I think that, on the whole, things look tolerably bright. In spite of the falling off in the opium revenue, we shall have no deficit. I don't think that the Native Army are *khoosh* (content). There is no active disaffection that I can learn. But they are not well off. Prices are high, work is hard, furloughs are scarce, and so on. They don't like the service down here in Bengal, and still less that to the East. This is not to be wondered at. The —— Sudder have gone to sleep. They have had five judges last year, and now ask for seven, and as long as they get what they ask, and draw their own pay, they will go on asking and not working. I told —— that if they do not look sharp, the whole batch will be called on to take their pensions. I never saw the service with so few men in the higher classes with talent and spirit. Here the one idea is *to make acts.*

The three months which Sir John Lawrence spent in Calcutta before moving up the country, not only saw all arrears cleared off, but were fruitful of promise for the future. The various Departments woke up, at his touch, to fresh zeal and life. A Sanitary Commission was appointed, under the Presidency of John Strachey, to inquire into the condition of towns and cantonments throughout the country,

[1] Notably George Campbell, John Strachey, W. S. Seton-Karr.

and to make suggestions for their improvement. It was a reform which had long been needed, and was now begun in good earnest. The Hindus were forbidden to throw their dead bodies into the Hooghly, an order which was forthwith represented by the Viceroy's enemies in the press and by 'the good folks at home,' as he calls them, as an insidious attempt by the Puritan Governor-General to interfere with the Hindu religion! The steps taken to lessen the ravages of disease among the soldiers were warmly sanctioned. The foundation stone of a Sailors' Home was laid, after careful inquiry, by the Viceroy himself, in an appropriate spot—an attempt to save one of the most helpless parts of the Calcutta community from their worst enemies and from themselves. The Sitana war was wound up and precautions taken against any possible renewal of it in the following years by the more aggressive spirits in our services. Raja Sahib Dyal, one of the best men for the purpose in all India, was summoned from the Punjab to take a seat in the Legislative Council. Sir Richard Temple was appointed to the Central Provinces in place of a valetudinarian, who was not adapted to develop its vast capacities. Early in April, Sir Charles Trevelyan produced his budget, and in spite of the reduction of duties and the increased pay given to the army, he was able to show that there was a surplus.

A visit paid by Temple to Calcutta in the early spring enabled him to render a service of the old kind to his former chief. Sir Bartle Frere had, in the preceding year, drawn up an elaborate attack on the Punjab Frontier policy, which, on the death of Lord Elgin, for whose eye he had primarily intended it, he sent off, addressed to 'the Governor-General,' whoever he might be. The new Governor-General turned out, as luck would have it, to be the very man whom, by implication at least, Frere attacked as having done almost everything in the matter of Frontier Policy which he ought not to have done, and having failed to do everything which he ought to have done. This formidable document was put into Sir John Lawrence's hands as he touched at Galle, and Temple, on coming soon afterwards to pay his respects to his old chief at Government House, once more, like a *Deus ex machinâ*, put his pen at his service, and gave an answer to the attack which may be said to exhaust the subject.

When I arrived at Calcutta (says Sir John Lawrence to Sir Charles Wood) I was greeted with a memorandum, a copy of which Frere had sent you, condemning the Punjab Government for its general frontier

arrangements. I have had a reply to this paper drawn up, some copies of which I have sent you. I hope you will read Frere's paper and the reply together. They are worth perusal. I am not aware that anything has been neglected which is calculated to enable us to hold the Border securely and at a moderate cost. I do not know from whom Frere takes his information. I know he has no personal knowledge of the country himself. His own knowledge is limited to that of the Scinde frontier, which, in many essentials, is different from that of the Punjab. From the borders of Scinde northwards, the character of the people, both in the Hills and in the Plains, differs as you go along; those of the Derajat differ very much from those of Kohat, while the latter again differ from those of Peshawur.

Sir Charles Wood duly studied the attack and the reply, and his decision between them was not a doubtful one. 'Nothing,' he says, 'could be more precipitate or rash than Frere's tirade against the Punjab policy.' . . .

These and other matters settled, Sir John Lawrence started, on April 15, for Simla, with clear files and a clear conscience. It was a step on which the doctors had insisted as a necessary condition of his taking the Viceroyalty, and it had been warmly approved by Sir Charles Wood, who repeatedly urged him by letter to go thither, even before he had finished off his work at Calcutta. He took his Council with him; a step which, in spite of the expense attending the move, and its unpopularity with Indian statesmen of the old school, Sir John Lawrence always maintained was economical, if not of money, at least of what was more important, of men and of work. 'I believe,' he says in one of his letters, 'that we (the Council) will do more work in one day here (Simla) than in five days down in Calcutta.'

On his way to Simla he wrote as follows, from Allahabad, to Sir Charles Wood :—

I left Calcutta on the night of the 15th, rested the day at Bhaŭgalpore, and was here by daybreak. Thirty years ago it took me twenty hours per day and night for a week in a palanquin to do the distance, and precious hard work it was. The railway is in good order, but there is, all the way, a great absence of business. No merchandise to be seen and no running to and fro of Natives. I hear that the want of accommodation at stations for Natives is great. I will see to this. The bridge over the Jumna will be a splendid affair, but it will take two years more to complete. I am to be up and about to-morrow morning before five to see what has been done and what is wanted here. It is a fine strategical

position, and a pleasant-looking place, but it is not healthy for the English soldiers. Good barracks ought to make a change.

I will not go too fast about railways. I am fully alive to the financial difficulties which would arise from such a policy. I have, as you know, been always an advocate for economy and care, and an opponent of additional taxation. Many thanks for your kind inquiries. I am now pretty well. I had rather a disagreeable attack in Calcutta. I think it was mainly from over-work. But I could not spare myself at a time when there was so much on hand, so much that had been long postponed. In administration, despatch saves money as well as time.

On his way from Allahabad, Sir John carefully inspected the Ganges Canal, and when he reached Meerut, he found himself amidst sights and scenes which were all his own, for they had been familiar to him for thirty years past. Better still, friendly faces, the faces of those whom he had last seen in the time of trial—his brother Richard and Sir Herbert Edwardes amongst them—met him at every turn, and the lordly loneliness of Calcutta was now, in great measure, a thing of the past. He travelled with as little state as possible; a fact which was soon known and duly criticised by the press. But the eagerness to see and greet him was probably not less, but greater than if he had managed to transform himself, and had come attended, as other Governors-General had done, by a camp of, perhaps, some thousand followers.

> In himself was all his state;
> More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
> On princes, when their rich retinue long
> Of horses led and grooms besmeared with gold
> Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.

On April 29, early in the morning, it was known at the quiet hill station of Kussowlie that the Governor-General was approaching. An eye-witness, whose account I slightly condense, says:—

> Up he rode, round the corner abutting on the parade-ground, the same 'John Lawrence' as of old. It made one's heart leap into one's mouth to see him; the same as ever, a *little* aged it may be, but still the John Lawrence of old. Eminence had not changed him. He came riding upon a little nag which appeared to know whom he had the honour of carrying; so jauntily did he carry *himself*. Sir John, who was in a neatly made suit of grey, with his trousers well above his ankles, rode on quickly, returning the heartfelt salutations of those who happened to be by the way, and making for Sir Herbert Edwardes' residence. Dick Lawrence rode beside him, and who could envy that honest-looking face

the aspect of exultation thereon depicted? His brother, the Governor-General of India, at his side! Then came Sir Herbert and others. We missed one there, Henry Lawrence, the man who died 'trying to do his duty.' But it was a refreshing sight, and there were few who did not feel that, at last, despite the want of aristocratic influence, we had the right man in the right place.

At noon Sir John, still in his grey heather suit, with no stars or ribbons to awe poor human nature, made his appearance on the parade ground, that he might see how, in this secluded spot, the gallant soldiers whom the Queen had committed to his charge were housed. Sturdily supported by a trusty friend in the shape of a walking-stick nearly as large as himself, he walked round the barracks occupied by the Head-quarters of the 94th and those of the depôt, followed, in this instance, by a brilliant staff of the officers of the Station. He said little, but took note of two kennels in which British soldiers are still lodged. The hospital was not forgotten; and then he was off to the spot where the name of Lawrence will always be held in veneration, the asylum left as a legacy to his country by his noble-hearted brother. As night fell, an enormous bonfire lighted up the hillside on which the asylum stands, the work of English boys saved from a languishing boyhood by him who is gone; and before Sir John laid his head on his pillow that night he might truly say, 'The Lawrences have done *some* good in their generation.'

In the cool air of Simla, the Viceroy seemed to take a new lease of health and strength, and so impressed was he with the benefits to the public service to be derived from the residence of Government there during the hot season, that he wrote to Sir Charles Wood proposing, not in his own interest—for leave to that effect had been long since given him as a condition of his returning to India—but for the benefit of all concerned, that the Government should habitually spend six out of every twelve months there. The impression had been gaining ground for several years past, that, in many respects, Calcutta was not well fitted to be the capital of India. Situated on the extreme eastern corner of the Empire, in the burning plains of Bengal, amidst a network of sluggish streams, exposed to cyclones, and floods, and pestilences, what wonder that it had come to be looked upon, during six months of the year, as a vast vapour bath in which those Europeans, who had the will to work, must needs do so at half power? It had long been said, that of every thousand soldiers quartered in Bengal, sixty-five were doomed to die within the year.

There had always been a party in India who looked upon Bombay as its natural capital. Lord Canning had thought of moving his

Head-quarters to some place in Central India, while the brilliant author of 'The Letters of a Competition Wallah' had argued forcibly in favour of Jubbulpore. But the vested interests at stake were so strong that the question had, once again, been shelved, and Sir John Lawrence seems to have thought that his proposal would meet some of the strongest objections which had been urged against Calcutta.

Simla: May 30, 1864.

I think it right to ask you what you think of the plan of the Governor-General and the Council coming up to Simla every year for the summer. With a railway to Darjeeling, the change might be to that place. But the accommodation required is so great compared with the means of these Hill Sanitaria, that if absence is allowed from Calcutta for the whole of us, it will be well to fix on one spot, so that we may build what is required for ourselves. My own idea, if you do not object to the plan, is that Simla is, on the whole, the best place. Even now, we are only six days from Calcutta, and when the railway is open to Umballa, the time will be reduced to four. Simla, also, while it is situated in a thoroughly healthy climate and among a quiet, docile population, is also well placed from whence to watch the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, and the Western Frontier. The Governor-General and Council might be six months here and six in Calcutta. And this, I think, would prove the happiest solution of the question as to the change of the seat of Government. Out of Calcutta there is, to my mind, no place so well situated for the capital of India as Simla. Allahabad, Agra, Delhi, Central India, are all out of the question. But by keeping Calcutta as the capital, and allowing the Government to come to Simla for six months, you would conciliate many interests.

Next to this arrangement, perhaps the best would be to transfer the Government of India to Poona, which is a salubrious position, and, practically, on the sea-coast. That is to say, it is only eighty miles distant, and connected by railway with Bombay. But I am not in favour of this arrangement. Poona, though well placed for communication with England, is quite in a corner as regards India. The great block of the Rajpootana States and the Gwalior country lies right between Poona and the chief British possessions in Hindustan. In the event of commotions, the communications with Upper India would be cut off. A Governor-General at Poona would be practically unknown in Hindustan. But a Governor-General who was, half the year, in Calcutta and, the other half-year, in Simla would be seen and known throughout our chief possessions. From Calcutta to Simla we have a chain of military stations connecting the two places, and holding all the intermediate country.

I began this letter with the view of writing on matters which, to a

great extent, personally concern myself, and I have diverged into a question of which is the best place for the seat of Government. I think, on the whole, that it is best for the public service that the Governor-General should not be separated long from the Council. So far as I am concerned, nothing would be more agreeable to me than to move about the country without a Council. But I do not think that such a system, except under very peculiar circumstances, is good for the State. The President in Council will seldom have sufficient influence to work the coach as it should be worked; while few Governors-General will be found who are able to dispose of very important matters alone. A Governor-General will, as a rule, be inclined to 'cushion' such matters until he can see his way, and until he joins his Council, while, if he transmits such cases to his Council for their decision, conflicting opinions will arise. On the whole, therefore, I think the best plan is to keep the Governor-General and his Council together.

And now as regards myself. I have not forgotten what you said to me when I parted from you at the India Office. I then understood that you expected me to tell you if I found that I could not stand the climate. Now I am bound to say that I do not think I could do my work and remain in Calcutta more than six months in the year. The climate there is very bad—to my mind almost pestilential, certainly it is so to me. I was not very ill, but I was never thoroughly well there, and as the heat increased, I began to suffer. I can do the work, and only just do it, in the way that I think it ought to be done. I begin at 6 A.M., and, with an interval of half an hour for breakfast, I sit at my desk until 5.30 P.M., working all the time as hard as I can. When necessary I work again after I come in from my ride or drive. But this is exceptional. Now, it would be impossible to do this (as I have said for more than six months of the best season in Calcutta. If, then, you think that it is for the public interest to agree to some such arrangements as I have sketched, I will gladly stay in India. If not, I would rather give up and go home next March or April. I hope you will decide the matter entirely on public grounds, and be assured that, in so deciding, I shall be quite content. I have spoken both to Dr. Hathaway, my Private Secretary, and to Dr. Farquhar, my medical attendant, both of whom are able men, and who understand my constitution.

I think that the people of both the Punjab and Delhi, but particularly the former, would not like my going down the country without paying them a visit. If you do not object, I should propose that the Council leave this early in October for Calcutta. I would run down to Lahore and hold a Durbar of all the chief men of the country, every one of whom I know personally, and I would then start for Delhi and Calcutta, arriving at the latter place by the first of November. My wife is anxious to come out in the cold weather, should I remain in India. Will you, then, kindly

give her a line directly you have made up your mind on the Calcutta question? A few words will suffice, as I shall prepare her for hearing from you. I will send you, as soon as I can, a memo. showing the cost of the Governor-General's Council coming up here. If it was a fixed arrangement, the expense would, for subsequent years, be much reduced; for we should leave the bulk of the office at Simla when we go down.

With the general drift of this letter,—that it was desirable that the seat of Government should be moved to a Hill station during the hot months; that the Governor-General should usually be accompanied by his Council, but that he should also show himself, from time to time, in various parts of the country without it; and, in particular, that he should hold the proposed Durbars at Lahore and Delhi, Sir Charles Wood entirely concurred. But he naturally hesitated to take upon himself the responsibility of fixing upon Simla as the permanent seat of Government during six months of the year.

Imagine (he says) the state of affairs, if Lord Canning had been at Simla when the Mutiny broke out! He would have been entirely cut off. You and he might have arranged affairs in the Punjab and Upper India, but I don't think the people at Calcutta would have been equal to the occasion: I am not prepared to say therefore that such an arrangement shall be stereotyped for all time to come. If it is necessary for the Governor-General and his Council to go away from Calcutta together every year, it may be a question whether they should not go to some such place as Darjeeling, where they will soon be within a day of Calcutta and can hardly be cut off. With regard to yourself, I have no sort of difficulty in saying that, with or without your Council, you are quite welcome to be away from Calcutta, for six months, and therefore you may set your mind quite at ease on that point. If you like, next summer, to go and see Madras and the Neilgherries, and put some life into their proceedings, or visit Darjeeling and our new enemies in Bhotan, or to go to Simla again, I have no sort of objection. I will endeavour to see Lady Lawrence. But I do not think that anything I have said should bring you home, if your health stands as well as I understand it to have done hitherto. And I infinitely prefer your remaining in India, working at half-power, as one would say of a steam-engine, than to replace you by anybody else.

Sir John Lawrence, in his reply, gives a graphic account of the local advantages of Simla:—

In the first place, I must thank you for your very kind letter about myself, for which I feel most grateful. No doubt such a change as I

propose is a serious one, and requires much consideration. I do not, however, think that a better arrangement is to be made. The work now is, probably, treble, possibly quadruple, what it was twenty years ago, and it is, for the most part, of a very difficult nature. Neither could your Governor-General and his Council really do it in the hot weather in Calcutta. At the best, as you say, they would work at half-speed. . . . This place, of all Hill stations, seems to me the best for the Supreme Government. *Here* you are with one foot, I may say, in the Punjab, and another in the North-West Provinces. Here you are among a docile population, and yet near enough to influence Oude. Around you, in a word, are all the warlike races of India, all those on whose character and power our hold in India, exclusive of our own countrymen, depends. No doubt there is the danger of being cut off from the seat of Government. Still, on the other hand, railways will lessen that danger. Nowadays you have no large native army to fear. What you have on this side of India you have mainly round and about you, so that your Governor-General, if he has any discernment, is well placed to perceive the first signs of danger, and is thus able to apply a remedy.

Another subject on which Sir John Lawrence's letters show that he was much interested at this time was the all-important, but, unfortunately, to the ordinary Englishman, the somewhat forbidden questions of the 'Redemption of the Land Tax,' and the extension of the 'Permanent Settlement.' To the Redemption of the Land Tax he was, for reasons into which I need not enter here, opposed. To the extension of the Permanent Settlement, that is, to the perpetual limitation of the demands of the State on its subjects in the shape of land tax, he gave a qualified and statesmanlike support. No one was more alive than he to the want of enquiry and forethought with which the Permanent Settlement had been originally introduced into Bengal. The men who introduced it had done so on the only lines with which the statesmen of that day were familiar, those of the English land system. Gross injustice had thus been done to the peasants who had true proprietary or occupancy rights in the soil; and there had been the standing grievance ever since of a taxation which pressed unequally on different parts of one and the same empire. In the year 1861, for instance, it was calculated that, while Bengal, with its 280,000 square miles of fertile land and its population of 41,000,000, paid only 8,000,000*l.* to the State, Madras, with much less than half that number of square miles of poor soil, and little more than half its population, had paid not less than 6,000,000*l.* In other words, an assessment of the land tax which

had seemed sufficiently heavy at a time when the land was very imperfectly cultivated, was found to be much too light now that it had been brought into proper cultivation. And the State suffered accordingly. Considerations of this kind had made John Lawrence, in his earlier life, a strong opponent of the Bengal and an equally strong adherent of the North-West system. Under this latter system, the land tax was assessed low, for long periods of twenty or thirty years, but, at the end of that time, the assessment was liable to revision and enhancement, and it was this system, which he had himself introduced, with marked success, into the Punjab. But he was no slave—as is too often the case with officials—to a stolid consistency. He was not afraid to change his mind when he saw reason to do so. He saw that the mistakes which had been made, and the injustice of which we had been guilty in Bengal, were no necessary part of the Permanent Settlement, but were the result of the ignorance or carelessness of those who had introduced it. He knew that revisions of assessment were expensive to the State and vexatious to the people; that if the masses were prosperous and contented, the military force necessary to hold the country would be small; finally, that the benefit to the cultivators if they could feel certain that they would be allowed to reap the full fruit of the labour which they expended on the improvement of the soil, would be incalculable. On these and other grounds he was anxious that, while the mistakes made in Bengal were carefully avoided elsewhere, and, as far as possible, rectified in Bengal itself, the benefits of a Permanent Settlement should be extended to all those states in the North-West and the Punjab, two-thirds of whose total area had been brought under cultivation. His views have not yet been carried out, but the papers in which he urges them have great weight, and the balance of skilled opinion in India has more than once tended in the direction in which they point. In Bengal, it seems likely that before long a heroic remedy will be applied to evils which we have ourselves created. And thus an object which was above all others dear to Sir John Lawrence's heart will be attained; for the Ryots will be reinstated in a position which is theirs by right, and which they had held from time immemorial, under their native rulers.

Other subjects on which Sir John Lawrence's letters show that he busied himself during these summer months at Simla, and which he treats with a similar breadth of view, were the condition of Kattywar with its numerous independent chiefs and its time-honoured abuses;

the reduction of the number of English troops in India, so far as it could be done with a due regard to safety; the increase of the pay of the native troops; the great 'rent dispute' in Bengal; and the 'succession question' in Mysore, of which more hereafter; the misgovernment of Bahawulpore; the merits and demerits of the income tax, then and long afterwards a burning question. But into his views on these and similar subjects space forbids my entering.

The interest which Queen Victoria feels and has always felt in the greatest dependency of her Empire had been forcibly impressed on Sir John Lawrence in a farewell interview which had taken place just before he started for India as her representative and Viceroy. The Queen, so he told the chiefs assembled in the great Durbar at Lahore which will be described in the next chapter, had on that occasion 'warmly enjoined upon him the duty of caring for all her subjects in the East.' And this interest, or rather this maternal solicitude, was brought before him in an equally forcible manner by the letters from Her Majesty which reached him, from time to time, throughout the period of his Viceroyalty. Her first letter has a pathos which is all its own, and will illustrate what I have already said of Prince Albert's knowledge of India, and of the opinion which Sir John Lawrence had formed respecting him.

Osborne: July 26, 1864.

The Queen ought and meant, long ere this, to have acknowledged Sir John Lawrence's letter of January 21, with very satisfactory accounts of the state of her great Indian Empire. She regrets that he has not written again, but hopes to hear soon from him an account of the different places which he has visited and of the state of the people and the country. Sir John will, she trusts, everywhere express the deep interest the Queen takes in the welfare of her Indian subjects, and how doubly she feels this interest, as her beloved great husband took so very deep an interest in India, and was constantly occupied with everything which could lead to the development of the resources of that great Empire, and to the prosperity and kind and just treatment of the natives. The Queen feels this a sacred legacy, and wishes that her dear husband's great name should ever be looked upon with love by her Indian subjects. The Queen concludes with every wish for Sir John Lawrence's good health and prosperity.

With the majority of the members of his Council and with nearly all his Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners, Sir John Lawrence found that he was able to work admirably. The chief exceptions to the general harmony were the Commander-in-Chief, Sir

Hugh Rose, and the Governor of Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere. For each of these remarkable men he had much respect; while towards Sir Bartle Frere he also cherished a strong feeling of gratitude for the unstinted help which he had given him in the Mutiny. But the idiosyncrasies of the three men were so marked that there could not fail to be much official friction between them, lasting, in the case of Sir Hugh Rose, till March 1865, when he was succeeded by Sir William Mansfield; in the case of Sir Bartle Frere, till March 1867, when he bade a final farewell to India, after thirty years of hard work, in which, whatever his failings—and they were failings which were destined to be brought more prominently before the world in other continents—he had managed to attach all classes to himself, and had done brilliant and disinterested service to the State alike in the Deccan and in Sattara, in Scinde, at Calcutta, and at Bombay.

In a country like India it is difficult, under the best of circumstances,—human nature being what it is,—for the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief to pull well together. It is impossible, unless there be an extraordinary amount of forbearance, tact, and good sense on both sides. The discipline of the army is the proper function of the Commander-in-Chief, and it is absolutely necessary in all questions relating to its distribution, its pay, and a hundred other matters in which he is deeply interested, that the Civil Governor and not the Commander-in-Chief, should be supreme. But it has often happened that the Commander-in-Chief has failed to recognise this fundamental condition of his existence. He resents as encroachments on the part of the civil power a control which is essential to its very existence; a control without which India would be subject to a military despotism such as is not tolerated in the most despotic country in the world, not even in Russia. Hence the strained relations which have not unfrequently existed between Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief in India, and which, owing to the strong characters of the two men, were brought into special prominence in the case of Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier. No sketch of the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence would be complete if it contained no allusion to the somewhat similar antagonism between him and Sir Hugh Rose, and on this subject I propose, as I have done in the case of similar difficulties in the Punjab, to let Sir John Lawrence speak for himself. It will be remembered throughout that the Imperial finances were in an unsatisfactory condition, evidently tending towards the deficit which, in spite of all Sir John Lawrence's

efforts, marked two out of his five years of office. The necessity for economy therefore could not but be recognised as imperative by the man who was at the helm, and who saw clearly that the country could not stand any increase of taxation.

To Sir Charles Wood he writes in July, 1864:—

I find that I have a most difficult part to play with Sir Hugh Rose. He is by no means a good man of business, and brings up cases time after time, after they have been settled, and the discussions and delays are endless. He wants to give up Delhi and Lahore as cantonments for troops, both of which propositions are out of the question. I wish to make no alterations in the present distribution of troops which are not absolutely necessary on sanitary grounds, and none where, from political considerations, troops are required; while I would reduce them at unhealthy stations to the fewest number practicable; and even if we work on these principles, the expense will be very large. Sir Hugh Rose, also, wants to place whole regiments of Infantry in the Hills. . . . You will see in the Commander-in-Chief's first Minute an illustration of his Excellency's mode of doing business. He ranges over almost every department of administration, and makes attacks, without full knowledge, at his pleasure. This is his mode of working also in Council. Our discussions are, beyond measure, tedious and protracted. We have to go over and over the same details and arrangements. . . .

On another occasion, he writes as follows:—

We are backward in all our military cantonments, partly, in consequence of the uncertainty whether many of them should be kept or not, and, partly, from the difference of opinion regarding the best style of buildings for barracks for the English soldier. . . . Up to this day, though we are in the seventh year after the Mutiny, no one place of refuge for the security of women and children, and treasure and munitions of war, has been constructed. And so years may go by until another convulsion overtakes us, unless we can expedite matters. Sir Hugh Rose has run over the country and seen many places and with the best intentions, but is too much for change without duly weighing all the considerations of a case. Thus he was for giving up Gwalior, and placing the troops at Sipri, seventy or eighty miles south; then at a place still further south. Now Gwalior is hot, but so are all the stations in Hindustan that are not in the Hills. . . . At present, Sir Hugh Rose is making a dead set against Delhi. But the worst of the matter is that when he differs there is great difficulty in disposing of the matter. He does not join issue and fight out the case and then let it alone, but he comes back, over and over again, to the charge, and so there is no bringing it to a conclusion and going on with the work. But if we delay, the barracks are

not built, and so we lay ourselves open to further animadversions. Thus it is very up-hill work trying to keep the peace and, at the same time, to do one's duty.

The following letter refers to a remedy which had been suggested by Sir Charles Wood for the friction between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, and to another which Sir John Lawrence would himself prefer. It is biographically interesting also, from his description of the difficulties which beset the Governor-General.

I certainly see and feel that Sir Hugh Rose and I do not get on well together. I fully admit that there is and has been more or less antagonism between the Governor-General of the day and the Commander-in-Chief. I see the probability of great mischief and inconvenience arising in consequence of this state of things, but I am sorry to say that I do not think that the changes you propose will mend matters. On the contrary, it appears to me that they will greatly aggravate them. By your plan, the Queen's officer, who would be sent out to India, would be War Minister and Commander-in-Chief. He would thus have all the power, all the prestige, all the influence attached to the present office of Commander-in-Chief added to that which the War Minister as member of Council would possess. He would work and influence all the details of any important military question as Commander-in-Chief, and then carry it through or report it home, as member of Council working the military department. He would be Sir Hugh Rose and Sir Robert Napier together. I don't see, for instance, how we could send a despatch home which was not in accordance with his views. In a word, by the combination of the two powers the authority of the military element would overshadow and paralyse that of the civil power. As Commander-in-Chief, the War Minister would have the same staff to enable him to carry on the struggle with the Governor-General whenever his views were not admitted.

My remedy for the present state of things is that, in the first place, the Commander-in-Chief should not have a seat in Council. He should be a high executive officer, distinctly subordinate to the Governor-General in Council. His views and arguments would then all, as circumstances dictated, be put on record, and would go home bearing the authority and influence which they deserved and no more. In the meantime, he would be required to obey the orders he might receive. I see no other change which would prove beneficial. We must, I presume, have a Commander-in-Chief in India. A War Minister alone would not be thought sufficient. If it would, I would be willing to try the plan. But then he should be, like any other member of Council, with no Staff and no Secretariat but that of the Government of India. Whether the present system, or a

modification, such as I have indicated, be introduced, much must depend on the officer who is sent out. He should be eminently a reasonable man; one who could see and admit that military arrangements must be subject to modification in reference to civil and political considerations. Such a man, for instance, as Sir Henry Hardinge is the officer I should like to see in India.

You attached, I recollect, great weight to the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General constantly coming together face to face, sitting in the same Council and discussing the same subjects; and in your letter you allude to the evils which arise from the converse state of things. But I assure you that no real benefit would arise from the above circumstances. When two authorities differ in their views, I am inclined to believe that they will work better when at a distance than when they are together, as less irritation is likely to arise. Sir Hugh Rose and I were five months together at Simla. But I did not perceive that any benefit thus arose. I am sure that it was with a sense of great relief, on my part, that I left him at Simla. During the whole time that he and Lord Elgin were there together I understand that they only met once to discuss public matters, and then Colonel Norman was present. Sir Hugh and I met on several occasions to discuss such matters and try and reconcile our different opinions. But it was quite in vain. The time and labour which were wasted in some of our councils at Simla when military matters were discussed, was something quite excessive. We always met at eleven o'clock, and seldom, if ever, broke up before five, and sometimes our sittings were extended to 7 P.M. If every Councillor had been as pertinacious as Sir Hugh Rose, the work of the State would soon have come to a deadlock. If any dangers arise, such a state of affairs must prove most serious.

It should be a rule which the Commander-in-Chief is bound to recognise, that a question, once decided, should not again be raised without the consent of the Governor-General, and that, after a point had once been fairly discussed, disputation should cease. I have paid much deference, personally, to Sir Hugh Rose. I have listened to all that he had to say, and I have usually had the great majority of the Council with me. In fact, I have never been in the minority without giving up my opinion, even though I retained it, except on two occasions; one being against pulling down the walls of Delhi; the other, that of destroying a Mosque. And in the latter case, after visiting the spot, I also consented to its removal. I myself cannot see how it is possible that I can influence a Commander-in-Chief of strong views who is fully satisfied that he is in the right. I do not select him, nor have I any voice in his selection. He has nothing to hope or fear from me. He has been brought up in a perfectly different school. He has little sympathy with my feelings and thoughts. He, as a rule, does not see the difficulties and dangers which

are apparent to me. In what mode, then, am I to work? The Governor-General, nowadays, has no bed of roses, I can assure you. He is beset by difficulties on every side. The unofficial classes have no sympathy with him. Many of the civilians are discontented. His patronage is nearly all gone.[1] That of the Commander-in-Chief is very great, with all the advantage of belonging to and being supported by a powerful profession. Why, the Governor-General cannot even recommend an officer for the honours which he may think are fairly due, without the concurrence of the Commander-in-Chief! What, then, has he to support him? Only the sense of honour and duty in his Councillors, and public opinion, which, in this country, is, perhaps, more uncertain than in England.

The allusion in the above letter to his preserving the walls of Delhi, I am fortunately able to explain by a most characteristic anecdote told me by Sir John Strachey. After relating how Lawrence had saved the great monuments of the Mogul Empire and of Mohammedan art, the Jumma Musjid and the Palace, not to speak of the city of Delhi itself, from the insane fury of those who would have liked to destroy them after they fell into our hands, he thus continues :—

I remember another occasion, which occurred when Sir John Lawrence was Viceroy, and when I was with him at Simla, in which he prevented another atrocious act of Vandalism. The fortress and palace of Delhi are surrounded with a huge battlemented wall, pierced by gateways, which, as Bishop Heber says, are as big as great cathedrals, and altogether form a most magnificent architectural object. The garrison was very unhealthy, and some wise doctors, backed up by the military authorities, proposed and most strongly urged that I forget how many feet should be cut off from the top of the great wall. 'Thus,' it was said, 'the troops will get the circulation of air that they now want, and there can be no doubt that their health will be immensely improved.' The result would have been the complete ruin of one of the finest architectural and antiquarian objects in India. Lord Lawrence knew the way of dealing with medical theories. He referred the question to other high medical authorities, and with the consequence that might have been anticipated. They reported that the high wall, instead of being a cause of harm, was the most efficient and only protection of the troops from the malaria which prevailed outside, and that of all ruinous plans that could be adopted its destruction would be the worst. I remember Lord Law-

[1] Up to 1854, the Governor-General had been also Governor of Bengal, and had enjoyed all the patronage of the Lower Provinces.

rence's intense amusement at this. But even if the second batch of doctors had reported differently, he would never have given his consent.

I do not mean to say that these stories show that he had really a love of art; for I do not think that his action was prompted by considerations of that kind, but they illustrate his strong good sense and his wise instincts. They illustrate also what was, at all times, a strong feeling with him, his affection for Delhi, which he had known so well in the earlier part of his life.

In the case of Sir Bartle Frere, the feeling of official antagonism was even more pronounced than in that of Sir Hugh Rose. It lasted longer, and the position of Frere as Governor of Bombay gave him facilities for carrying out his views and for thwarting the Supreme Government which were not possessed by the Commander-in-Chief. Sir John Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere were, as I have already pointed out, as different from each other in character, in business habits, and in general views, as two very able, very public-spirited, very self-reliant, and very strong-willed men can well be. Sir John Lawrence was for a careful economy of the public money; Sir Bartle Frere for a liberal expenditure of it in all directions. The first and almost the only question which suggested itself to Sir Bartle Frere when some magnificent public work, such as a land reclamation scheme or the practical rebuilding of Bombay, came under consideration, was whether the work was good and worthy in itself. The first question asked by Sir John Lawrence was whether India could afford it, and, if it could, whether it was worth the additional taxation. Sir John Lawrence thought he was bound to be just before he was generous and to look before he leaped. Sir Bartle Frere too often leaped before he looked; and sometimes it may have been to the advantage of India that he did so. But he also found that his undeniably great works left him with an exhausted treasury, and sent him to beg as a favour from the Government of India what, if he had been content to keep to rules, he might have been able to demand almost as a right. Sir John Lawrence was always for a minute investigation and specification of details, because he felt that such precautions were the only security for due economy in the whole. Sir Bartle Frere thought all such precautions vexatious in the extreme, and for very much the same reason. Sir John Lawrence, very possibly, cared for popularity too little; Sir Bartle Frere, very possibly, too much. Sir John Lawrence was blunt and downright to a fault; Sir Bartle Frere erred equally in the opposite direction. The man who applied to Sir

John Lawrence for an appointment for which he was not fit, and met with a curt refusal, very probably, as he came down the steps of Government House, called the Governor-General a bear; but, after a little reflection, was not sorry that he had been told the worst at once, and admitted the integrity of his Chief's motives. The man who applied, under similar circumstances, to Sir Bartle Frere came down from 'the land of promise,' as Government House in Bombay was not inaptly called, charmed with the courtesy and grace of his reception, and thinking that his suit was granted; but, when he found, a few days later, that the place was given to another candidate, he was apt to turn round upon his Chief, and put him down, in his vexation, as a hypocrite. In the one case, hopes may have been unduly raised. In the other, they may have been too rudely crushed. But, in each case, so public-spirited were both men that, after a short interval, the applicants were generally able to admit that the refusal was due to one and the same motive, the paramount claims of the public service. Sir Bartle Frere was for extending our influence by every means among the wild tribes which encircled our North and North-Western frontiers. Sir John Lawrence was for confining our attention, as far as possible, to what lay within them. 'Make your influence paramount,' so said in effect Sir Bartle Frere, 'at Quetta, at Khelat, at Candahar, and at Cabul, in order that you may check-mate Russia there, and may, thereby and thereafter, secure the peace, and prosperity, and contentment of India.' 'Make India,' replied Sir John Lawrence, 'as it is in your power to do, peaceful, prosperous, and contented first. Assure the neighbouring tribes that you do not covet their territory and will not meddle with their independence, and then *when* Russia comes—if ever she does come—with hostile intention, they will be to you as a wall of adamant against her, and you will be able to enter their territories, not as their enemies but as their allies and friends.' That there was very much that was noble, and very little to condemn, in two such essentially different types of character, would hardly need to be pointed out here, were it not that each has had a band of devoted and thorough-going followers; that each has come to be regarded as the spokesman of a school; and that, as I have found to my cost, there are some admirers of Sir Bartle Frere who will see little that is good in Sir John Lawrence, and there are many admirers of Sir John Lawrence who, judging chiefly by the light of recent occurrences, will see little to admire in Sir Bartle Frere. That it was well for India that Sir John Lawrence held the

supreme and Sir Bartle Frere the subordinate position, will not be questioned by those who believe, in spite of his recent disclaimers, that the miserable Afghan wars in one continent, and the equally miserable Zulu war in another, are the direct and legitimate consequence of the principles and proclivities of the Governor of Bombay. But whatever the limitations, or defects, or faults of the chief champions of the 'forward' and 'backward' schools, it cannot be denied that each has done, in his way, a noble work in India; that each has been actuated by high motives; and that it is not too much to say, that if India could not have been held without men of the one type, it would hardly have been won without men of the other.

That the official relations between two such men could not always be of the smoothest is self-evident. Sir Bartle Frere, as Governor of Bombay, must have found himself in opposition to any Governor-General who was worthy of his name. The financial quarrel between the two Governments had come down to Sir John Lawrence as a legacy from Lord Elgin. Strict Budget rules had been laid down by the Secretary of State, which were as binding on the Governor-General himself as on those who came next below him. Their observance was essential, if the financial control of the Supreme Government was to be anything but a name. But they were systematically ignored by Sir Bartle Frere. He liked to spend the money first, and explain and ask for an indemnity afterwards. He took the bit in his teeth, as he has done on some notable occasions since, and the result was a paper warfare, sometimes carried on by the Public Works Department under General Richard Strachey, sometimes with the Governor-General himself, which might easily have been saved, and must have been trying enough to all concerned.

The correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere with the Public Works Department was often irritating enough on both sides, but that with the Governor-General was carried on in a tone and temper which did credit to both and left no sting behind. It is clear, in fact, that though the official relations between the two men were often strained, there was at bottom a strong feeling of mutual regard and respect. It only remains for me to illustrate what I have said by a few quotations from Sir John Lawrence's letters to his friends, and to Sir Bartle Frere himself, and then I will pass on to a more congenial subject.

I am glad (says Sir John to the Secretary of State on May 29) that you have written to Frere. I like my own way, I admit. But I never saw a man like him for taking his own line. But, after all, he is a very able officer, and I try to help him as far as I can. He has no patience for Budget rules.

July 16.

As regards Bombay, Frere has hitherto resolved to have his own way, and, practically, *has* had it. One of two courses should be adopted, either that he was made to obey orders, or that he was declared absolutely his own master. A half-and-half system does not work well.

August 12.

We continue to have frequent little collisions with the Bombay Government, regarding financial or executive works, which I would gladly avoid. But it is not possible to do this without giving up that control which, by rule, we are bound to exercise. I am perfectly willing, however, to yield wherever you may think we ought to do so, the responsibility being transferred from us to them. . . . I do not say all this to put you against Frere ; for, in spite of his faults, I have a sincere respect for him.

To Willoughby, who was one of Sir John Lawrence's greatest friends on the Indian Council at home, and to whom, while he was himself on the Council, he had been in the habit of venting his grievances, he says :—

I find it rather difficult to get on with Frere, though I am most anxious to do so. He is bent on independence without its responsibilities. He insists on spending not only his own revenues, but ours also.

Writing to Sir Bartle Frere himself on April 13, he puts matters between them thus, and the magnanimity of its tone may well recall the letters which he had written in earlier days, under somewhat similar circumstances, to Napier or Nicholson :—

Trevelyan strongly objects, as indeed do the other members of Council, to your using Government money in the manner you describe, especially without authority first obtained. What they say is that if you can do it in one case, you can do it in another ; if you can advance one lac of rupees you may advance twenty ; and that, in short, there can be no financial control under such a system.

Now I think that there is a good deal of force in what is said. I think that, in most cases, time would admit of a previous reference, and where it did, such a reference would greatly facilitate business in the long

run, and, of course, in emergent cases you could telegraph. I have myself no jealousy of the action of local governments. Indeed, I may say that, to some extent, my sympathies are with them, knowing as I do where the shoe used to pinch in former days. But I always recognised the advantage of attending to rules which had been laid down, except in real emergencies. We had a case only yesterday before us of yours, in which you appointed a *pucca* (permanent) judge—a new appointment—for Sattara, off your own bat, and did not even report it for a whole year! We have not the authority to make new appointments, or even to increase the salaries of old ones. Surely it would have been much better to have made a 'reference,' previously to making such an appointment. We are now barely able, as you know, to make our income balance our expenditure. New demands are, every day, coming upon us; and if we are to meet them, we must economise as far as practicable; and this we cannot do if we let the control of the finances slip out of our hands. You may depend on my helping you, whenever I can do so consistently with my duty.

June 2.

In ordinary times, and with a telegraphic communication complete by which you can receive a reply to any 'reference' in a few hours, we do not think that any real emergency can arise which should require action in financial matters on your part. We all think that, for financial control, all the restrictions laid down in the Budget are necessary; and that, within those rules, there is, to some extent, a fair liberty of action. In the particular instances which you adduce, however, it seems to me that you would have found no real difficulty in sitting down and putting the particular points before the Government of India, who would, probably, then have agreed to your wishes. But, in that case, it would have been necessary to have made a full detail of the circumstances; for unless this be done, the reference is really of no use. I do not see that the enforcement of such a system proves an absence of confidence. It simply shows that it has been found the most convenient mode of doing business. I have no doubt that, in no one case in which you expended money, or proposed to spend it, on your own authority, you had not strong grounds for so doing. But, nevertheless, this mode of proceeding may prove very embarrassing to the Financial Department; and there is one great objection, in my mind, to such a system, namely, that when once a man has adopted the line of *acting first and reporting afterwards*, the main inducement to report and explain vanishes away.

Nor do I see why the limitations of authority in this way should destroy, as you seem to think, the inclination to assume responsibility in times of real emergency. No one was more completely tied down, in this respect, than I was in the Punjab up to 1857. But when the time came for decision and accepting the responsibility of my position, I found no

real difficulty in doing so. And so, I am sure, it will be with every officer who is really equal to the emergencies in which he is placed.

As regards the control in the Executive Works Department, which is a very different matter from that of the finances, I have no desire to advocate more than a general supervision or criticism. I am far from affirming that the Government of India may not, in some cases, have gone further than it need have done. But I think that, in the particular cases which you cite, the intention was, in most of them, to agree with your Government, subject to the general rules of the Department. . . . I must now conclude, and will only add that I hope we shall be able, for the future, to manage matters more in accordance with each other's views. I have not the power, even if I had the inclination, to alter the Budget system; but I will try, as far as I can, to make it as little irksome to you as possible; and as regards other matters, it is my desire to treat you as I would wish, if our positions were reversed, to be treated by you. I know your worth and appreciate your great merits, and have a sincere desire to carry on work so as to please you, as far as practicable.

November 2.

. . . I now come to the other points of your letter, and if, in discussing them, I say aught which may not be agreeable to you, you must forgive me. I would very much rather not enter on them at all; for I have no hope of convincing you that we, on this side of India, are right, while I do not think that it can be shown that we are wrong.

You have more than once complained of Colonel Strachey's mode of writing and managing the Executive Works Department with the Bombay Government. When this began, I took care to look over the drafts of all the most important letters which were subsequently issued, and I asked Taylor, who was in special charge of the work, to do the same. We had up also in Council some of the letters of which you had complained and others which were to be sent out. Now, whatever may be the real merits or demerits of Strachey's composition, it has, since the time I speak of more particularly, had the full sanction of the Governor-General, and the members of Council, individually and collectively. We consider that no more, in each case, has been said than the occasion warranted, and that the style and tone of the letters have not been unduly severe. On the other hand, we think that we have cause to complain of your Government persistently desiring and working to set aside Budget rules; for we feel certain that these rules are the only mode of ensuring any real control over expenditure.

You complain of the system of requiring estimates as being injurious and objectionable. But surely I am not in error when I say that it is my impression that the rules under which the Executive Works Department is now worked, were framed while you were yourself a member of the Council of India. But, be this as it may, I am persuaded that those

rules are expedient and necessary, however irksome they may appear. When your officers will not obey instructions, what can be done but insist on their being carried out? All the correspondence now, in which the Government of India and that of Bombay differ, is sent home as soon as possible, and we shall soon see what is thought of the matter in each case. I am sure that it is my wish—indeed I may say it is that of the whole Council—to treat you and your Government with every consideration. But we neither can nor ought to give up the control which has been entrusted to us.

I finish this account of the relations between Sir John Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere with a single sentence, which—though there were fresh troubles to come, connected with the speculating mania at Bombay, and the calamitous failure of its bank—expresses, as I have good reason to believe, the personal feeling of the Governor-General throughout, and will leave a pleasant recollection behind. 'I again congratulate you (says Sir John Lawrence to Sir Bartle Frere, on February 12, 1866) on becoming a member of the Order of the Star of India. We could scarcely have found a more worthy addition to the brotherhood.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT DURBAR AT LAHORE.

OCTOBER 1864.

THERE is one short week in the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence which, as it seems to me, stands forth almost alone in its interest and its significance from all that preceded and followed it. The great Durbar at Lahore must have been, in all its attendant circumstances, one of the proudest and happiest moments of his life. The pressing cares of his high office he threw off for the time, and he surrendered himself, for once, without reserve and without remorse, to its pleasures, its splendours, and its rewards. Surrounded by some of his best and earliest friends, men who had worked for him and with him and under him in years gone by, he found himself, once more, in the capital of his old province, the observed of all observers, the centre of a glittering throng of native chiefs and princes, who had flocked thither from the borders of Thibet, from the snows of the Himalayas, from the wastes of the Derajat, from the burning plains of Mooltan, from the blood-stained palaces of Delhi; almost all of them known to him personally, as men whom he had encouraged or rebuked, conquered, conciliated, or controlled; and all of them, without any exception at all, stirred by that strange mixture of sentiments, now of love and now of fear, but always of respect and awe, which seems to come most home to the Asiatic breast, and warned them in tones which were not to be mistaken, that if any one of them still harboured any hostile feelings towards the British rule, the present was not the time to show them.

'One great Durbar,' it has been said, 'is very like another. When you have seen one you have seen all.' And it is true enough that there is much the same ceremonial in them all; the same barbaric splendour, the same kaleidoscopic shifting of gorgeous dresses and priceless jewels, the same sights and sounds, the same Babel of languages,

the same tramp of horses, the same trumpeting of elephants, the same roll of drums, the same roar of artillery. There are the same strange contrasts between the European and the Asiatic; between barbarism and civilisation. But if we look a little closer, even at the externals of this Lahore Durbar, the number of the Princes present, the extent of their territory, the nature of their influence, the variety of the homes from which they came, and of the races which they represented, we shall feel that even as a mere pageant it transcended every spectacle of the kind which had till then been seen in India; while, if we go deeper still, and throw into the scale those sentiments of personal awe and veneration which were undoubtedly felt towards its central figure, we shall feel that there belonged to it a heartiness and a significance which is not to be found in any other Durbar before or since. No one but John Lawrence, not even Runjeet Sing himself, could have drawn such a gathering around him at Lahore. No one else could have been regarded with the feelings with which the assembled chiefs regarded him. It is not, therefore, out of place in his biography to devote one short chapter to a spectacle which sums up and brings to a focus so much of the struggles and successes, the hopes, the fears, and the memories of his eventful life.

For many days before the arrival of Sir John Lawrence at the capital of the Punjab, the whole province had been astir. The famous jewellers of the Chandni Chouk at Delhi had packed off their glittering stores to grace the Viceregal pageant. The roads—not least the Grand Trunk Road itself—had been blocked by the huge trains of the native Princes, who, vieing with one another in their magnificence, were lazily hurrying on towards their destination. The solid silver howdahs, and the fantastically decorated doolies; the carriages and flags; the elephants and camels; the horses, mules, and bullocks; the infantry soldiers armed with shields and matchlocks half as long again as themselves, and the troops of cavalry clad in chain armour—altogether formed a scene of ever-varying and picturesque confusion.

On October 13, the last and greatest of the 'independent' or 'protected' Princes, Runbeer Sing, Maharaja of Jummoo and Kashmere, attended by a train of some 5,000 followers, reached the separate camping-ground—for which, as a sovereign Prince, he had stipulated—in the great plain outside the city. His followers were gorgeously caparisoned. But his own dress was of plain white muslin, 'ostentatious in its simplicity,' except in the matter of his turban,

which was a 'study of elegant magnificence.' It was of pale blue and white silk, trimmed with gold lace, and ornamented with a single peacock's feather fastened by a sparkling jewel. The Maharaja of Puttiala had arrived shortly before him. And now all was ready for the Viceroy.

Sir John Lawrence had left Simla a few days previously, and each stage of his progress had brought him amongst more and more familiar faces and scenes. At Umritsur, he was greeted by Arthur Roberts, who had been Commissioner at Lahore during the crisis of the Mutiny, and had now risen to be Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab; by Donald Macleod, who was still its Financial Commissioner; and by Sir Robert Montgomery, who was its Lieutenant-Governor. It was a pleasant meeting of old friends; and if anyone had the right on that eventful day to feel almost as happy and almost as proud as the Governor-General himself, it must have been his earliest and his latest friend, the man who was so worthily filling his post as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and was now to have the supreme satisfaction of receiving the Viceroy as his guest, the ever-genial and ever-young Sir Robert Montgomery.

The friends of the Governor-General saw at a glance—they never could have thought otherwise—that he was quite unchanged by the change in his condition. 'He wore,' says an eye-witness, 'the same simple dress. There was the same vigorous movement of his limbs and head, and the same determined mode of expression, enforced by considerable action.' On arriving at the railway station at Lahore, the first sod of which he had himself turned as he left India six years before, he found that the whole of the Durbaris and the whole city to boot, had turned out to greet him. There was the young Maharaja of Puttiala 'blazing with diamonds,' and the young Maharaja of Jheend, both of whom received a warm greeting, in memory of the timely aid rendered to him and to England by their predecessors during the Mutiny. There was the Maharaja of Kuppurthalla, who was to receive from his hands, a day or two hence, the Order of the Star of India, in recognition of his distinguished services, as well as his personal worth. While, outside the station, on every coign of vantage and under the shade of every tree, were gathered crowds of natives, all hoping to hear the familiar voice, or, at least, to get a distant sight of the familiar form. Not many of them were altogether disappointed, and not a few of those whom he knew and recognised

received a friendly word or even a familiar pat upon the back, with which they went home delighted.

But it was to be a week of work as well as of play and of show. That night, Sir John Lawrence was entertained at a State dinner at Government House. On the following morning, Saturday, the 15th, there was a levée at ten o'clock, and then a private Durbar for the great chieftains, each of whom spent a quarter of an hour in private conversation with the Viceroy. Nor did the interview consist of a mere bandying of Oriental compliments. Sir John Lawrence was no good hand at that. There was an earnest and genial talk about the state of the country and the principality of each Raja, and then a few words of encouragement and advice for the future. In the afternoon, an entertainment was given by Sir Robert Montgomery in the famous Shalimar Gardens, the handiwork of that master-builder of the East, Shah Jehan. Few cities indeed were there in the North-West of India which Shah Jehan had not touched with his enchanter's wand; and there was no city which he touched which he did not also permanently adorn.

Sunday, the 16th, was a pleasant breathing space, as Sir John Lawrence and his school in the Punjab had always endeavoured to arrange that it should be, in the midst of work or of festivity. On Monday, the 17th, Sir John Lawrence got through an amount of work which must have satisfied even his insatiable appetite for it. At six o'clock in the morning he began to pay his return visits to the chiefs. After breakfast, he held a discussion of some four hours with the chief officials on some great engineering works which were to be carried out at Mooltan. After luncheon, he conversed with the teachers and the students of the Government schools, some 800 in number, who had been gathered together for the purpose; and amongst them he singled out for special notice the young son of Moolraj, the Dewan of Mooltan, but for whose rash act the Punjab would not have fallen till a later period, and, just possibly, might not have fallen at all into British hands. Later on in the afternoon, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, he invested the Raja of Kupurthalla with the Star of India. His speech was in Hindustani, so that every word of it could be caught by the assembled chiefs. He dwelt on his personal friendship with the Raja's father, and on the distinguished services which, as none knew better than he, had been rendered during the Mutiny by the Raja himself. In the evening, the 'Lawrence Hall,' a building erected by his friends to com-

memorate his services in the Punjab, and bearing on its front in large letters the simple words, 'John Lawrence,' was formally opened amidst an enthusiastic assemblage. The chief feature of the whole ceremony was the simple and hearty eulogy pronounced by Montgomery on his Chief, and the equally simple and even more touching tribute rendered by Sir John to his former colleagues, and not least, to the mighty dead. There were tears on many faces, and at one point in his speech, which will easily be recognised, the Governor-General himself almost broke down with emotion.

Sir Robert Montgomery said :—

Gentlemen and Ladies,—I esteem it a high honour to have the privilege of proposing the health of our Viceroy and Governor-General, Sir John Lawrence. I have known him for upwards of five-and-forty years. We were schoolfellows together in Ireland, as were also his distinguished brothers, Henry and George Lawrence. (Cheers.) We separated for many years, and did not meet again until the annexation of the Punjab, when I saw that the strong will of the boy had ripened into the determined man. Clear, vigorous, and energetic, just and impartial, he was feared and respected by all, and his administration became a model for other provinces. (Cheers.) It was in the Jullundur Doab that he first began his Punjab career. He was selected for it by Lord Hardinge, and, subsequently, was called to Lahore, and eventually became Chief Commissioner. And then came 1857. The events of it are fresh in our memory. The Punjab, under his grasp, stood firm. Delhi must be regained or India lost. The Punjab was cut off from all aid. It poured down, at his bidding, from its hills and plains the flower of its native chivalry. The city was captured, and we were saved—aye, India was saved. (Cheers). England acknowledged his eminent services, and his name has become a household word through the land. (Loud cheers.) And we who have served with him and under him are proud to see him occupying and adorning the most important post under the Crown. We are here to welcome him this day in a hall erected to his memory by his Punjab friends. We welcome him as our old Chief Commissioner, our old Lieutenant-Governor, our Viceroy. (Cheers). I call on you, one and all, to join me in drinking the health of Sir John Lawrence. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Sir John Lawrence, in returning thanks, said :—

Sir Robert Montgomery, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I thank you, Sir Robert, for the kind and genial way in which you have proposed my health, and you, ladies and gentlemen, for the handsome and cordial manner in which you have responded to the toast. I don't think I quite deserved all that Sir Robert has said of me. But I must say I like it

(Laughter and cheers.) It's only human nature. (Cheers.) My nature has been called a hard one. But, believe me, it softens at your kindness. Sir Robert has told you that we were schoolfellows forty years ago. I wish he had left out the forty years. But as I am a married man with nine children, it doesn't much matter. Well, it is quite true that we were at school together forty years ago, at a place very famous in history, Londonderry—(cheers and laughter)—celebrated for defending itself against great odds. Well, perhaps some of the old North-Irish blood flowed in our veins, for we came from that part. And when the time came that in India we found ourselves fighting against still greater odds, the blood of the old defenders of Derry warmed within us, and, like old war horses, we buckled to our work. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, I think that whatever I may have done, my lieutenant, Sir Robert Montgomery, did almost more. (Cheers.) Gentlemen and ladies,—When I think of those terrible days I hardly know whether to think of them with pride or with sorrow. When I remember the glorious deeds of our army before Delhi, I feel proud of my nation and my countrymen—Irish, English, and Scotch. But when I think of the genius and bravery which are buried at Delhi, I feel that our triumph was indeed dearly bought. There was John Nicholson. I think of him, as one without whom, perhaps, not even Englishmen would ever have taken Delhi. I can hardly say any more—(cheers)—but this I will say, that as long as an Englishman survives in India the name of John Nicholson will never be forgotten. I had, in those days, under me a body of officers in the Punjab who for zeal, energy, and ability, were as good as India ever has, or ever will, produce. If we were, in any way, an example to the rest of India, we have had our reward. Ladies and gentlemen,—Six years ago, I left this country with a shattered constitution, after many years' hard work. But I left it in the hands of Sir Robert Montgomery. My mantle could not have fallen upon better shoulders. And when I look around me and see the smiling, happy faces of a contented people, and the material improvements which have been made under his guidance, it sometimes seems to me that it would have been well had the mantle fallen upon him sooner. (Cheers.) It has given me the greatest pleasure to return to the Punjab. I have been much pleased with what I have seen, and I wish that I had time to go over the whole of it. It has given me much pleasure to meet you all here to-night. Again I thank you for the kind way in which you have received me, and I wish you all health and happiness. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

The following day, the 18th, was that for which all that had preceded it was only the preparation. On that day, the Viceroy was to receive, in Grand Durbar, an assemblage of Princes and Chiefs such as could have been gathered together in no other city, and from no

other province in the Empire. Bombay can boast of an extraordinary mixture of races in its population of nearly 700,000 souls. But in the vast city of tents which had been pitched outside the walls of Lahore, there were some 80,000 armed men, the retainers of six hundred chieftains, of every variety of stature and of countenance, of garments, of colour, and of language. The Tower of Babel or the Day of Pentecost can hardly have been witnesses of such a confusion of tongues; and Mithridates himself, master though he is said to have been of twenty-five different languages, could hardly have boasted, had he been ruler, not of his own Pontus and the adjoining 'mountain of languages,' but of the Punjab and its adjoining mountain ranges, that he was able to transact business, in their own dialects, with every tribe in his dominions. There were huge warriors from Peshawur and its mountain crags, who would have laughed to scorn a summons from Lahore, had it come to them from Runjeet Sing himself. There were wild and unkempt Hill-men from the Suliman Range, who looked as though they would be willing to cut the throats of their dearest friends in revenge for a fancied affront, or to gain some paltry bit of plunder. There was the burly Envoy from Cabul and his numerous following. There were Rajpoots of the oldest stock in existence, from the Kangra Hills. There were little Ghoorkas from the frontier of Thibet. There were wiry Sikhs from Malwa and the Manjha, some of them the very men who had shaken our empire at Ferozeshah and Chillianwallah, and had afterwards done much to save it before Delhi. Finally, there were ambassadors from Khokand —a city hardly as yet known to fame even among the Sikhs and Afghans, far away in the half-fabulous regions beyond the Oxus— who had come, not for the first time, to ask for English aid against the 'great White Czar,' who, even then, seemed to be threatening their existence, and before long was to make good his threats, in his unstaying and pitiless advance across the wilds of Central Asia.

The spot chosen for the Durbar was picturesque and impressive enough. It was a green and spacious plain, half-encircled by the Ravi; the very spot on which, a century before, Ahmed Shah Dourani had encamped; and on which, hardly a quarter of a century before, Runjeet Sing himself had repeatedly reviewed, in the mid-career of his conquests, his noble and, till then, invincible army. To the south, lay the city of Lahore, almost every conspicuous building in which recalled the same famous name. There was the Mosque, with its noble domes and minarets, and its memories of the religious hate which separates

Sikhs from Muslims. There was Runjeet's fort. There was Runjeet's palace. There was Runjeet's tomb. Thus, most of the historical associations of the place clustered around the life of the 'Lion of the Punjab.' All that met the eye, on the other hand, told of the greater power which had swept him and his away, and, for good or evil, had taken his place. His son and heir was now a private English gentleman, living by choice in a Christian country, and professing the Christian religion. His wife or the last of his wives, had just died in a London suburb, and the Koh-i-noor, the matchless jewel which had graced Persian, and Afghan, and Sikh sceptres, had passed through Sir John Lawrence's hands and pocket, and was glittering, six thousand miles away, in the crown of the English Queen. Was it for evil or for good, this mighty change—and all that had come, and was still to come from it? Here was food enough for thought, if only the dazzling sights which met the eye would leave any space for reflection.

Every Chief was to be in his place in the huge canvas palace by nine o'clock in the morning. But, that there might be no hitch in the arrangements, the Viceroy was, for once in his life, intentionally late. And the delay of half an hour, while it helped to raise expectation to the tiptoe, also gave time to note the brilliant dresses and to reflect on the strange histories of the six hundred units, who each in his measure, went to make up the gorgeous whole. There was the Raja of Jheend for instance, dressed in pure white muslin, glowing with emeralds and diamonds, and wearing a yellow turban. There was the Maharaja of Puttiala, the head of the whole Sikh race, wearing a rich lavender dress, which was almost concealed by emeralds and pearls. There was the Raja of Kuppurthalla, decorated with the newly won insignia of the Star of India. There was the Raja of Faridkote, clad, from head to foot, in the true Khalsa yellow.

And the characters and careers of the assembled Chieftains were, to the view of those who had any knowledge of the facts, as striking and various as their dress. There was the chief of the Kutoch family of Kangra; a discrowned king it is true, but belonging to one of the very oldest Rajpoot families, a family which could trace back—as it was believed—its genealogy for ten thousand years, through four hundred and eighty generations, and every one of them a king! There were the two High Priests of the Sikh race, both descended in the direct line from the Guru Nanuk, the founder of the Sikh religion. There was the Sikh nobleman who, as the best rider of a

nation of horsemen, had himself led the cavalry charge at Chillianwallah. There was the Persian Kuzilbash, who had saved the lives of the English prisoners—several ladies and children amongst them—from instant death in the disastrous Afghan war. There was Nihal Sing Chachi, Sir John Lawrence's trusted adviser from the days of annexation onwards. There was Raja Sahib Dyal, at that moment a member of his Legislative Council. And as might be expected, there were to be seen there also the extremes of youth and age, of bloated sensuality and of manly vigour and beauty. There was the young Nawab of Lohara, a boy of seven years old, who played his part with all the dignity of manhood. There was the Nawab of Dojana, on the other hand, so huge and so bloated that he was said to weigh thirty stone, that the walk from one end of the Durbar tent to the other completely took away his breath, and that he was unable with his vast circumference, to take his seat upon the chair allotted to him, till its arms had been cut away! Finally, there was the Raja of Faridkote, who was so stricken with paralysis that, when the time came for him to be presented to the Viceroy, he had to be carried up to the edge of the platform, when Sir John Lawrence, to save him the fatigue of being carried further, stepped down from his throne, and walked to the edge of the cloth of gold, that he might receive him there. The Raja might well have excused himself from obeying the invitation of the Viceroy on the score of his ill-health; but, like many others, he was determined—as an eye-witness,[1] to whom this account is much indebted, puts it—'at all hazards, to see the great Viceroy whose name was feared and loved throughout Upper India.' And so, at all hazards, he came, and he had his reward.

At last, the half-hour of suspense was over, and as the carriage and four of the Viceroy drove up to the tent, the troops who lined the road presented arms, the band struck up, the first gun of a royal salute was fired, and then the whole assembly of Chiefs and Princes rose to their feet, as Sir John Lawrence, with all his orders on him, but still the simplest in attire of all present, walked up the tent, mounted the platform covered with cloth of gold, and took his seat upon the throne. On his right, was the Maharaja of Kashmere, and, next to him, the other Princes in order of their precedence. On his left, came Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Henry Maine, Donald Macleod, and the Commissioners of the various Divisions of the

[1] Sir Lepel Griffin, in the *Lahore Chronicle* for October 20, 1864.

Punjab; while, behind the throne, the Deputy and Assistant Commissioners and other officers of the province were ranged in rows, some three hundred in number. Had Sir John Lawrence flinched or faltered in the day of trial seven years before, had he been for one moment other than himself, how many of that brilliant throng—so thought not a few amongst them—would not have been alive to take a part in that moving spectacle! As the booming of the last gun died away, the Viceroy rose, and, with energy and clearness, addressed the assembled Chiefs in Hindustani, that *lingua franca* which everybody in India understands or ought to understand. His words were simple and earnest. They came straight from his heart, and made their way straight to the hearts of his hearers. And as they gazed upon his commanding form and listened to his direct and manly speech, they must indeed have felt that the combination in him of muscular, and moral, and mental power was pretty well complete.

Maharajas, Rajas, and Chiefs! Listen to my words. I have come among you after an absence of nearly six years, and thank you for the kindly welcome you have given me. It is with pleasure that I meet so many of my old friends, while I mourn the loss of those who have passed away.

Princes and Chiefs! It is with great satisfaction that I find nearly six hundred of you assembled around me in this Durbar. I see before me the faces of many friends. I recognise the sons of my old allies, the Maharajas of Kashmere and Puttiala; the Sikh Chiefs of Malwa and the Manjha; the Rajpoot Chiefs of the Hills; the Mohammedan Mullicks of Peshawur and Kohat; the Sirdars of the Derajat, of Hazara, and of Delhi. All have gathered together to do honour to their old ruler.

My friends! Let me tell you of the great interest which the illustrious Queen of England takes in all matters connected with the welfare, and comfort, and contentment of the people in India. Let me inform you when I returned to my native country, and had the honour of standing in the presence of Her Majesty, how kindly she asked after the welfare of her subjects of the East. Let me tell you when that great Queen appointed me her Viceroy of India, how warmly she enjoined on me the duty of caring for your interests. Prince Albert, the Consort of Her Majesty, the fame of whose greatness and goodness has spread through the whole world, was well acquainted with all connected with this country, and always evinced an ardent desire to see its people happy and flourishing.

My friends! It is now more than eighteen years since I first saw Lahore. For thirteen years I lived in the Punjab. For many years my brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, and I governed this vast country. You

all knew him well, and his memory will ever dwell in your hearts as a ruler who was a real friend of its people. I may truly say that from the day we exercised authority in the land, we spared neither our time, nor our labour, nor our health, in endeavouring to accomplish the work which we had undertaken. We studied to make ourselves acquainted with the usages, the feelings, and the wants of every class and race; and we endeavoured to improve the condition of all. There are few parts of this province which I have not visited, and which I hope that I did not leave, in some degree, the better for my visit. Since British rule was introduced, taxation of all kinds has been lightened, canals and roads have been constructed, and schools of learning have been established. From the highest to the lowest, the people have become contented, and have proved loyal. When the great military revolt of 1857 occurred, they aided their rulers most effectively in putting it down. The chiefs mustered their contingents, which served faithfully, and thousands of Punjabi soldiers flocked to our standards, and shared with the British troops the glories, as well as the hardships, of that great struggle.

Princes and Gentlemen! If it be wise for the rulers of a country to understand the language and appreciate the feelings of its people, it is as important that the people should have a similar knowledge of their rulers. It is only by such means that the two classes can live happily together. To this end, I urge you to instruct your sons, and even your daughters.

Among the solid advantages which you have gained from English rule, I will now only advert to one more. It has given the country many excellent administrators. Some of the ablest and kindest of my countrymen have been employed in the Punjab. Every man, from the highest to the lowest, can appreciate a good ruler. You have such men as Sir Robert Montgomery, Mr. Donald Macleod, Mr. Roberts, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Colonel Lake, and Colonel John Becher—officers who have devoted themselves to your service.

I will now only add that I pray the Great God, who is the God of all the races and all the people of this world, that He may guard and protect you, and teach you all to love justice and hate oppression, and enable you, each in his several ways, to do all the good in his power. May He give you all that is for your real benefit. So long as I live, I shall never forget the years that I passed in the Punjab and the friends that I have acquired throughout this province.

No Governor-General since the time of Warren Hastings, except Sir John Shore, could have addressed an assembly of native chiefs in their own language, even if he would. It is doubtful if he would have so addressed them even if he could. In any case, it was an act of courtesy and genuine feeling, as much as of high policy, on the part of Sir John Lawrence, which delighted all who heard it and all

who heard of it, and was calculated to lessen the gulf which still yawns between the European and the Asiatic, the ruler and the ruled. Usually, in a grand Durbar the Foreign Secretary, who must, almost necessarily, be a good Oriental scholar, takes his stand behind the Governor-General and translates, as best he can, the words which have fallen from the Lord Sahib. But it is easy to see how much of the grace and of the dignity, of the interest and of the genuineness of the whole spectacle, is necessarily lost in such a process. Nobody who witnessed the Lahore Durbar and saw the effect produced by Sir John Lawrence and his speech, could doubt that the objections, theoretical and practical, to a civilian Viceroy sank into insignificance, when the times were what they were, and when the civilian selected for the almost unprecedented honour was a man with the history and the character, the abilities and the personal presence, of Sir John Lawrence.

At the close of his speech, the Viceroy took his seat, and then the Maharajas, the Rajas, and the Sirdars, with their principal followers, were presented to him, in due order of precedence. Each Chief brought up his golden *nuzzur*, which was touched by the Governor-General and then laid at his feet. Sir John had many a kindly word and many a hearty shake of the hand for his old acquaintances; and his eyes were seen visibly to brighten as some Chiefs who had done good service in the crisis of 1857 approached the steps of his throne. Then followed the *khilluts* or gifts of honour from the Viceroy to the Chiefs—silver vases, gold clocks, inlaid rifles, silk dresses, strings of pearls and other jewels, which reached, as they lay upon the ground, from the platform right up to the entrance of the tent. It was a splendid sight, alike in what it was and what it meant.

> And men taught wisdom from the past,
> In friendship joined the hand;
> Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
> And ploughed the willing land.

So admirable were the arrangements, that the ceremony, which had been expected to last till three in the afternoon, was over two hours before that time. The Viceroy left the tent, as he had arrived, amidst the booming of guns, the roll of drums, and the presenting of arms. And then the great ceremonial was over.

The absence of two of Sir John's most redoubtable lieutenants must have been keenly felt by their chief even in the midst of the festivities. Sir Herbert Edwardes had been kept away by illness—an

illness which was soon to bring to a close his brilliant career in India; while Major James, who had 'acted' as Secretary to Sir John Lawrence during the first days of the Mutiny, at Rawul Pindi, and had, since then, as Commissioner of Peshawur, done good service in many a border fray and many a border parley with the hill tribes, had been struck down, within the last few days, by death. It happened that Sir John Lawrence had written to Sir Charles Wood by the mail immediately preceding, begging that James's services might receive adequate recognition. But before the letter had well left India, he had passed beyond the reach of human praise and reward.

By half-past six on the following morning, the 19th, the Governor-General was off to open the new railway to Mooltan. A ride of twenty-six miles brought him to a station in the midst of a virgin jungle, where he breakfasted, and made a speech full of personal reminiscences. He was back in Lahore by eleven o'clock, and, that afternoon he was once more off for Umritsur and Delhi, and the pleasures and labours of this week of weeks were at an end. His note to Sir Charles Wood, alluding to all that he had done and seen, is curiously concise and businesslike.

Lahore: October 19, 1864.

I arrived here on the 14th, and leave this evening, having done what I came for. I have invested the Kuppurthalla Raja with the Star of India, held a Durbar of some six hundred Chiefs and leading men gathered from the Jumna to the Khyber, renewed my acquaintance with them, and sent them away happy. Altogether it has been a successful trip. Maine came with us, and was much struck with all he has heard and seen.

The details of the pageant, which the modesty or the practical bent of the writer had altogether suppressed, of course reached Sir Charles Wood from other quarters, and there will be few, probably, who have read the account which I have gathered from the newspapers of the day, from private letters, and from conversations with eye-witnesses, who will not sympathise with the hearty felicitations of Sir Charles Wood :—

November 25, 1864.

I may congratulate you on the great success of your Durbar at Lahore. It seems to have been as gratifying and as satisfactory to yourself, as it is, in a public point of view, good proof of your being in your proper place, and of the general allegiance to your rule.

Still more grateful to Sir John Lawrence must have been the high

approval expressed by the Queen herself of the words which, as her representative and Viceroy, he had used to the assembled Chiefs in the Great Durbar.

Osborne: January 3, 1865.

The Queen has to thank Sir John Lawrence for two interesting letters of the 16th September and 21st October, as well as for the enclosures and beautiful photographs, which give a good idea of the splendid ceremony which took place at Lahore. The Queen would be very grateful if Sir J. Lawrence would let her have two or three more impressions of the photographs.

The Queen highly approves Sir John Lawrence's addresses, and is truly rejoiced to see the good and friendly feeling which seems to pervade the Chiefs and cannot fail to lead to lasting good.

CHAPTER X.

THE VICEROYALTY. 1865–1866.

THERE is, in Hindu mythology, the story of a giant who was of so huge a stature that when his foot was cut off, it took a long time for the news to reach his ear. India itself is, or rather, perhaps, was, like that giant. It is a country of violent contrasts. While everything seems to smile in one portion of its vast circumference, another is being devastated by a terrible cyclone, by a flood, or by a famine. While the banks of the Ravi were glittering with all the chivalry of Northern India assembled in Durbar to do honour to Sir John Lawrence, the banks of the Hooghly were being strewn, for miles, with dismantled or waterlogged vessels; with houses which had been bodily overturned; with corrugated iron roofs which had been doubled up like sheets of paper; with huge trees which had been torn up by their roots and whirled away like wisps of straw. Nor was the wind the only or the worst enemy of the miserable inhabitants of the low-lying land between Calcutta and the sea. A huge wall of water, twelve feet in height, stretching from bank to bank and overlapping them both for several miles, had come rushing up the river from the sea, and had swept away every obstacle, crops and trees, wharves and houses, whole villages and populations, in its course.

Everything that could be done to alleviate the distress was done by order of Sir John Lawrence. But little was that everything; and his letters as he approached Calcutta, or went down afterwards to Barrackpore, give interesting details of the havoc which met his eyes, though he did not know, and no one could know till much later, the full extent of the calamity. 'About forty ships,' he says, 'some of them very fine ones, have been sunk or thrown on shore and destroyed.' The loss of life among the English sailors is small. But a great number are thrown adrift. The destruction of life among the natives is considerable. Out of a population of 3,000 on Saugor

Island at the mouth of the river, not more than ten per cent. survive. From Burdwan downwards to Calcutta, we came on uprooted trees and broken-down telegraph posts.' A few days later, he writes from Barrackpore :—

I came up here this morning not feeling very well. All the way, the country shows unmistakably the terrific effects of the late cyclone. Many of the finest trees of the avenues planted in Lord Wellesley's time between Calcutta and Barrackpore have been torn up. The park also is strewn with fallen trees. The chief sufferers are the people along the banks of the Hooghly towards the sea. In these districts, the loss of life and property has been immense. We are doing what we can to afford relief.

And again, a little later :—

December 17.

The disaster at Madras seems to have been even greater than was at first reported. Sir W. Denison estimates the loss of life at 30,000 people. In like manner, it is now said that the mortality consequent on the Calcutta cyclone has reached that figure. This is very terrible.

On his way down from Lahore, Sir John Lawrence had paid a flying visit to Delhi. It was the city which, of all others, next after the capital of the Punjab—if indeed it did not come even before it—was always nearest to his heart and was most bound up with his early work and fame. He arrived at two o'clock in the morning when the whole city was wrapped in sleep, and took up his quarters at Ludlow Castle, the old Residency, and a place endeared to him by the recollections of a lifetime. Nor was it till four hours later, when the cannon in the fort began to thunder forth a royal salute, that the inhabitants discovered that their old Collector and Magistrate was in their midst. He stayed only two days ; and to the keen disappointment of the citizens, his visit was one of business only, not of ceremony or state. But he found time to inspect the splendid Palace of the Moguls, which he had saved from destruction, and which had now been converted into an English fortress ; to arrange that the strength of the garrison should not be reduced ; to give orders that the memorial to those who had fallen in the siege should be at once completed, and to visit the grave of the most intractable and most heroic of them all—the grave of John Nicholson.

On December 7, soon, that is, after he had taken up his winter quarters in Calcutta, he was gladdened by the arrival of his wife. It was just a year since he had left her at Southgate. In the inter-

mediate March, a daughter, Maude, had been born; and, now, after much doubt and discussion as to the conflicting claims of her husband in India and her children in England, those of the husband had won the day. Accordingly, leaving her other children to the care of her sister, Letitia Hayes, at Southgate, Lady Lawrence set out for India with her two eldest and her youngest daughters. 'You cannot think,' says Sir John, in a letter to a friend in England shortly afterwards, 'what a difference the arrival of my wife has made to me! But those who know the man will not need to be told how the gaieties of Government House, henceforward, seemed less dreary, and how the troubles inseparable from his office were often lessened or removed by a quiet talk in the intervals of his work.

Not that he had been during his first year of office altogether without the society of members of his own family. Captain Impey, his Military Secretary, had married a daughter of his eldest brother George, and Alexander Lawrence, the eldest son of Sir Henry, had married Alice, the daughter of Dr. Kennedy, one of Sir John Lawrence's oldest friends and connections in Ireland; and both couples had found a home with him in Government House. He always felt that he could not do too much for his brother Henry's children. But a terrible accident had carried off Sir Alexander, and had left an infant of six months old the heir to the name and title of his illustrious grandfather, Sir Henry. Sir Alexander had gone out with his uncle, Richard Lawrence, who was now Deputy-Commissioner of the Simla District, and superintendent of the Hill States, on an expedition towards Thibet. The road took a direct line over almost inaccessible heights and along frightful precipices. In some parts, it was not so much cut out of the side of the mountain as carried over its flank, and supported by beams let into the rocks. The party were riding along one of these galleries, Sir Alexander in front, when a portion of the platform gave way, and hurled both horse and rider, some two hundred feet down into the abyss below. All that the tenderness and care of her own father could have done for the young widow, Sir John Lawrence did in the hour of her desolation. He had been left guardian of the little Sir Henry, and it was a trust which he discharged faithfully to the last.

The sympathy of the Queen for the Lawrence family was as warm and as warmly expressed, as was her concern for the sufferers by the cyclone.

Osborne: January 3, 1865.

The Queen was much grieved to learn the awfully sudden and sad death of his nephew, the son of his distinguished and lamented brother, Sir H. Lawrence, and offers her sincere condolence to all his family.

The storm at Calcutta seems to have been most terrific, and the Queen would be glad to have some authentic details of it. She fears that Barrackpore has suffered, but hopes the tomb of dear Lady Canning was not injured.

The Queen cannot conclude without expressing her earnest hope that Lady Lawrence has arrived in safety, and her deep regret that, by some unfortunate mistake, the Queen did not see her before her departure, which she had much wished to do.

But I must return to more public matters. The letters of Sir John Lawrence written during the cool season at Calcutta deal with many questions of practical importance in which he was keenly interested. Such were the abolition of the 'half-batta' system, the extension of irrigation works by Government, the construction of improved barracks and of fortified positions throughout India, the abolition of grand juries, the reorganisation of the native, and the reduction of the numbers of the English army. But the greatest and increasing cause of anxiety, and that which affected and interpenetrated all his views on these subjects, was the state of the finances. In the winter of 1864-1865 there were sad anticipations of a general drought. The great military works under contemplation were to cost the enormous sum of ten million pounds sterling! There was a demand for a general rise of salaries, and every item of expenditure in every branch of the service was steadily increasing. Under such circumstances, the first duty of a statesman was financial. But in this task he found himself 'cabined, cribbed, confined' on every side. He stood almost alone. Everybody, he often complains, was for economy in the abstract, but was entirely opposed to each particular and each practicable measure of economical reform.

He had written to Sir Charles Wood, on May 29, 1864:—

I am myself very strongly for reductions, because I am strongly opposed to further taxation. We now hardly make the two ends meet. Our expenses are yearly increasing, and will increase. We have not a sufficient income for improvements, and a considerable slice of our revenue, as you know well, is uncertain. In August, 1865, the income tax must cease. We must, as soon as practicable, provide for this loss. I greatly deprecate additional taxation; for I know the complications which are likely to ensue. The minds of the natives are unsettled. It is

far better to reduce expenditure than to increase taxation. I have always advocated this policy, as you know. Napier thinks and says that whenever we want reductions we have recourse to the army. But he takes no account of the improvements which have been effected in the army, all of which cost money. I must add that Norman agrees with me that the reductions which I advocate can be safely effected.

But, in the autumn of the year, like causes were still producing like effects, and, throughout his Viceroyalty, Sir John Lawrence found that to advocate economy was to set nearly every interest in the country, except those of the millions, against him. And in India, more even than in other countries, it is the few and not the many, the rich and not the poor, who can most easily make their wants known and their voices heard. He says, on February 4 :—

Our financial prospects are very gloomy indeed. The *furor* for expenditure is excessive. A considerable sum must be laid out in building new barracks and improving the old ones. But the tendency is to overdo the matter. I would limit this, if I could hope for any support, but this I do not see. Sir Hugh Rose and Napier have no regard for financial considerations, and Frere is worse than anybody. It was only the other day that he wanted to pay four lacs of rupees for twenty acres of land on which to construct a lunatic asylum near Bombay! He has also allowed buildings to be self-erected at Kurrachi for the Telegraphic Department, which will cost two and three quarter lacs of rupees by the time they are finished! I really believe that it is not practicable to add much to our income in India. You know that I have often said this, long before there was ever any expectation of my coming out. It is most difficult to raise revenue by indirect taxation, and direct taxation necessitates inquiry, which, again, engenders oppression and discontent.

Under these circumstances, the Council had come round reluctantly to the conclusion that the income tax must be retained for another year, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had, at one time, sacrificed all his prospects in India to his objections to that impost, seemed to be of the same opinion. But on the day before the promulgation of the Budget, it was found at a meeting of the Council that he had returned to his old hate, and that all the members of the Council present, except the Governor-General himself, had harked back with him.

Each in other's countenance read his own dismay.

The Governor-General might, of course, have overruled them. But knowing that Trevelyan would be tempted to look back

upon his whole financial administration as a failure, if he did not have, as he expressed it, at least the grim satisfaction of 'laying the income tax upon the shelf, a potent but imperfect fiscal machine complete in all its gear, ready to be re-imposed in any new emergency,' he declined to take so strong a step, and accepted the alternative proposal of a loan for public works and an increase in the export duties.

Our Budget (says Sir John) came off on the 1st. The details I need not quote. The day before, we had a Council, consisting of Trevelyan, Harington, Grey, and myself on it. Taylor was laid up with cholera. I was for retaining the income tax for another year certain, but stood alone in this view. After a long debate we broke up, and I wrote and circulated in the evening a memorandum, copy of which I send you. The result was that Trevelyan then came over, and proposed, as a substitute for the income tax, the export duties, and an addition of two annas extra on salt. To this latter proposition I would not consent, but I accepted the other duties. The Budget had only just been completed, and Trevelyan was very anxious to have it out. He looked worn and broken, and I did not like to postpone it. The export duties are an evil; and there is a good deal to be said against all of them, except those on jute, wool, and, perhaps, rice. . . . Had I seen my way at all, I would have held out for the income tax. But even if I had overruled the Executive Council, I should have had difficulty in securing a majority; for several of the Legislative Council would have gone against us. It seems to me to be an enormous evil deliberately incurring debt at a time, above all others, when, on the one hand, we are, on the whole, so prosperous, and, on the other, have so many demands coming on us.

The Budget was ultimately disallowed by Sir Charles Wood, and it is clear from the above letter that the Governor-General was, personally, inclined to agree with him. But meanwhile he went off to Simla, and a great shifting of the chief actors on the Indian stage took place. Several of his oldest friends and lieutenants took their leave of the country. Sir Robert Montgomery retired upon his laurels, after his successful administration of the Punjab, happily with many years of life and work left in him. Sir Charles Trevelyan did the same, to the great grief of his chief, with whom he had been in almost perfect sympathy throughout. Sir Herbert Edwardes, who had been named by Sir John Lawrence as the next best candidate, after Donald Macleod, for the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab, also went home invalided. Few men have carved out for themselves so early in life, so brilliant a career in India as he. 'He is a born

ruler of men,' said his chief, when grieving over its premature termination. But though Sir Herbert Edwardes had done with India, he had not yet done with the Lawrences. For he was to dedicate a considerable portion of the few years which remained to him to the preparation of the biography of his prime friend and patron, Sir Henry Lawrence; while another portion he was to give ungrudgingly to the care of the children of Sir John Lawrence. It was a true knightly service rendered to the man who came next in his affection and only next after Sir Henry. Had he not been willing to step into the gap made by the death of Mrs. Hayes in 1865, Lady Lawrence must have gone home at once, and Sir John Lawrence would have been deprived, during the remainder of his Viceroyalty, of the help and comfort which none but his wife could give him.

The changes in Council were equally great. Maine had gone home temporarily; Harington permanently, and was succeeded by Noble Taylor. Rose was succeeded by Mansfield, Napier by Durand, Trevelyan by Massey. The Governor-General and Grey were thus the only two members remaining of the Council of the previous year. Happily, however, for Sir John Lawrence's peace of mind there were some few of his older friends who were still left in India and had succeeded to some of the most responsible positions there. The Punjab had passed into the hands of Macleod; the Central Provinces into those of Temple; while Napier had, on the strength of his old chief's urgent representations, been given the command of the Bombay army. The Horse Guards had raised the time-honoured objection that so high a command ought not to be conferred upon an Engineer officer—on any member, that is, of the most scientific branch of the service, and one whose pre-eminent qualifications had been tested in China, as well as in the Punjab and in Central India! But Sir John Lawrence's pertinacity was successful, and Sir Robert Napier received the post from which, by a natural sequence of events, he was ultimately to become, amidst universal acclamations, Lord Napier of Magdala, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, Governor of Gibraltar, and, last of all, on the day on which I happen to be revising this portion of my work, a Field-Marshal.

The appointment of so many of Sir John Lawrence's old lieutenants to high offices was sure to give a new lease of life to the cry which had been raised even before he set foot in India, that the country was doomed, under his rule, to undergo a process of 'Punjabisation!' His answer to the impeachment, so far as he cared

to give one, I find incidentally introduced into a letter written to Sir Charles Wood on quite another subject.

While on this subject (he says), I think it as well to allude to what is called my proclivity for officers, civil and military, who have served under me in the Punjab. Of course, I know such men best; and where I have had personal experience of an officer's capacity, I prefer trusting to my own judgment rather than to that of other men. But beyond this, and beyond the fact that many of the officers who have been trained in the Punjab have proved their qualifications by an ordeal of a very difficult character, so many officers have been, at one time or the other, employed in that province, that it is not easy to select men of mark, who are not, in some degree, open to this reproach. But, if I know myself at all, I believe that the sole motive I have had in view is the public service, and that, for all appointments of any real importance, I have selected officers only for their approved merits. I know not a single instance in which any of these men have failed to do justice to my selection. I claim no merit in this way; for any other conduct, in my difficult position, would be simply suicidal. But, at any rate, I do not deserve the obloquy which has been cast upon me. No man, however, in high position, who does not help those who have done him service by doing well that of the State, is fitted for command.

No one who knew anything of Sir John Lawrence could doubt that these were the principles on which, even to a fault, he had always administered the public patronage. Every appointment was, in his eyes, a sacred trust into which no personal considerations should be allowed to enter. Members of his own family indeed, and some of his more intimate friends, often complained that their relationship or their friendship was a positive bar to the promotion to which, without it, they would have been entitled. 'Why don't you give me the post?' said a very near relative to him once; 'I am as fit for it as anybody else.' 'That's just it,' replied the Governor-General; 'you are *as* fit as anybody else, but as you are a near relative, you ought to be better fitted for it than anyone else, to justify me in giving it to you.' In such matters, his public duty was all in all to him. But if any specific instances are necessary to show that he was in no way wedded to Punjabis, when he thought that he could find equally good material elsewhere, it will be sufficient perhaps to mention the names, among many others, of Sir John Strachey, of General Strachey, of Sir William Grey, of Sir William Muir, of W. S. Seton-Karr, and of R. B. Chapman. None of these, so far as I am aware, had any connection, direct or indirect, with the administration of the Punjab.

It was, no doubt, one of the characteristics, and, possibly, also one of the weaknesses of Sir John Lawrence, regarded as a ruler of men, that he rarely praised a subordinate, or expressed the warm feelings which he cherished towards him, to his face. It is easy to understand his motives. But it is equally easy to see that, for the few men who might appreciate him the more for it, there would be many who would feel annoyed or distressed. Praise, when it is absolutely genuine, and is bestowed with discernment, is rarely thrown away, and is, still more rarely, hurtful to the recipient. Here is an anecdote in point. There was no one among the good men and true who were obliged to leave India, during this year, whose departure Sir John Lawrence regretted more, on public grounds, than that of Colonel Richard Strachey. But when Strachey first told him of his contemplated resignation, he received the announcement, as he might have received any other statement of fact, with hardly even a conventional expression of regret! Little wonder if, under such circumstances, Strachey went away feeling, for the moment, that his chief had little sympathy and gratitude. He happened, shortly afterwards, to meet Sir Henry Norman, and gave vent to his feelings on the subject without reserve. But, in the interim, Norman had himself happened to meet the Governor-General and had heard him express, in no measured language, his high appreciation of General Strachey's services, and his positive dismay at his approaching departure. Thus the wound was, in this instance, healed almost as soon as it was inflicted; and Strachey, very probably, went home understanding the character of his chief not less, but more.

Sir John Lawrence's letters to the Secretary of State are full of his genuine feeling towards the man who had done such admirable service in the Public Works Department, and whom he might have been supposed by an outsider, if any such had happened to be present at the interview between them, not to have sufficiently appreciated. I quote a few words from one of them. 'Colonel Strachey goes home by next mail. He is a very great loss to the Government. I think that I may fairly say that we could almost have better spared any other man. He is able, quick, resolute, and sound. I never met him, till I came to India this last time. But if you want a man at any time, I commend him to your notice.'

The internal peace enjoyed by India throughout Sir John Lawrence's administration was such as she had seldom enjoyed before. But during these first two years, in a remote corner of the

country, a desultory and insignificant but highly irritating frontier conflict had been going on, a conflict in which there was much to be lost, and nothing, not even military glory, to be won. Hostilities of the kind cannot always be avoided in a country which has a frontier like that of India. But he is the best and most successful ruler who reduces their number to a minimum, who confines them to the narrowest possible limits, who aims at prevention rather than cure, and sets his face like a rock against all self-sought and aggressive wars. Such had been Sir John Lawrence's policy throughout his Punjab career, and it was by a cruel freak of fortune that, just before he set foot in India as Governor-General, the one step had been taken by the leave or by the order of his predecessor, which, under existing conditions, was almost certain to lead up to prolonged and inglorious hostilities. The hostilities in question are generally known by the name of the Bhotan war.

Bhotan is a mountainous strip of country lying along the southern slope of the Himalayas, between Nepal on the West, Assam on the South, and Thibet on the East and North; while thrust in like a wedge, between it and Nepal, is the little frontier state of Sikkim, and the terrestrial paradise of Darjeeling. It is a poor and mountainous country, still all but unknown, with a climate deadly, above most others in India, to Europeans, inhabited by a scanty population of unlettered barbarians who had been driven, ever and anon, either by their poverty or their predatory instincts, to make incursions on the 'Doars,' or rich plains below, which had fallen, partly or entirely, under British rule. It was a country therefore, like Afghanistan, with which the less we could afford to meddle, the better for us. There was much to be said for an efficient frontier force, and an occasional expedition across the frontier to punish aggressors when their aggressions became importunate. But there was little or nothing to be said for the step which the Bengal Government had persuaded Lord Elgin to adopt—the sending of a European envoy who was unable to speak a word of the Bhotia language, with all the paraphernalia of an embassy and a make-believe of military force, into a country which had just passed through the throes of a revolution; which had no fixed, or responsible, or intelligible government; which had hardly even a capital of its own; and was plainly reluctant to receive those advances from us which generally turn out to be a prelude not to peace and friendship, but to war and annexation.

Yet this was what had been done, and the natural result followed.

Ashley Eden, the envoy, received no answer from the Bhotan Government—probably because there was, just then, no government at all to give it—to the announcement that he was coming at the head of an embassy, and that he wished to have his approach facilitated. He was forced, therefore, to open communications with the Jungpens, or inferior frontier chiefs, who played with him for purposes of their own, and put every possible obstacle in his way. Nothing daunted, Eden started from Darjeeling; and from that moment, till he set foot in it again, he was exposed to difficulties, discouragements, and dangers of every kind. Deserted by his coolies at the outset, he was cajoled by one chief, threatened by another, fleeced or starved by all. Still he pressed on, with a courage and resolution worthy of a better cause, and worthy also, I would add, of his distinguished career since then as Chief Commissioner of Burmah and Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Bhotan was usually subject to a double government, something like that which prevailed till recently in Japan. There was a Dhurm Raja or spiritual ruler, who answered more or less to the Mikado, and a Deb Raja or temporal ruler, who answered more or less to the Tycoon. But, unfortunately, neither of these potentates was to be found at the presumed capital, Panaka, when Eden succeeded in reaching it. It had fallen, for the time, under the control of a successful usurper, named the Tongso Penlow. By his direction or connivance, a long series of studied insults which had been offered to the envoy, culminated in gross personal violence; and a treaty was extracted from him by which he bound the English Government to surrender the Doars to Bhotan and—a proviso added in bitter irony—to give up the Bhotia subjects whom we had kidnapped! This done, he and his followers were allowed to escape with their lives.

Such insults could not be overlooked. Sir John Lawrence instantly repudiated the treaty, and thus explained to Sir Charles Wood the part he had borne or not borne in the untoward business:—

When I first arrived in Calcutta there was so much pressing matter that I gave no heed to the Bhotan mission. When I saw from Mr. Eden's notes that he had met with difficulties and impediments, I became a little anxious, but I did not like to recall him. There was not sufficient information to justify my doing so, and Beadon moreover thought that it was too late and that Eden had got too far on the road to be recalled. I therefore did nothing, trusting that his *savoir-faire*

and judgment would bring him through. . . . It seems to me that it was a mistake sending a mission into the country at all; for there was no proper authority with whom to negotiate. But it was a still greater mistake for Eden to go on, when he found that the Rajas were unwilling to receive him. Perhaps, however, I am only wise after the event; and I do not wish to condemn Eden, who, by all accounts, is a very fine fellow.

Sir John Lawrence at once informed the Bhotan Government, by letter, that the allowance hitherto paid to it for the Eastern or Assam Doars, amounting to 12,000 rupees yearly, would be discontinued. He demanded that all British subjects, who had been kidnapped within the last five years, should be set free, and declared that, unless his demands were complied with by September 1, he would enforce them by arms. No answer was given to this letter—very possibly for the same reason as before—because all government in Bhotan was in abeyance. So, in the November following, Sir John declared the Western or Bengal Doars to be also forfeited, and ordered the force which had been collected on the frontier to advance. A few weeks sufficed, at no appreciable loss of life to ourselves, to put the five forts which commanded the Bengal Doars into the hands of the five Columns advancing upon them. The Bhotias turned out to be even more contemptible as foes than we had imagined them to be, and then—as has often happened to us, before and since, under similar circumstances—the military authorities were lapped into security. They neglected to fortify the positions which they had taken,—and with the result that might have been expected. The real ruler of that part of the country, the Tongso Penlow, in accordance with a chivalrous custom often found among barbarians, sent the English Generals, in January, 1865, formal notice, that if they did not evacuate his forts within seven days, he would, at the end of that time, try conclusions with them. Unfortunately there was no one in camp who could read his letter! So, when he came, he found us unprepared. He contrived to cut off the water supply of the garrison posted at Dewangiri. The officer in command evacuated the place by night. A panic ensued, the retreat was converted into a rout, and two of our guns fell into the hands of the despised Bhotias.

The indignation in India at this disgrace was intense, and was fully shared by the Governor-General. Several officers were superseded; a strict blockade of the passes was enjoined. General Tombs, of Delhi fame, was given the command, and, in the March following,

Dewangiri was re-occupied by us with as much ease as it had been originally taken. Sir John Lawrence was in favour of an advance on Panaka, the capital, in the ensuing cold weather, if the Bhotias should not, in the meantime, come in to his terms, and he did not fail to press his views on the home authorities, and to make all preparations accordingly. But the Bhotias were wise in time. They surrendered the documents which had been extorted from our envoy; they sent a written apology for the insults which they had offered to him; they ceded to us the whole of the Doars which we had declared forfeit; and promised to induce or to compel the Tongso Penlow to restore the guns which he had taken. We, in return, promised to hand over a moiety of the revenue of the forfeited Doars to the Bhotia authorities, so long as they should conduct themselves to our satisfaction. This concession was one which they had no strict right to expect. But it was dictated by considerations of high policy, as well as of humanity;—of high policy because it gave us a hold over them and the only hold which barbarians are likely to recognise, by enlisting their interests on the side of peace and order;—of humanity, because to have taken away, in its entirety, the richest part of their country would have compelled them, from stress of poverty, to recoup themselves by making inroads on it.

The conclusion of peace on terms so moderate and so equitable raised a howl from the English press and from the English merchants throughout India. Some of them dwelt on the supposed loss of our prestige; others clamoured for annexation; others for more blood and more revenge. Sir John Lawrence, as I have said already, was sensitive enough to the criticisms of the press, but to all such criticisms as these he turned a deaf ear. He had formulated his demands, after careful consideration, at the beginning of the struggle, and now that the struggle was over and that he had gained all that he wanted, he would not raise them in the mere luxury of conquest. He would be content with nothing less, but he would aim at nothing more. And, in these views, he was warmly supported by the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Mansfield, a statesman as well as a soldier, who pointed out in an admirable Minute that 'to have pressed these miserable people, and slaughtered more of them for the crime of defending their homes, would have exposed us hereafter, even in the opinion of those who had been most impatient at our moderation, to a charge of inhuman oppression and cruelty!' The arrangements which were made have lasted, with slight modifications, ever since,

and that, too, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Thus ended the Bhotan war, satisfactory, in the only respect in which such wars can ever be satisfactory—its early and equitable termination, and memorable for the entire agreement between the chief civil and military authorities as to what policy and justice demanded.

The feeling of relief given to Sir John Lawrence by the appointment of Mansfield to the command of the army breaks out repeatedly in his letters. 'Mansfield and I get on very well together. I find him an excellent man of business, prompt, intelligent, and thoughtful. I thank God every day for the change.' The climate and scenery of Simla also contributed much to keep him in good health and spirits; and a few words of Lady Lawrence will throw light on the more private side of his life there.

There is not much to say about our domestic life at Simla. To me it seemed one long round of large dinner parties, balls, and festivities of all kinds. My husband did not, at Simla, go out for the long early rides of which he had once been so fond, and which he still kept up when he was in Calcutta. But he rose early and got through a fair amount of work before breakfast; and, in the evening, he either rode or walked by my side, while I was carried in a *jampan*. He never omitted having family prayers for the household; and he and I hardly ever missed our daily reading of the Bible together, even when he was at his busiest. His private sitting-room was near mine, so that I was able to be a good deal with him. A long verandah which went all round the house, and which he called his quarter-deck, was a great resource to him. For, when tired out with work, he would walk up and down it, enjoying the lovely view, and would then go back, rested and refreshed, to his study. It seemed strange to us to be once more together at Simla, for it recalled many happy memories of our early life when we were very small people indeed. But the society was much changed. Few of the friends of those days were left, and a different generation had sprung up. He worked very hard, and I did not notice any symptom of failing health. He was, I should say, nearly as active as ever.

His old love of fun and his rough vein of humour helped him through many a worry even now. A battle royal had been raging, for some time past, on a subject of no very great importance between two Engineer officers, and, at last, the matter was brought before him for decision. There were immense boxes of papers upon the subject, and Sir John Lawrence went at them, as Dr. Johnson used to say he worked at his Dictionary, 'doggedly.' At last, quite tired out, he said, 'I must get some rest before I slave any more at these boxes.

Nobody but the disputants themselves cares a halfpenny which of them is in the right. But I am bound to go through every one of the papers carefully.' So he went out into the garden, put up two Aunt Sallies, named one of them Colonel—and the other, Captain,—had six shots at each with a pistol, knocked them both down, and then saying, 'How I wish I could finish their case off, as I have finished them,' went back to his boxes and soon did finish it.

He often wound up a more or less serious discussion by a humorous remark, which left a pleasant flavour behind. One day, soon after his arrival as Viceroy, he was conversing with Sir Henry Maine, who was then busily engaged in improving the administration of justice and establishing new courts in various parts of the country. The conversation turned upon the Umbeylah war, which was just over. Sir John Lawrence condemned it as needless. 'I would have stopped it,' he said, 'at once, had I been Viceroy at the time.' 'Indeed!' said Maine with increased interest, 'how would you have managed it?' 'I would have put down "a small cause court" there,' replied the Governor-General, and the conversation ended with a hearty laugh.

Again on one occasion, General Richard Strachey had drawn up an elaborate paper on Indian Railways, a subject of which he was an acknowledged master, and had brought it, in due course, to Sir John Lawrence, that it might receive his signature, become his 'Minute,' and be sent to the Secretary of State in England. Sir John glanced through it, made one or two verbal alterations, put 'begin' for 'commence,' or something equally important, and then, as he affixed the 'J.L.' which was to make it his own, turned to its author with a merry twinkle of his eye, and said, 'What a clever chap they will think me at home!'

He was plain and blunt as ever in his speech, and not least with those who applied to him for appointments for which they were not fit, or pressed him to do things of which he could not approve. But his answer had generally a dash of fun in it or was accompanied by a kindly twinkle of the eye, which took off its edge. A new church was being built at Kussowlie, and a great deal of money had been spent, and, as Sir John Lawrence thought, wasted, upon its steeple, which was still quite unfinished. Sir John, who happened to be on the spot, was asked to subscribe towards its completion. He first walked into the church, and finding that nothing whatever had been done towards seating it or fitting up its interior, while a very

large sum had been spent on its spire, 'You might as well ask me,' he said, 'to subscribe to get a man a hat who hasn't got any breeches!'

So, too, in his earlier life, when he was working at his hardest at Murri, a man came up to apply for an appointment, and, being shown into the room in which the Chief Commissioner was slaving full sixty minutes to the hour, began by politely inquiring how Lady Lawrence was. 'Now you know,' said Sir John, as he looked up for one moment from his papers, 'that you did not come up all the way from Rawul Pindi to ask me how Lady Lawrence was. What is it you want?' The want was stated and the answer given in the fewest possible words. 'Now then,' he said, 'go and ask Lady Lawrence yourself how she is, and stay to luncheon.'

And so, once more, in his later life when, one Sunday afternoon, a friend, who was rather extreme in his political views, had been calling upon him and had been attacking the Conservative Government in no measured terms for everything which they had done, or not done, in the Russo-Turkish question, Sir John Lawrence, who was disposed to look on both sides of that, as of other matters, remarked that it was a very complicated business, and that the right was not altogether on one side. But he was quite unable to moderate his friend's views, which, like those of many politicians of the time, were more remarkable for their zeal than their knowledge. At last, just as the visitor was leaving the room, Lord Lawrence said, 'Well, at all events you will admit that the Conservatives have done one good thing since they began the Afghan war.' 'What is that?' said the other incredulously. 'Why, they have turned Miss Gaster,'—his talented Lady Secretary, who had held, and who holds still, strong Tory views,—'into a good Liberal.' His visitor burst into a hearty laugh and went away admitting that that amount of good, at all events, had come out of the Government.

It was late in the autumn of 1865, after his return to Calcutta, that the death of his favourite sister, Mrs. Hayes, took place. It was the greatest blow which had ever fallen, which ever was to fall, upon him. She had been his adviser and friend through life. And the confidence, the admiration, and the love which he had felt for her, she, in her turn, had always felt for him. 'If I had known,' he exclaimed in the first bitterness of his spirit, 'that I should not see her again, I would never have come to India as Viceroy.' 'When I think,' he said, some months afterwards, in writing to his sister

Charlotte, 'of darling auntie's death, I cannot contain myself.' She left him by her will the little property of Grateley, in Salisbury Plain, a property which had come to her from her husband, and was soon to become known to fame, as uniting,—the small with the great,—to make up the title of the first 'Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and Grateley.' She was buried at Lynton, in Devonshire, where she happened to be staying at the time of her death, and a painted window, erected to her memory by Sir John Lawrence in Southgate Church, bears an inscription written by him. 'She was a noble and loving woman, who from youth to the last day of her life exercised a wonderful influence on all with whom she was connected. This tablet is erected to her memory by her brother, Sir John Lawrence, to whom she is endeared by the recollections of a lifetime.'

The death of Mrs. Hayes seemed to make the immediate return of Lady Lawrence to England a matter of necessity. But the prompt kindness, first of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bradley, who received all the Lawrence children into their house for the ensuing Christmas holidays, and then of Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes, who undertook to occupy Southgate House for a year and take charge of them there, enabled Lady Lawrence to choose once more with a clear conscience between the claims of her husband and her children, and remain at her post in India.

The year closed (she writes) sorrowfully enough for us. But whether in grief or otherwise, the work had to be done, and the outside life of entertaining to go on. This Christmas we passed quietly at Barrackpore. But we could not remain there long, as my husband found it inconvenient for the Secretaries to be coming and going between it and Calcutta. We always enjoyed our visits to Barrackpore. Government House was beautiful in itself, while the view from the verandah, the garden, the park, the Poinsettia hedge on each side of the walk which leads down to the river, all made it additionally attractive. We used to have excursions on the river, visit the native schools, and call on many native ladies and gentlemen; and everywhere we saw much to interest and delight us. I was generally very sorry to return to Calcutta. For everything there was more formal and stately. There, I could not be so much with my husband while he was at his work, for Secretaries were always in attendance, as well as gentlemen coming for private audiences. One of the bright spots during our sojourn in Calcutta was the renewal of pleasant intercourse with our old Punjab friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brandreth. They paid us a visit at Government House, and afterwards, on Mr. Brandreth being appointed to the Legislative Council, they took

up their residence in Calcutta. My husband greatly valued Mrs. Brandreth's friendship, and always keenly enjoyed a quiet talk with her. This he did up to the very last; for on their return to England, they settled near us in London, and were among our dear and valued friends. My husband's chief amusement at Calcutta was a game of croquet in the garden. He entered into it with wonderful spirit. It seemed to give him new life after the hard work of the day. There was often a large party of spectators, and the game was sometimes prolonged with great zest by lamplight, long after the short twilight had vanished. But, after all, our hearts were not in this kind of life. The perpetual round of gaieties, both here and at Simla, though we tried to vary them by Shakespear readings and tableaux, was trying to us both.

In January, several changes took place in the Viceregal household. Dr. Hathaway, Sir John Lawrence's Private Secretary, with whom he had been intimate for nearly twenty years past, who had done much in the Punjab for jail and sanitary reform, and had discharged his more recent duties with great zeal, energy and devotion, returned to England and was succeeded by James D. Gordon of the Civil Service, who is now Sir James Gordon and Resident at Mysore. Captain Impey, the Military Secretary, took another appointment, and was succeeded by the present Sir Seymour Blane, who, like Colonel Randal, had been aide-de-camp to John Nicholson at Delhi.

In the following month, an important change took place in the official relations of the Governor-General. For Sir Charles Wood retired in ill-health from the India Office, and was called to the upper House with the title of Lord Halifax. Sir Charles Wood had never been popular in certain circles, especially in those which were most affected by his reforms. But India has never had a better Secretary of State. His measures were highly appreciated by the Civil Service, and the natives of India honoured him for the courageous stand which he had made against European influence during the indigo disturbances. A man of great ability, he had never shirked work, and had carried through many measures of the first importance, and with a single eye to the public good. He had always taken pains to select the best man for every appointment great and small, and he deserved no small credit for breaking through all considerations of precedent, and choosing for the post of Governor-General the man whom, under the circumstances, he thought to be the best possible man to fill it. The differences of opinion between him and Sir John Lawrence in their new relation had been very slight, considering that

each had decided views, that each was of a somewhat autocratic temperament, and that each had a great knowledge of India, gathered, in the one case, from long official duties in the India Office, in the other, from a vast personal experience on Indian soil. Sir Charles Wood, in announcing his resignation to Sir John Lawrence on February 19, 1866, said :—

It is, as you may well believe, a great pang separating myself from all my old friends and colleagues in the Cabinet and in the Council, and giving up all my official occupation and ceasing to have part in the administration of India, in which I take so deep an interest. But I could not safely run the risk, and I believe that I have acted wisely. It is done, and Lord De Grey succeeds me. He is, as you know, conversant with our business. A great friend of mine, Mr. Stansfeld, becomes Under-Secretary, so that I could not leave the office in hands more satisfactory or agreeable to myself. So much for home matters. Nor can I say that my regret is diminished as to India. I am sorry, very sorry, not to continue to share with you the responsibility and care of the Government of India. We differed very little in anything, and it was a great satisfaction dealing with so honest and straightforward a person as you are. However, I could not help myself; and I can only assure you of my undiminished interest both in your Government and in Indian affairs. I am going to the House of Lords, and if I can ever render you or your Government any service, you may be quite sure that I shall do so with very great pleasure.

A special interest attaches to the first letter written to Sir John Lawrence by Lord de Grey, in view of the position to which he has lately attained, and is, at this moment, so worthily filling, as Governor-General of India. I quote therefore a few words from it.

When Sir Charles determined to resign, Lord Russell requested me to become his successor, and although I was very conscious of the great responsibilities which attach to the office, and of the difficulty of following such a Secretary of State as Sir Charles Wood had been, I still felt it was my duty to acquiesce in the arrangement which the Head of the Government considered to be the best that he could make. I therefore now write to you as Secretary of State for India, and I have, in the first place, to request you to communicate with me on all questions as fully and freely as you have hitherto done with Sir Charles. I shall stand in greater need than he did of your advice; and you will always find it my anxious wish to give you every support in my power in the arduous duties of the great post which you so worthily fill. I hope that you saw enough of me, when we were together at the India Office, to know that I feel a deep interest in Indian questions, and in the welfare of the populations

for whose good government and prosperity we are responsible. And I can assure you that it is an immense satisfaction to me to know that the principles on which I should desire to see the administration of India conducted, are those by which you, as Governor-General, are constantly guided.

I have quoted, in a previous chapter, Lord Ripon's pleasant record of the impression which had been made upon him by Sir John Lawrence at an earlier period of his career; and the letters which passed between the two men in their new relations are exactly what might have been expected from that record. But the connection lasted only for a very short time. For, in the following June, the Liberal Government was defeated in its efforts to pass a Reform Bill; the Conservatives succeeded to office, and Lord de Grey made way for Lord Cranborne. The new Secretary of State threw himself into his work, as Sir John Lawrence always felt and said, with the greatest energy and success. But he, in his turn, made way, in less than a year, for Sir Stafford Northcote. The relations between the Governor-General and each of these successive Secretaries of State were most frank and cordial. The foreign policy adopted by Sir John Lawrence, and to be described hereafter, was as heartily approved in those days by Lord Cranborne and Sir Stafford Northcote, as by Sir Charles Wood and Lord de Grey. But the frequent change of the Secretary of State—four of them in little more than a year—implied an immense increase of work and explanation on the part of the more permanent Governor-General, and could not but retard progress in India.

The whole year (1866) was a gloomy one. There were great commercial disasters, a complete stagnation of trade, an appalling famine in one province, and a serious scarcity in several others. I must say a few words on each of these subjects.

For some years past, a spirit of wild and reckless speculation had, more or less, infected all classes in India, and now it was followed by the inevitable reaction. Colossal fortunes made by gambling are generally followed by colossal failures, which, unfortunately, do not always fall upon the gamblers themselves in exact proportion to their folly or their guilt. Calcutta itself had not been altogether free from the epidemic. Even there, vast reclamation and irrigation schemes had been started, in which enterprising merchants and adventurous speculators had done their best to entangle the Government. But Sir John Lawrence had held his hand, and, as the papers before me show, had encountered much unpopularity in the process. But it was

in Bombay that the mania reached its height. Owing to the American War, vast quantities of cotton had been exported to England during the last two years from its spacious and expansive harbours; and by their own admission, the Bombay authorities were completely carried away by the torrent. Bubble companies were started by the hundred, the shares in which went up to fabulous amounts. But, like bubbles, one after another, they burst, bringing upon all connected with them, not only ruin but, often, also shame and disgrace. The heir of the famous Parsee baronet, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the Rothschild of Bombay, failed for half a million of money. The hardly less famous Hindu millionaire, Prem Chund Roychund, failed for over two millions. And, unfortunately, the Bank of Bombay, which might have done much to check the mischief, and which had, among its Directors, nominees of the Bombay Government, did its best, in spite of earnest and reiterated warnings from Calcutta, by reckless gambling to foster and to spread it. And now, throughout India and England, disaster followed upon disaster. The failures of the 'Commercial Bank' of Bombay, of the famous House of Overend and Gurney, and, worst of all perhaps for India, of the Agra Bank—the bank in which the little-all of so many widows and orphans of Anglo-Indians were deposited—followed one another, in melancholy and startling succession. But the worst offender of all, the Bombay Bank, still held its own—though with a loss of half its capital—still plunging itself and others, in spite of all that remonstrances from the Governor-General, and urgent requests both by telegram and letter for information could do, more deeply into the mire; till at last it fell, deep alike in ruin and in guilt, the full dimensions of which were only to be revealed by the Commission of Inquiry which an outraged people demanded and, at length, succeeded in obtaining.

The story of the Orissa famine is equally gloomy; all the more so from the fact that the appalling loss of life which took place might have been, in great measure, lessened, if not altogether prevented, had the local authorities—that is to say, the Board of Revenue at Calcutta and the Government of Bengal—opened their eyes to the danger in time. I will first sketch the facts of the famine in outline, and then endeavour to show the part borne by Sir John Lawrence himself and the share of the responsibility which falls upon his shoulders.

To the south-west of Calcutta there is a long, narrow, low-lying tract of seaboard, which stretches away to the northernmost point of

the Madras Presidency. It is a region cut off by Nature, to an extraordinary degree, from all intercourse with the outer world. Behind it, and separating it from Northern and Central India, lies a broad belt of inaccessible hills and jungles. In front, along its little-known, surf-beaten shore, rages a veritable '*Oceanus dissociabilis*,' which, during the greater part of the year, forbids all approach; and, even during the calmer season, few vessels find it worth their while to visit the one obscure harbour at False Point. The huge river Mahanuddy, which bisects the country and pours its waters by many mouths into the Bay of Bengal, is useless, like many of the larger rivers of India, for purposes of navigation, and is liable to sudden floods of extraordinary volume and destructive power. The other rivers, when they are in flood, form, with the mouths of the Mahanuddy, one huge delta. But, during the rest of the year, like the Wadys of Arabic-speaking countries, they shrink into dry or almost dry watercourses, which only serve to interrupt all inland communication; for the one road which traverses the country lengthways, and so connects it with Calcutta, has to cross them, as best it may. It is a track rather than a road, which, in the best of seasons, hardly admits of the passing of wheels, and when the weather is bad, is impassable even by the pack mules, on which the traffic of the country, such as it is, depends. Rice is the staple crop of the whole, and if rain does not fall at the proper season, the rice crop must fail, and with it everything. The people are poverty-stricken, ignorant, indolent, improvident. Unless, therefore, great efforts, not strictly limited by the laws of political economy, are made by their rulers in time of scarcity, they die by thousands. 'Shut up'—so the report of the Famine Commission well expresses it—'between pathless jungles and an impracticable sea, they are in the position of passengers in a ship without provisions.'

In the autumn of 1865, the rain had ceased prematurely, throughout the Lower Provinces of Bengal, in Orissa, and in parts of the Madras Presidency. Scarcity, therefore, if not actual want, was a too probable contingency. How was this danger dealt with by the local authorities who were bound, by personal investigation, to get at the facts of the case, to provide such remedies as lay within their power, and then to apply at once to the Imperial Government for other remedies which lay beyond it? The evidence collected by the Famine Commission under the Presidency of Sir George Campbell; he exhaustive and judicial report which summed it up; and the

Minutes written thereon by the Supreme Government and by Sir John Lawrence, make it painfully evident that, while there is no reason to doubt the humanity of any one concerned, there was only one single person in Orissa who was clothed with any authority, and he only with a very subordinate authority, who kept his eyes open, and did his duty at a time when it was not too late to guard against the worst. Unfortunately, even he had been browbeaten into silence for a short period by the rebukes of his superiors, men who shut their eyes to the facts—while the jails where filling with natives whose one crime was their attempt to assuage the pangs of hunger in the way that lay nearest to them—who refused to adopt the only adequate remedies and went on talking about political economy, while a terrible scarcity was being converted by their neglect, into wholesale starvation.

As ill-luck would have it, no one of the officers in Orissa had had any special experience in dealing with famines, and Sir Cecil Beadon, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who had passed his official life in the Secretary's office, had never been brought into personal contact with the hard facts of native life. And this excuse, such as it is, must be remembered throughout in their favour. Barlow, the Collector at Puri, the one man who was alive to the danger, reported faithfully what he had seen and heard to his immediate superior, Ravenshaw, the Commissioner. But Ravenshaw took a more sanguine view, and passed on his watered version of Barlow's alarming reports, sometimes direct to the Lieutenant-Governor, but more often to the Board of Revenue at Calcutta, an intermediate body, which seems throughout to have done almost everything which it ought not to have done, and hardly anything which it was necessary to do. A request of Barlow's that some remission of taxation should be granted to the distressed districts received a sharp rebuke from them. All inquiry into the subject was forbidden; and the proposal that Government should itself import rice was scouted 'as a breach of the laws of political economy.' They did indeed advise that relief works should be instituted on a small scale, but recommended that private charity should be left to do all the rest. They forgot that people cannot work on empty stomachs, and that money will not keep off starvation when there is no food to be got with it. These facts were pressed upon them earnestly, in reiterated telegrams and letters, by Ravenshaw, who had at length caught the alarm from Barlow. But, once more, the laws of political economy were flourished in the faces of those who knew the facts, and the scarcity was left to do its work.

But one chance still remained. Actual starvation had not yet begun; and, in February, 1866, by the special request of the Governor-General, Beadon went down to Orissa, that he might have a chance of seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, what the real condition of the province was. He came. He saw. He returned. He was accompanied by a member of the Board of Revenue, and though it was well known that the East India Irrigation Company had been obliged to import rice to feed their workmen for a month past, the two inquirers still saw only what they wished to see, and heard only what they wished to hear; that is, what chimed in with their own previous opinions. We may well wonder how this was possible. But the explanation is only too simple. The energetic representations of Barlow, as Sir Stafford Northcote well puts it, 'filtered through the medium of an incredulous Commissioner, and a still more incredulous Board, had lost all their flavour by the time that they reached the ears of the Lieutenant-Governor at Calcutta.' The Board and the Commissioner supported one another in their incredulity, and, of course, received the support of the Lieutenant-Governor, who, being in ill-health himself, was only too ready to believe those who said that no special exertion was necessary. Little wonder therefore that, on Beadon's arrival in Orissa, the poor Collector and his brother officers found themselves overwhelmed by the mass of authority arrayed against them, and learned to hold their tongues, or, at most, to speak in whispers only. The Lieutenant-Governor, as though to add one touch more to the ghastliness of the tragedy which was preparing, held several durbars and levees, entered into a few desultory conversations about the scarcity, and after a stay of a few days, returned to Calcutta, and assured Sir John Lawrence, in the most positive manner, that his anxieties were groundless, and that there was grain enough in the country to last till next harvest!

Thus reassured, the Governor-General left Calcutta. The Lieutenant-Governor went off, in like manner, to Darjeeling. And, incredible as it may seem, from February to June, while people were already dying of starvation in large numbers, not one single report as to the state of Orissa was made by the Bengal to the Supreme Government, except when it was pressed for; and, even then, it was always of a reassuring character! At last, a letter entitled, 'The Starving Poor of Orissa,' which had been written from Calcutta, on April 25, to 'The Englishman,' happened, on May 10, to catch the Governor-General's eye. Its statements were confirmed by a private note from

Mr. Moncrieff, a philanthropic member of a merchant's firm at Calcutta, to Dr. Farquhar, the Viceroy's private physician. Sir John Lawrence took alarm, telegraphed to Beadon demanding definite information, placed the surplus of the North-Western Famine Fund at his disposal, told him that this would be followed up, if necessary, by the whole available resources of the Government, and begged him to go down at once to Calcutta and do all he could do towards pouring provisions into the starving province. Beadon, after a very short stay in Calcutta, returned to Darjeeling. But there was henceforward no lack of energy on the part of the local authorities. By September, when the distress was at its height, 270,000 men, women, and children were being fed daily at the Relief Houses; and, for many months to come, everything that could be done to stem the appalling magnitude of the visitation was done. But on every measure of relief there seemed to be written the fatal words, 'Too late!' and it was estimated that, from first to last, not less than a fourth of the whole population of the province—not less, that is, than a million of souls—perished by the most horrible of deaths!

And now comes the question with which this biography is more particularly concerned, what was the part borne by Sir John Lawrence in this melancholy business, and how far did he fail to do anything that could fairly be expected of him? The Government of India, it must be remembered at the outset, is, except in its foreign relations, one of *general* supervision and control. It interferes very little in the details of the subordinate governorships; for the simple reason that it is impossible for it to have any adequate knowledge of them. It depends upon its responsible agents, the Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, and Chief Commissioners, to furnish it with the necessary information on matters of imperial importance, and on this information it decides. The jealousy felt at any interference in details on the part of the Governor-General is sufficiently keen even in the more remote Presidencies. But in the Presidency of Bengal —partly owing to its close proximity to the seat of the Imperial Government, partly to its general history, and partly also to the character of its successive rulers—the feeling tends to be keener still. The friction between the two Governments has been notoriously great, even when the wheels have been most scrupulously oiled on both sides. Now, that Sir John Lawrence went considerably beyond what most Governors-General would have felt justified in doing, in the way of suggestion and of suspicion, might be gathered even from

the foregoing narrative. But I am able to give a more circumstantial account of the part borne by him from the pen of Dr. Farquhar, a member of his Staff who has always been known for his active philanthropy, and was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. This account, supplemented by a few quotations from Sir John Lawrence's own letters to Lord Cranborne and Sir Stafford Northcote, will enable the reader to judge for himself how far, if at all, he failed in his duty.

On November 1, 1865 (says Dr. Farquhar), late in the evening, my friend, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff, a partner in the firm of Gisborne & Co., merchants in Calcutta, called at my rooms in Government House, and, in his own earnest manner, spoke anxiously of a threatened famine in Orissa, where he had some missionary friends. He pointed out the desirability of Government purchasing rice and sending it to that district; for he felt sure, from the scantiness of the rainfall, that there would be famine in that part of the country, not many months hence. He had prepared a memorandum on a small slip of paper, showing the high and increasing price of rice in Orissa, and the low price of the same in Burmah. It showed also how cheaply grain could, at that time, be transported to the suffering districts. And, in the name of his firm, he offered to act gratuitously for Government in buying rice and arranging for its transhipment to Orissa.

Believing Moncrieff's sources of information to be good, I did not hesitate to take the memorandum to Sir John Lawrence at once, as I knew he would gladly hear of a proposition for the relief of distress wherever it might be. He read the memorandum just before going to dinner at eight o'clock and told me to go back to my room and tell Moncrieff, whom he knew and valued much, that the subject should have his best attention.

I noticed that he was very silent and thoughtful at dinner. But he did not refer to the subject that evening. He ordered his carriage instead of his riding horse to be at the door, next morning, and at about half-past five A.M. he left to make an official call on the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who lived three miles off at Alipore.

After breakfast, he called me aside and said that he had seen the Lieutenant-Governor on the subject of Moncrieff's memorandum, and had been assured by him that there was no urgent official report from Orissa such as would warrant the action proposed by Moncrieff; but that he would at once communicate with the local officers, and receive from them the latest information.

That information came, and Lord Lawrence's anxieties were quieted by the positive assurance that there was plenty of grain in the country, and that the native dealers were quite able to supply grain to the people

through the usual channels of commercial enterprise. Relying on this assurance from what should have been the most dependable source of information, the Viceroy went to Simla, and no evil rumour reached him on the subject till the 10th of May. On that day, I received a private note from Moncrieff, enclosing an official letter which he had written in the name of his firm, Gisborne and Co., to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

In his private note, he urged me to lay the official letter immediately before Sir John Lawrence, as no time was to be lost, and he was not sure that the Government of Bengal would take such immediate notice of it as Sir John Lawrence would.

I went directly to Peterhoff, and found Sir John alone. He read the letter and was deeply stirred by its contents. He immediately ordered a messenger to take a note to Grey, the member of Council in the Home Department, desiring him to come to Peterhoff. Grey, at that time, held very strongly to the belief that the proper way to deal with what was still thought to be only a scarcity, was to leave commerce to do all that was required. But Sir John Lawrence instinctively saw that not a moment was to be lost, and that further argument about political economy was but wasting precious time.

He therefore instructed Grey to telegraph at once to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, offering a supply of funds for use in the distressed districts. On receiving this, the Lieutenant-Governor issued orders for the purchase of grain in Burmah. Moncrieff, at his request, immediately chartered a vessel. But a few days' delay on the part of the shipper rendered his prompt action unavailable. For the vessel, when it arrived on the coast of Orissa, was met by the monsoon which had burst forth with its usual violence. Starving thousands saw the bread-laden ship struggling with the waves outside the bar; and, for four months, no living soul could open communications between her and the shore. The suffering, as you know, was great, and no one felt more for the poor starving people than Lord Lawrence, whose head and heart were ever exercised in the earnest effort to do all that he could for the people of India.

It has been asked, and naturally enough, first, why Sir John Lawrence did not take matters into his own hands and, with or without the consent of his Council, order the importation of rice, at all hazards, into Orissa, when the news of the danger first reached him: and, secondly, why he did not supersede Beadon when he found how grossly he had failed in the obvious duty of discovering the true facts of the case, and of reporting fully even such facts as he did know to the Supreme Government? Happy indeed it would have been, had Sir John Lawrence acted on his own sound instincts in the matter of

importation, and overruled his Council, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Board of Revenue, and all the authorities arrayed against him! But, in so saying, we are judging by the result, and in the light of facts, many of which were not brought to light except by a laborious investigation on the spot some months after the famine was over. A statesman must be judged by the circumstances of the time, by the facts that he knew or could know, and not by those which he could not; and what those who knew the circumstances best thought of his action throughout, may be inferred from the opinion which I am able to adduce of three high authorities—of Sir George Campbell, who, as President of the Orissa Famine Commission, knew more than anyone else of what had happened during it, who summed up the evidence, without fear and without favour, in a very able and exhaustive Report, and has, since then, been himself Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; of Lord Northbrook, whose Viceroyalty was to follow so soon after that of Sir John Lawrence, and who, from the success with which he grappled with a formidable famine—overcoming it, as it is said, without the loss of a single life—might have been disposed to judge somewhat severely a predecessor who had been less successful; and of Sir Stafford Northcote, the calm and equitable Secretary of State, on whom fell the painful duty of commenting on the Famine Report, and meting out praise and condemnation to those who deserved it.

I have asked Sir George Campbell, whether, looking back at this distance of time, he thinks that Sir John Lawrence was in any way to blame in the matter of the Orissa Famine. And this is his answer:—

I do *not* think that he was to blame. He was very anxious about the famine. But he had the most positive assurances of Sir Cecil Beadon, the responsible Governor of Bengal, that there was no cause for alarm. His only mistake was in believing Beadon. Perhaps, in his earlier days, he would not have done so. But it was quite beyond the province of the Governor-General to supersede the local Government without immediate necessity.

I have asked Lord Northbrook the same question, and his answer was to the same effect, that he did not think Sir John Lawrence was in any way to be blamed.

I should have done, said he, in Lawrence's circumstances exactly what Lawrence did and I was able to do better, simply because I had his experience by which to profit.

Finally, in the private letter to Sir John Lawrence which followed his official despatch, Sir Stafford Northcote writes as follows, and I do not think that there will be many who will not agree with him :—

I sent my despatch on the subject of the Orissa Report by last week's mail; and by this mail you will, no doubt, receive the report of the discussion in the House of Commons last night. It was an interesting debate running strongly against Sir Cecil Beadon. There was a very general feeling of sympathy with yourself personally; and I hope you will allow me to say that, after carefully reading all that has come before me, I receive the impression that there is no one in England or in India who more entirely deserves our sympathy under this sad calamity than your Excellency. It is cruel indeed that such a visitation should have come upon the land when it was under the charge of one so peculiarly distinguished for his affection for the people. At the same time, I cannot help feeling some consolation in the thought that we shall have the advantage of your counsel and assistance in the endeavours which must now be made to turn the lesson to profit.

I have deviated somewhat from the chronological order of events, that I might bring into one connected view the whole sad story of Orissa; and I now return to the point from which I digressed, the retirement of Sir Charles Wood from the India Office in February 1866. Lord de Grey's administration was too short to allow of his doing much more than collect information and mature his views on the most pressing questions of the day. He was in complete sympathy with Sir John Lawrence's foreign policy as it was explained to him in one of the Governor-General's letters; while, on the question of the annual migration to Simla, which Sir John put before him, frankly expressing his willingness to retire, if, on public grounds, the practice was thought undesirable, he was of the same opinion as Sir Charles Wood before and as Lord Cranborne and Sir Stafford Northcote after him, that it was for the interest of all concerned that the migration should continue. 'I should look,' he says, 'on your departure from India as a great misfortune to the public service, and a still greater one to myself who, new to my present office, stand so much in need of the assistance of your experience and judgment.'

Lord Cranborne succeeded Lord de Grey in July. India was then almost a *terra incognita* to him, nor was he personally acquainted with any of its chief rulers. But, in his first letter, he begged Sir John Lawrence to communicate with him as frankly and unreservedly as if they were old acquaintances. This, it is needless to say, Lawrence

did; and the correspondence which passed between them is as interesting and vigorous and racy as any in my possession. On the question of Foreign Policy, as I shall show hereafter, there was a complete agreement, and Sir John Lawrence had also the satisfaction of finding tnat two matters of vital importance on which he had been writing and pressing for a decision, ever since his accession to office, were soon disposed of by the energy and determination of the new Secretary of State. These two questions were, first, the grievances of the officers of the old 'local' European army, which, after seething and simmering for some six years, had now grown almost into the proportions of a public danger; and, secondly, the extension of works of irrigation throughout India.

It is unnecessary to speak here, in detail, of the grievances of the officers or of the nature of the remedies which were applied to them. It is sufficient to say that the injustice and confusion which had, perhaps necessarily, resulted from the amalgamation of the two armies and had formed the subject of two Royal Commissions, were, to a great extent, remedied by a bold and liberal measure, which was matured within a month of Lord Cranborne's succession to power, and reconciled all but the few 'irreconcileables.'

The question of the extension of irrigation was more vital still. For twenty years past, as he remarked in his Minute on the Orissa Famine Report, Sir John Lawrence had been an earnest promoter of irrigation works. Sir Arthur Cotton, who has devoted the energies of a lifetime to the same subject, had, long since, pointed out that water was 'as precious as gold in India, or rather it was more precious; for it was life.' But one difficulty after another had started up, and had prevented the authorities in India from bringing a definite scheme with estimates before the Home Government. One controversy had been raging on the question whether irrigation works should be undertaken by the Government alone, or by private companies alone, or by a mixture of both. Another turned upon the question whether, in the case of reproductive works like those of irrigation, a loan was justifiable, and if it were, whether it should be contracted in England or in India. A third turned upon the comparative importance of railways and canals; and now another battle royal was raging between the kites and the crows, between, that is, the Bengal and the Madras Engineers, as to the merits of their respective systems. Sir John Lawrence's views on most of these questions had never been doubtful. But the burden of all his letters to the Home

Authorities had been, 'decide whichever way you think best; only give us irrigation, and give it us at once.'

I have written (he says to Sir Charles Wood on October 5, 1865) to you more than once on the subject of irrigation works for India, which is now exciting a good deal of attention out here. I earnestly hope that you will come to some definite conclusion in this matter, and allow us to act on it. Unless we take this course, we shall get into a false position with the public, besides neglecting a great means of adding to our income without increasing the burthens of the people, and without doing anything to secure the land-tax which, periodically, suffers from severe droughts.

My own idea is that, on every ground, the best course is for the State to undertake such works on its own account. This is the best for the people and the public interests. I know that our Engineers work expensively. But, after all, I believe that they work more economically than do public companies. If we pay for all our military buildings, and roads, and other necessary—though not productive—works out of income, we can afford to borrow for irrigational works . . . . If you cannot make up your mind to this, then, allow private companies to contract for different works, limiting their extent in each case, and not allowing any of them to assume undue proportions, and making the best bargains in our power. We shall have trouble and difficulty with such companies and shall lose a good deal which the State ought to retain. But this is better than neither acting ourselves nor allowing others to do so.

Sir Charles Wood was quite alive to the importance of irrigation, but he saw the difficulties in the way, and he required, as, no doubt, in his position, he was right in doing, surveys and estimates before embarking on works of such magnitude.

Now we hear nothing (he says on December 16) but give us millions and we will spend them well. I must be a good deal more sure of having them well spent than I am before I commit myself to such a vast scheme of borrowing. Remember that you cannot diminish the interest of your debt. You may cut down your army, or the expenditure *out of revenue* for public works, but if you borrow 50,000,000*l.* at 5 per cent. you have a *perpetual* charge of 2,500,000*l.* saddled on the revenues of India. Show me plans and estimates on which *reliance* can be placed, and which show a return of rather more than 5 per cent., and I am ready to borrow, but I must have such assurance as the basis of my borrowing. Strachey makes the borrowing the basis of his proceeding, which is simply putting the cart before the horse.

I agree to its being better for Government to undertake irrigation works than to leave them to Companies; but with the steady and in-

evitable increase of your civil expenditure, and without any reasonable prospect of much reduction anywhere—with your expenditure on barracks for five years to come at least, I see no prospect of *surplus revenue* available for irrigation, it will be all loan. I don't object to this if I get the preliminary steps of survey and estimate. When will the Ganges Canal pay?

It seems strange that, having held and persistently urged upon the Government at home views like these, Sir John Lawrence should still be regarded by some people as not having been sufficiently alive to the importance of irrigation. On November 5, he comments as follows on the report, and, incidentally, also points out what amount of truth there was, and there was not, in another assertion which had been made about him, and which has often been repeated since—that he was opposed to English enterprise generally in India :—

I see, by the overland papers of the 3rd ult., that a set is being made against me in the matter of irrigational works. I do not feel myself in any wise to blame on this subject. Since the day I landed in India as Governor-General I have done all I could do, both officially and demi-officially, to forward such works. My policy, in a word, has been this. The State should undertake such works itself, both on administrative and financial grounds. But, when it cannot, or will not, do this, then I would rather see the works undertaken by private companies than not at all. I am not in favour of employing private companies, especially in irrigational works. I cannot see one sound or valid reason for doing so. The State in India can do the work better and cheaper than any company can do it, and keep the profit to itself. . . .

I have not a particle of jealousy of English enterprise in India. On the contrary, I sympathise with it and take an interest in it, and have assisted, and will assist it, whenever I can do so conscientiously. But when I find it acting oppressively towards the people, or injuriously towards the interests of the State, then I resist it. We are and shall be at our wits' end for revenue. Any increase of taxation is sure to produce much discontent. Is it not then a kind of political suicide cutting from under our feet one great resource which is available—namely, from the construction of irrigational works? People say that these profits will average twenty, thirty, fifty, or even a hundred per cent. This I don't believe. But, whatever may be the surplus which may thus be acquired, let it accrue to the State, and thus enable us to avoid further taxation, or lighten that which exists. Light taxation, in my mind, is the panacea for foreign rule in India.

In Lord Cranborne, Sir John Lawrence soon found that he had a chief who fully sympathised with his views as to the supreme im-

portance of irrigation. In one of his early letters, speaking of the Soane irrigation project, Lord Cranborne uses almost the very words which Sir John Lawrence had so often used to Sir Charles Wood :—

> We do not attempt to express an opinion on the engineering questions raised between Colonel Jenkins and Colonel Rundall. But we simply urge on you to undertake the irrigation works in whatever way you think best, *only without further delay.* An imperfect or inferior scheme is better than to spend another five or ten years in a controversy as to which is the best.

And again, he says, on October 16 :—

> I was very glad to read what you said in your last letter with respect to irrigation. The case in favour of pressing it on vigorously, especially on the eastern coast of India, appears to me overwhelming. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall be happy to co-operate with you in whatever mode will, in your judgment, be most conducive to rapid and effective action in the matter. It is not a subject on which time ought to be lost ; for the preservation of multitudes from these frightful famines is an object very different in its dimensions from the mere development of prosperity, which is the object of most public works. . . . With respect to the private company question, I should be averse to any general rule on the subject. But private companies should only be admitted on two indispensable conditions ; first, that they will conform to whatever rules you shall think necessary for the protection of the natives; and secondly, that they shall prove themselves to have in hand money enough to do their work. Nothing is so bad as 'private enterprise,' which starts with a concession and then gets capital by driblets afterwards on the strength of it.

Carte blanche being thus given him, Sir John Lawrence was able to lay down the principles for which he had so long and so earnestly striven : that irrigation works were to be undertaken by Government on a general and well-considered scheme over every part of India which was liable to drought, and that the money needed for them should, where the surplus revenue did not suffice, be raised by means of loans. Colonel Richard Strachey, who now, much to Sir John Lawrence's delight, returned to India, was, on his instance, appointed Superintendent of Irrigation, and was directed to visit and report on all the great works hitherto undertaken in Madras and Bengal. A separate branch of the Public Works Department was organised in each of the Presidencies, to take charge of irrigation. Thirty civil engineers were sent out from England to superintend the new works,

and when Sir John Lawrence laid down his high office in 1869, he was able to say that in the short time of little more than two years which had elapsed since his plans had been sanctioned, there was not a province in the whole of India in which extensive surveys for canals had not been made, new canals projected or approved of, and, in many cases, begun, old ones remodelled, embankments against disastrous floods strengthened, and the system of canal management generally reformed; in fact, that great progress had been made towards insuring a final victory over two of the worst enemies of the inhabitants of India—drought and famine.

Sir John Lawrence was not so anxious for an immediate and wholesale development of the railway system as for the extension of irrigation, for the construction of ordinary roads, the building of improved barracks, and the introduction of sanitary measures generally. He thought that many of the proposed railways might stand over till more had been done in these other directions, and till the finances were in a more satisfactory condition. *Festina lente; Eile mit Weile*, was the maxim with which he was disposed to act in the matter of railways. But that in spite of this maxim, or rather, perhaps, owing to it, a vast stride was made even in the construction of railways during his administration, I shall be able to show hereafter.

There was no lack of pressing subjects to be discussed with the new Secretary of State during this, his first half-year of office. The intervention in Bahawulpore, forced by prolonged mis-government on the Governor-General, who of all men was most reluctant to interfere in the internal management of our feudatory states; the standing difficulty of the finances, and the question of income or licence tax for the following year; the succession to Mysore; the debts of Azim Jah, the arrangements for Kattewar, and for the great cantonments at Peshawur which had just been begun; the costliness of the British soldier; the discontent of the Madras army; the French expedition to Burmah; the disturbances in the Persian Gulf; and the somewhat aggressive operations, as Sir John Lawrence thought them, of Sir Lewis Pelly there—these were a few of the subjects, over and above the Central Asian question, the Orissa famine, and the Bombay scandals which were frankly discussed by the two men during these few months.

I have room to quote one letter only on one of these subjects; and I quote, by preference, one by Lord Cranborne on the important subject of the costliness of the British soldier in India, as

illustrating the raciness of style which Sir John Lawrence used to say acted 'like a stirrup cup' to him in the middle of his more prosaic correspondence.

December 3.

Dear Sir John Lawrence,—The controversy we have had respecting Peshawur naturally suggests a subject which the perusal of military papers constantly brings before my mind,—that the British soldier is a very expensive implement. One day, it is an estimate on a portentous scale for new barracks in new places, because he cannot stand the ordinary climate of India; another day, it is an estimate for gymnastic instructors to give him exercise; then, for books to amuse his leisure hours; then, a lumping sum for gas, because oil tries his eyes; then, for an ice-making machine to improve his dessert; then, for separate cottages for married couples, because their wives like to keep cocks and hens; and—not to enumerate more items—an enormous bill for rejected beer, because Messrs. Whitbread cannot brew good enough beer for him. This is very costly in the long run, and the cost shows no sign of diminishing. For the enormous difficulty of recruiting in England rather suggests that we shall have to make the service more and more attractive if we mean even to keep our numbers up to the present standard. Indeed, before long, our necessities here may be so urgent that we shall not be able to let you have 70,000 British soldiers at any price. Naturally the thought occurs, is a substitute to any extent possible?

I introduce this subject with no little hesitation, because I have seen enough to be fully aware how intense an importance all great authorities attach to the presence of a large British force in India. It must be kept there to keep the large native army from revolting; and though some, like Mr. Mangles, are of opinion that this necessity might be largely reduced by reducing the force of the native army, that is not the general opinion, and from some language that has been used by you, I imagine that it is not yours. If such an opinion came merely from military men, I should not attach to it a decisive significance; for even their excellent profession is not free from a leaning to the doctrine that there is nothing like leather. But you have better opportunities of judging than most men, and, in your case, there can be no professional prepossessions. I will, therefore, assume that you cannot reduce your native army, nor, therefore, the number of their British watchers. But is it not possible to construct the native army of less combustible materials?

As far as I can judge, we do not, in India, follow the usual despotic tradition of employing our soldiers as much as possible at a distance from their birthplace. The difficulties of caste, the expense of transport, may be hindrances to its application. Is it your opinion that it is employed as much as it might be? Would Mohammedan Afghans be as

dangerous in the South of India—or even in Ceylon—as on the North-West frontier? Would a Sikh be as formidable to his masters at Calcutta as he is in his own country? Of course, I do not know. I cannot know how much caste, cost, and climate combine to make this principle inapplicable. But I cannot help being puzzled that you should, in your dread of your own troops, have refrained from availing yourself of the resource which has commended itself to conquerors in every age—Roman, Russian, French—and which, on the whole, has answered their purpose well. But there is a peculiar difficulty in your case, to which the remedy seems very obvious—so obvious that there must be some good reason why you have not adopted it. Your difficulty is that you have soldiers liable to become alienated and joined against you, not by your political measures, but by fear of your religion. Rumours of danger from the Wahabees have come from a distinguished native at Madras. Threats of a Crescentade, which would sorely try the fidelity of your Mohammedan soldiers, have been heard on the North-West frontier. And we know, by sad experience, what a Hindu's religious terrors will do for him. Yet your army is, in the main, composed of Mohammedans and Hindus. Is this necessary? Can you find no races that have neither caste nor Koran to defend, nor deposed rulers to avenge? Are there none in Burmah, or Borneo, or Ceylon, or even further afield?

You will say it would be too costly to introduce these. If the matter has been made the subject of calculation I have nothing more to say. If it has been found that it is cheaper to import 70,000 British soldiers than 35,000 British soldiers and, say, 70,000 foreign mercenaries of Oriental blood, but without sympathy for Mussulman or Hindu—of course it may be good policy to employ our British soldiers while we may, and reserve any expenditure upon other races till they are withdrawn. My only fear is that the answer may be dictated not by calculation, but—by what is far more powerful in most countries—by routine. The routine would be all very well, if it could last. But I cannot repress the conviction that a withdrawal of twenty of thirty thousand of the troops now in India within the next dozen years is no improbable contingency. You know best whether there are not people both in Gwalior and Hyderabad who would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity, if it occurred. I should like very much to know what your views are on this subject; whether you count absolutely on retaining all the British troops you have now, or whether, failing them, you have thought of any substitute.

We certainly do not propose to give to Azim Jah anything more than the fifteen lacs for his debts. But I would have no sympathy for his creditors. They have simply speculated on what they could get out of the British Government, and they must take the consequences, if the risk

against which they have, no doubt, insured by high interest, should be realised. I should think that in dealing with all these pensioned princes it would be far better to treat them as we treat infants here, and make them absolutely incapable of incurring debts. I don't see how you are to deal with the gentleman who maintains 102 concubines on any other principle.

We send you out, by this mail, two despatches on the subject of flogging coolies in Assam. The way in which English agents, unwatched, are apt to maltreat natives is a material argument in the question of encouraging private enterprise.—Believe me,

Yours very truly,

CRANBORNE.

Early in November, Sir John Lawrence left Simla for Agra, where he was to hold his second great Durbar, a Durbar which, though it seems to me to have been much inferior in historical interest to that at Lahore, was thought by some good judges to be, in certain of its aspects, even more imposing. No one understood better than Sir John Lawrence, that in the East, pomp may often be power; and no one accordingly was more ready, when occasion required it, to drop his ordinary self and to exchange the privacy, the simplicity, the unceasing desk-work of his ordinary life, for the gorgeousness, and circumstance, and magnificence of a great Eastern Monarch. The splendour of his Durbars was, undoubtedly, all the more impressive from the force of the contrast which they presented to his daily habits. The Durbar at Agra was intended, in the first instance, for the proud and once powerful chiefs of Rajpootana and Bundelkhund, eighty-four of whom responded to his summons. But Sir John availed himself of the opportunity to hold also an Investiture of the Star of India. He was in weak health, and there were many who feared that the never-ending round, continued for nearly a fortnight of military reviews, of balls and parties, of public and private interviews, would be too much for his strength. But he managed to stand the test.

The place was well chosen. Of all the great cities in the North-West of India, Agra is, in historical interest inferior, to Delhi alone. In its buildings and in its surroundings, it is superior even to Delhi. The Pearl Mosque, the tomb at Sekundra, and the Taj Mehal as far surpass the buildings which are the chief pride of Delhi, as Akbar, the greatest of all Indian monarchs, and one of the greatest monarchs of any time and any age, surpasses the savage conquerors or splendid rulers

whose names are more closely connected with the capital of the Moguls.

I must pass very rapidly over the details of the Durbar. At the Investiture Durbar, the Maharajas of Joudpore and Kerrowlie became Knights Grand Cross of the Star of India; while the lower honours of the Order were conferred on a considerable number of persons, native or English, who had either done us strenuous service during the Mutiny, or had been closely connected with Sir John Lawrence in his earlier life, and now valued doubly the distinction, as coming from the man who knew best what they had done to deserve it. Such were Donald Macleod, Sirdar Sahib Dyal, and Sirdar Nihal Singh Chachi, who were made K.C.S.I.'s; while the Companionship of the Order fell to men whose names have occurred again and again in this biography—to Edward Lake, to Reynell Taylor, to Richard Temple, to Arthur Roberts, and to Crawford Chamberlain. It is difficult to say, under such circumstances, which must have felt the most vivid satisfaction, the Viceroy in conferring, or the recipients in receiving, the honour from his hands.

Among other distinguished Englishmen or Natives who received honours were Sir Cecil Beadon; Colonel Richard Meade, the able Resident at Scindia's Court; James Gordon, the Viceroy's Private Secretary; the Maharaja of Vizianagram, and Sir Dinkar Rao. The Maharaja of Kerrowlie, who had fought for us in the Mutiny, the Maharaja of Bulranpore, who had saved the lives of Sir Charles Wingfield and others in Oude, and the Raja of Morarmow, who had done the same for the fugitives from Cawnpore, received their respective Orders from Sir John Lawrence, with a speech which warmly recorded the services of each.

Several days were spent in receiving and returning the visits of the higher among the Chiefs, and in practical conversations with them. On the 19th, the grand Durbar took place. At the head of the assembled Princes was the chief of one of the two great Mahratta houses, the Maharaja Scindia. Next to him came Joudpore and Jeypore, two of the oldest Rajpoot families, and then the famous Begum of Bhopal, a small Mohammedan state wedged in between Mahrattas and Rajpoots, which had long furnished, and furnishes still, in point of good government, something like a model for other native states. There were the usual *nuzzurs* and *khilluts*, and also the usual jealousies and contests for precedence among the chiefs who occupied debatable or delicate ground. But these were skilfully

got over, and were constructively rebuked in the Viceroy's speech. That speech was a model of its kind. It was simple, earnest, parental, with no flowers of rhetoric, no well-turned phrases, no bandying of high-flown Oriental compliments. It was delivered in the language which had produced so profound an impression at Lahore : and the 'soft hesitancy of manner and voice which somewhat marred Sir John's English speeches,' lent, as was remarked by those who heard it, additional impressiveness to a speech in Urdu. 'The assembled chiefs listened,' says an eye-witness, 'with an absorbed attention and profound reverence to the representative of their Sovereign, laying down, like one of the sages of the past, like Vyas or Vasishtu, the true theory of government. One was carried back, in imagination, to the times when the Hindu kings solicited and accepted the noblest truths of religion, of social law and of government, from their Gurus, or spiritual guides—from men who, having made mankind their study, retired to mountain fastnesses or into the wilderness to contemplate what was good and holy, beneficent and kingly.' Sir John told the assembled Princes frankly, that the standard by which the Paramount Power would henceforth estimate the worth of each one of them, was not his long line, his wealth, or his power, but his determination to govern well. That chief who made his people happiest would be the best friend of the British Government. The era of plunder and of religious persecution had gone by for ever. The British Empire meant peace and, as far as might be, plenty. Much country which had once been desert, and inhabited only by wild beasts or robbers, was now cultivated and covered with populous villages. The raids of Mahratta horsemen and Pindari freebooters were gone by, and what the British Government had done for the country at large, that each chief was bound to do for his own people. But I will not further condense a speech which, for its genuine simplicity, its frank but kindly paternal admonitions, its earnest philanthropy, seems to me to stand high as a specimen of imperial eloquence.

O Maharajas, Rajas, and Sirdars!—It is with great satisfaction that I see you all assembled before me this day. I bid you all a hearty welcome to this famous city, renowned for its splendid Taj, and above all, as having been, in former days, the seat of government of the great Emperor from whom it derives its name of Akbar-a-bad.

It is good for us thus to meet together. It is advantageous for me, as the Viceroy of the illustrious Queen of England and India, to see, and become acquainted with so many chiefs of rank and reputation.

And for you all, it is right that you should be able to speak face to face with me, and hear my views and wishes regarding the management of your respective territories.

The art of governing wisely and well is a difficult one, which is only to be attained by much thought, and care, and labour. Few Kings and Chiefs in Hindustan have possessed the necessary qualifications because they have not taken the precaution in their youth to learn how to study and to act for themselves. Nor have they cared to have their sons, those who were to succeed them, well instructed and carefully trained. Hence it has so often happened, that, after a Chief has passed away, he has not been remembered as a good and wise ruler. Great men, when living, often receive praise from their friends and adherents for virtues which they do not possess, and it is only after this life is ended that the real truth is told. Of all fame that such men can acquire, that alone is worth having which is accorded to a just and beneficent ruler. The names of conquerors and heroes are forgotten. But those of virtuous and wise Chiefs live for ever.

The days of war and rapine, it is to be hoped, have passed away from Hindustan, never to return. But perhaps some of the Chiefs now present can recollect the time in India, and all must have heard of the times when neither the palace of the ruler, nor the cottage of the peasant, nor the most sacred edifices of Hindu or Mohammedan were safe from the hands of the plunderer and the destroyer. In those days, whole provinces were one scene of devastation and misery; and in vast tracts of country scarcely the light of a lamp was to be seen in a single village. English rule in India has put all this down. No longer is the country a waste and a wilderness, the abode of savage animals. It is now, to a great extent, covered with populous villages and rich with cultivation, while the inhabitants are living in comparative safety under the shade of English power.

But while such, no doubt, is, to a great extent, a true picture of the state of India, still, when we inquire closely into the condition of different parts of the country, we cannot but perceive that much tyranny and oppression are still practised; that much individual suffering still exists; and that much crime escapes unpunished. That peace and that security from outward violence which the British Government confers on your territories, you must, each of you, extend to your people. None but the rulers of their own lands can accomplish this; and they can only do it by constant care and supervision. They have plenty of time to do all that is necessary, if they have only the will. Chiefs have abundant time for their own pleasures and amusements. Indeed, many of them have more leisure than they can employ, and they are often weary from want of something to interest them. Others, again, waste their time in disputes with their neighbours, in quarrels with their feudatories, and even in still less satisfactory ways.

If a Chief will neglect his own proper duty, the care of his estate, how can he expect that a deputy will perform it properly for him? Good laws and well-selected officials, carefully supervised, are necessary to ensure good government. An efficient police and a well-managed revenue are equally desirable, so that people may live in safety, and enjoy the fruits of their industry. Schools for the education of the young, and hospitals for the cure of the sick, should also be established. Some Chiefs are, perhaps, in debt, and would find it difficult to do much in the way I have sketched. But other Chiefs have abundant revenues. And all I ask is that every ruler should act according to his means. Some among you vie with each other for precedence, and feel aggrieved at the position which they occupy. How much more to the purpose would it be if all would try which can govern his country in the wisest manner! In this way there is abundance of scope for all. The British Government will honour that Chief most who excels in the good management of his people; who does most to put down crime, and improve the condition of his country. There are Chiefs in this Durbar who have acquired a reputation in this way. I may mention Maharaja Scindia and the Begum of Bhopal. The death of the late Nawab, Ghour Khan of Jowrah was a cause of grief to me; for I have heard that he was a wise and beneficent ruler. The Raja of Setamow in Malwa is now ninety years old, and yet it is said that he manages his country very well. The Raja of Ketra in Jeypore has been publicly honoured for the wise arrangements he has made in his lands. It is to me a very great pleasure, when I hear of the meritorious conduct of any Chief, and I try and make this known, so as to encourage other rulers to follow his example.

Kings and Chiefs, in former times, had no idea of opening out their countries. They often lived in difficult and almost inaccessible positions, surrounding their palaces with all kinds of fortifications, out of which they seldom ventured to any distance; and then only when attended by as many soldiers and armed followers as they could muster. As to travelling to see the wonders of other countries, such an idea never entered their minds; or if it did it was dismissed as utterly impracticable. But the Princes of Hindustan have, now, little hesitation in moving from one place to another at a distance from their own territories. Some Chiefs have become so enlightened and far-seeing as to be willing to have roads made through the length and breadth of their lands, and some have contributed, annually, considerable sums for this purpose. I hope that others will follow their example, and do all they can to construct roads, canals, and wells in their country, thus enriching themselves and their people.

I will now conclude by wishing you all again a welcome to Agra, and trust that what you will have seen and heard, and the general reception you have met with, may make you long remember this Durbar. I have

but one object, namely, that you should try and govern your people well, and thus conduce to your own good name and their happiness.

With this speech, the interest of the great Agra gathering came to an end. It had been a marked success. One who had made it his business to mix with the crowd and to see all that was to be seen, wrote :—

That Sir John Lawrence is popular at bottom, in spite of a few mistakes, cannot be doubted. The natives wonder at and fear him ; and the Europeans, gazing on the grand rugged face and steady tread of the Viceroy, have the most implicit belief that, so long as he reigns, neither chief nor ryot, neither fanatic nor revolutionist, will develop their plans or venture to disturb the quiet of the Empire.

Sir John Lawrence himself was equally well satisfied with what had taken place.

Our Investitures (he writes to Lord Cranborne) for the Star of India, and the Durbar for the Chiefs of Rajpootana and the North-West Provinces, with a few leading men from the Punjab, Oude, and Bengal, have gone off with great *éclat* and have given general satisfaction. At the second Durbar we had present some 350 chiefs and native gentlemen ; and though full 100,000 strangers were assembled in and around Agra, everything went off in the most peaceable and orderly manner.

From Agra, Sir John Lawrence paid a visit of a few days to Scindia, and inspected the famous fort of Gwalior, which as the result of skilful management on the part of himself and Colonel Meade, the Mahratta Prince had been induced to allow us to occupy permanently. A year or two previously, Scindia had felt aggrieved, had threatened a visit of complaint to Calcutta, and had even talked of abdication. Now, all was changed and he was on the best of terms with himself and with everybody. Sir John Lawrence's description of his visit is worth quoting :—

I had a very interesting trip to Gwalior, which lies some seventy-eight miles south of Agra, across the Chumbul. Since the Mutiny, we have constructed a good road over this line, which forms a portion of the high road to Bombay. I did the distance in seven hours—good travelling in India. The fortress of Gwalior is a formidable and commanding position, and its possession to us is, morally and materially, worth an extra regiment of British infantry. Indeed, without it, we could not safely keep a force at Scindia's capital. The weakness of our occupation consists in the distance—some five miles—of our cantonment from the fortress, and the extended space over which our troops are scattered for sanitary considerations. Scindia has a large and well-equipped and,

apparently, well-organised force. In dress, drill, and equipment, I have never seen anything like it at any court in India. Its numerical strength in guns, cavalry, and infantry far surpasses that of our force in the adjacent cantonment, and the way Scindia handled them on parade was remarkable. I do not think that the men and horses are equal in physical appearance and warlike bearing to our native troops, but still they look uncommonly well. Scindia's troops are his hobby and delight. They are fairly paid and well cared for, and appear to be under proper discipline. But a day may come, and, probably, will come, when they will break from under his control. It is a great pity that he keeps so many of them together at one place, and this I have told him. I have been very favourably impressed with all his arrangements, both civil and military, and he has evidently much more administrative ability than he has had credit for. I think also that he is more favourably disposed to us than people generally imagine. He was greatly pleased at my visit, the effect of which was, as he said, to increase his reputation. He showed me, without hesitation or reserve, everything I desired to see.

One incident of his visit—and the only *contretemps* of the whole—Lord Lawrence was fond of telling in after times; indeed, he told it to my informant, Colonel Henry Yule, on the Sunday but one preceding his death.

It had been arranged by Sir Richard Meade, that Sir John Lawrence should visit the famous fort of Gwalior—which, as I have mentioned, was now held by our own troops—at a particular hour; and, on Sir John's suggestion, Scindia was informed of the proposed visit and invited to accompany him. No answer came to the invitation; and after waiting for some time beyond the appointed hour, at the foot of the fort, to see if the Mahratta Prince was coming, Sir John went in without him, and proceeded with his inspection. While he was thus engaged, a Sepoy came running up to say that Scindia had arrived at another gate; and the Political Agent, Colonel Hutchinson, was sent down, post-haste, to receive him with all honours. But Scindia was already gone. The officer in charge of the gate was under strict orders to admit no armed men into the fort, and had therefore demurred to the entry of Scindia's mounted escort till leave was given. Scindia took his watch out, saw that he had come late, dashed it to the ground, breaking it into many fragments, and, straightway rode off in high wrath. Sir John Lawrence was much distressed at the untoward termination of the visit. But the mistake was soon explained, and the Viceroy and the Mahratta Prince parted and continued excellent friends.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VICEROYALTY—*continued.* 1867–1868.

ON his arrival in Calcutta, Sir John Lawrence threw himself heartily into the work of relieving the distress, which was still great, in Orissa. There was indeed fresh need for exertion in that direction; for, in August, a great inundation of the Mahanuddy had taken place, laying waste a tract of country of some fifteen hundred square miles and with a large population, who would have to be supported for months to come. An appeal to the Mansion House for help failed, for once, of support. The distress in England from frost, from strikes, and from commercial panic, seemed to absorb the energies of philanthropists at home. It was all the more necessary, therefore, for Calcutta to exert itself. A public meeting was called, at Sir John Lawrence's instance, on February 12; and—a step unprecedented, I believe, in the annals of British India—the Viceroy himself took the chair. He was enthusiastically received. In his speech, he told his audience that what the drought had spared the wide vortex of water had engulfed, and that one-fifth or more probably one-fourth of the inhabitants of the province had perished from flood and famine and their effects; for, as usual, Pestilence had followed closely on the heels of Starvation. Twenty-seven thousand tons of rice must be imported immediately into the province to support the survivors. This speech helped to call forth that active sympathy of the governing for the governed which, in times of prosperity, is often latent, but which needs only a great calamity to call it forth in all its strength. The Viceroy headed the subscription list by a contribution of 10,000 rupees, or 1,000*l.* His example was followed by others according to their means, and by these and other measures Orissa was able to tide over the period of distress.

The changes in the Government of India during the year 1867 were not numerous, but they were important. Sir Bartle Frere went

home to take his seat in Lord Cranborne's Council, and was succeeded by Seymour Fitzgerald. The friction between the two Governments on matters connected with the Persian Gulf, with the Public Works Department, and with the Bombay Bank had continued to the very end. But that there was no unkindly personal feeling between man and man is clear from the whole course of the correspondence. 'I purpose leaving India,' so says Sir Bartle Frere in the last sentence of his last letter to Sir John Lawrence, 'by the first P. & O. boat after Mr. Fitzgerald arrives. I earnestly trust your Excellency may have health and strength to bear all the great burden of this vast Empire which God's Providence has laid on you. I wish it had been my lot to do more to lighten it.'

Sir William Denison had retired from Madras a few months previously, and had been succeeded by Lord Napier and Ettrick, who had done all that he could to alleviate the horrors of the famine in his Presidency by going in person to the parts most distressed, and judging with his own eyes as to what should be done. Sir Cecil Beadon went home in March; so that, within the year, all three Presidencies received new Governors. Beadon was succeeded by Grey, one of the civilian members of Council, 'a very able and zealous officer,' said the Governor-General when recommending him to the Secretary of State. 'There is no one available for the post who has greater claims, or who is better fitted for it. He has plenty of moral pluck, and is very conscientious; two very useful qualities in dealing with people down here.'

Sir John Lawrence was anxious that Grey's place in Council should be taken by William Muir, his Foreign Secretary. 'Muir,' he says, 'is the best authority I know on all questions connected with the landed tenures and customs of the North-West Provinces. He is a first-rate Oriental scholar, and did good service in the Mutiny. He has also been of great service to me since he became Foreign Secretary. I had no personal acquaintance with him until I came out as Governor-General. He will be a useful member of Council to my successor. We are somewhat weak, as regards our civil members of Council at present, and, unless I have a good man to succeed Mr. Grey, we shall be very weak indeed.

Lord Cranborne was as anxious as Sir John Lawrence that Muir should get the place. But, in this instance, he allowed himself to be guided by the strongly expressed wishes of his Council, who had a candidate of their own, in the person of Sir George Yule, a member

of an illustrious brotherhood, the most famous of whom, Colonel Henry Yule, is known to his personal friends as one of the most charming, and genial, and humorous of companions, and, to the learned world everywhere, as one of the best living geographers, and the highly accomplished editor of 'Marco Polo.' There was nothing to be said against the appointment of Sir George Yule, except that he was Resident at Hyderabad, that he was engaged in settling important differences between Sir Salar Jung and the Nizam, that he did not himself desire the change, and that the Governor General thought that there was a still better candidate for the vacant seat. 'He has strong claims,' said Sir John, 'and is a very fine fellow, but is a man of action rather than of council.'

The matter is only worth dwelling on here, owing to the soreness which Sir John Lawrence felt at the refusal to give him the man of his choice. He thought it another sign that the Governor-General, who had already been deprived of so much of his independence of action, was destined to lose still more. 'It is to me,' he writes to Lord Cranborne, 'a great mortification personally, and a source of weakness to the Government, that I cannot have the man who I believe would be the best selection. The Governor-General is responsible for the working of the whole government of India, and yet he cannot be trusted for the selection of a member of his own Council! How then is it possible that he can feel that his position is a strong one? How, in short, can he be expected to act resolutely in any difficulty?'

Muir, however, received sufficient marks of the confidence of his superiors by being made, in rapid succession, first a Companion, and then a Knight Commander of the Star of India; while, at the close of the year, on the retirement of Drummond, he received a post for which he was perhaps even better fitted than a seat in Council, and which he filled for his full term of office, with so much credit to himself, and so much benefit to those whom he ruled—the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West Provinces.

One perplexing subject which had long engaged the attention of successive Secretaries of State and Governors-General now received a temporary settlement. A question had been raised, whether, on the death of the existing Maharaja of Mysore, the country should be annexed or given back to native rule. Sir John Lawrence had not often been in favour of annexation, for he recognised the force of the argument for the retention of native states, in the outlet which they

give, and which, unfortunately, states under British rule do not yet give, to the abilities of energetic natives. On the other hand, Mysore had been managed by us, and on our system, for a third of a century, and to give it back to be ruled at the absolute discretion of a native prince, would, as Sir John Lawrence knew well, be, too surely, to undo all that had been done for the good of the people, and might even reduce it to the condition of the effete states of Rajpootana. It was determined by Lord Cranborne, after much discussion, that the treaty rights of the Maharaja should terminate at his death; but that his adopted son, if he turned out well, might be allowed to succeed to the country, under such conditions as the British Government might, at the time, see fit to impose. Of course, this was a postponement, rather than a settlement of the question. But it got the matter out of the way, saved the consumption of much time and paper, and left a matter of future policy to be determined by those who, it might be presumed, would, when the time came, have the best data for doing so.'[1] This arrangement and the renewal of the Government guarantee to railways, were the last acts of Lord Cranborne as Secretary of State for India; and, early in March, to the great regret of the Governor-General, he retired from the India Office and from the Government.

Calcutta: March 9, 1867.

Dear Lord Cranborne,—I write to express my very sincere concern and regret at the loss we shall sustain by your resignation of office. I was just beginning to feel that we were about to undertake a decided line of policy. It is a great evil, I venture to think, that the Secretary of State for India is liable to so constant a change as we have experienced during the last few months. You have, in your term of office, done two great things; one, the settlement of the grievances of the officers of the old local army, the other, the placing the irrigation question in India on a clear and satisfactory footing. . . . I will only add that I have had much pleasure in serving under you, and would hail your return to the India Office with great satisfaction.

How far Lord Cranborne, during this period, agreed or did not agree with Sir John Lawrence's foreign policy, I shall show presently. But that the high appreciation evidenced in the foregoing letter was reciprocated by him, is clear from a letter which crossed it.

March 4.

Dear Sir John Lawrence,—You will have already heard by telegraph, that I have resigned my office, and that Sir Stafford Northcote succeeds

[1] Mysore has latterly been made over to the young Maharaja.

me; so that our brief official connection comes to a close. In taking leave of you, I must thank you most sincerely for the kind and loyal support you have given me, and the unsparing labour you have devoted to the task of facilitating the official course of one so ignorant of the subject-matter of my duties as I was when I accepted office. With every wish for the future success of your wise and beneficent administration,

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

CRANBORNE.

Lord Cranborne was succeeded by Sir Stafford Northcote, who, happily for the interests of Indian business, retained his office for a longer period than his two predecessors together—for nearly two years, that is, instead of for only a few months. The first and the most troublesome matter brought before him was the Budget just promulgated by Massey, the Financial Member of Council. There was a deficit. It had been found impracticable to reduce expenditure, and there must be, therefore, some additional taxation. But the proposal made was unfortunate, in more than one respect; for, though there was nothing unjust in its main feature—a tax on trades and professions which was intended to reach those large classes of persons who, in spite of their considerable wealth, had hitherto managed to shirk their share of the public burdens—it was open to serious objection in its details. Moreover, the mode in which it had been carried was objectionable; for it had been introduced and passed through Council in one and the same day. There was a great outcry in Calcutta. An indignation meeting was held, the cheering at which was so vociferous that it could be heard—so it was said—in Government House, and a petition was drawn up and sent to the Secretary of State, begging him to veto the Budget. The agitation proved nothing in itself, for as successive Governors-General and Secretaries of State have found to their cost, and as Sir John Lawrence often bitterly complains, a large part of the English community in India, while they are willing enough to propose an increase of taxation on the natives and to clamour for increased expenditure in all directions, are not so willing to contribute their share towards it. But, in this case, they had a reasonable ground for complaint, of which agitators would, naturally, make the most. Sir John Lawrence had himself been in favour af an Income rather than a License Tax, and had written to Lord Cranborne to that effect some months before. He had also urged the Finance Minister to promulgate the measure in proper time, but without result. Sir Stafford Northcote, as a

practised financier, was still more alive to the inconsistencies of the measure. But he was new to office, and was reluctant to tie the hands of the Government of India on a matter on which they ought to know more than he. However, it will be well to let Sir John Lawrence speak for himself in this matter.

Calcutta: March 28, 1867.

Dear Sir Stafford Northcote,—. . . Yesterday, a meeting was held in the Town Hall of Calcutta in condemnation of the License Tax. The speeches have not yet been published, but they were in support of this view, with the usual amount of vilification. I hear that they point to an Income Tax as more suitable than such a License Tax. Next Council day, we shall reconsider the whole question, and decide whether any modification of the tax is expedient or not. . . . But my object in now writing to you is to beg that you will support the Government of India in whatever we may decide on in the matter. If we are overruled, if the License Tax is vetoed, I cannot conceal from myself the conviction that all taxation which can affect, in any material degree, the non-official English community will be impracticable. So far as their voices go, they will approve of no tax of the kind. They desire that all taxation should fall on the natives and more especially on the poorer classes. Thus, they would advocate an increase of the Salt Tax, which is already, in my mind, too high. The English community have objected to the Income Tax. It was mainly through their influence that it was not continued in 1865-66. They objected also, in the same year, to the small export duties on tea, coffee, jute, &c., and succeeded in getting them disallowed. It was mainly in deference to their views that the License Tax was adopted this year in preference to an Income Tax. They say that no additional taxation is necessary, and that half a million on the year of deficit is of no importance. But they forget that the real deficit on the year is calculated at two millions, and that both in 1865-66 and 1866-67 really created additional debt equal to one million for each year. The English community almost universally lend their influence in favour of increased expenditure of various kinds. But when it comes to taxation to meet the extra cost, they resist their share of the burthen.

April 9.

. . . One of the points on which the public complain is the short notice which was given prior to passing the License Tax Act. This seems to me a just complaint, and I did all in my power to get it published previous to the Budget being brought forward. But my efforts were of little use. It is not very easy to move our Financial Member. We well knew, months ago, that some extra taxation would be necessary, and I had even written fully to Lord Cranborne, and received his reply on the *pros* and *cons* of an Income Tax *versus* a License Tax. With the present

system of division of work in the Council, and the limited influence which, from one circumstance or the other, the Governor-General possesses, it is very difficult for him to get a thing done when the Councillor of a Department desires to keep it back.

Simla: May 14.

. . . The difficulty of increasing our income by new taxation is immense. All new taxation is especially odious to the people of India. What may be bearable in one province is especially disliked in another. What the natives will consent to does not suit the Englishman, who practically considers it his prerogative, while in India, to pay no taxation at all. As regards the License Tax, I quite agree with you that it should have been carried to a higher amount. But the objection raised to this was that it would practically make it an Income Tax, which no one wanted. The original proposal by Mr. Massey was simply for a License Tax on trade. It was enlarged so as to include the services and professions, because the exclusion of these had been fatal to Mr. Harrington's License Tax in 1862. Bad as an Income Tax may be, I think on the whole it is better than a License Tax; for it will attack the purses of the rich rather than the poor; and if the rate be low—say two per cent.—it can really injure no one. But, in that case, we should work for as correct returns as may be practicable.

Some remarks made by Lord Cranborne in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on Mysore, as to the comparative merits of English and Native rule in India, seemed to Sir John Lawrence to call for a careful investigation of the subject; and by his direction, a series of reports, based on admitted facts and statistics, as well as on a wide personal experience, were drawn up by the most competent authorities in India. The upshot of the whole was to leave it beyond a doubt that, if our rule was unpopular in India, it was certainly not because it did not tend to the peace and the security, the prosperity and the progress of every part of it. The increase of population everywhere, the construction of roads and canals, the building of hospitals and dispensaries, the spread of education, the disappearance of the extortioner and the informer, the Thug and the Dacoit, the attempts to lessen or to prevent the miseries caused by flood and tempest, by pestilence and famine, all told the same tale of a Government which, if it made many mistakes, in that it left so few outlets to native talent, was too enamoured of legal forms, had too little real insight into the native character, was too anxious to engraft Western progress wholesale on Eastern conservatism and stagnation, yet, its very faults were all on virtue's side, and its whole energies were directed to the discharge of its vast and splendid duties.

The following letter of Sir John Lawrence to Sir Stafford Northcote has some general bearing on the subject, and is the result of an almost unique experience :—

Simla: June 25, 1867.

. . . I may say, with perfect truth, that I have never been connected with any great measure of annexation, except as regards that of the Punjab; and, in that case, I was only concerned in carrying out the measure and not in the policy of annexation itself. I think that there is much to say against the absorption of large native Chiefships, especially on the point which was adverted to in the Mysore debate, namely, the loss of employment to natives of rank and respectability. But to the mass of the people, it appears to me, in the case of Mysore, that the change has proved of unmixed benefit. I do not say that there are no points of our administration where the shoe does not pinch. I fully admit that the reverse is the case. But what I do affirm, and what I believe inquiry would prove, is that the benefits of our system are great and palpable; and, moreover, are appreciable by all the industrious classes.

It is a fact which could easily be proved by the records of the Foreign Office that in almost every case in which Lord Canning gave large tracts of country for service during the Mutiny, the people have, over and over again, complained, and asked, with earnestness, for our interference. Such has been the case as regards the Nawab of Rampore, the Maharaja of Bikaneer, the Chiefs of Puttiala and Jheend, the Nawab Begum of Bhopal, and others. If our Government of India was not very much better than that of Native Chiefs, it would be indeed impossible for us to hold the country with the body of British troops allotted for the purpose. If we left India to-morrow, I believe that war and rapine would again prevail, and that, in a few short years, it would become very much in the state from which we rescued it.

I was a good deal surprised at the story which Lord Cranborne told on Sir G. Clarke's authority. While I admit that cases of the kind may occur when people of our territory flee into foreign states, I believe that it could be easily shown that, in the vast majority of cases, the facts were the other way. Thousands of exiles from Oude returned into that province after annexation. The Delhi territory, when I was a young man, was full of people from the adjacent Chiefships. The Mohammedan portions of the Punjab were, in many parts, deserted by the landed proprietors during Sikh rule. But they flocked back under us. In the great famine of 1837-38, the North-Western Provinces were full of immigrants from Bhurtpore, the Chiefship of Bundelkund, and other independent states. Of all the cases in which annexation has taken place, or has been advocated, I know of none in which the argument for

that measure has appeared to me so strong as it is in the case of Mysore. Now, however, that we have decided on maintaining the present dynasty, it only remains for us to carry out that policy in a true and honest spirit, and, with this object, I come to the points discussed in your letter. . . .

The establishment of anything like a constitutional government would prove an uncommonly difficult matter. The essence of native rule consists in the will and pleasure of the chief. Even we, often, think so When the Dhar Chief, some two years ago, was allowed to assume the management of his country, at the suggestion of Lieutenant-Colonel Meade, the Political officer, I stipulated that a certain amount of authority should be continued to his *Dewan* (minister). This was disapproved of from home. Scarcely in any state could a really good minister hold his own, unless supported by us. Salar Jung would not be in power for three months without such aid. No doubt it is the ministers who, under such circumstances, rule the country. But this under a weak and vicious prince is inevitable, if there is to be any government at all. A body of ministers usually degenerate into a set of parasites, who encourage the Chief in vicious indulgence, while they waste the resources of the State and fill their own pockets. Respectable men fall into disgrace and are turned out.

I have now before me two instances of the kind, in the Puttiala and Nabha Chiefships in the Punjab. In the first, the Maharaja is a fine young fellow of fifteen years of age, promising to grow up to be a giant in size and strength. Under a proper system, and with good instruction, he ought to make a good native ruler. But the Regency, the very men selected by his father, are afraid of him, and are, each of them, looking out for the day when he will come into power and may avenge on them any fancied ill-treatment on their part.

The other Chief, the Chief of Nabha, is now about twenty-four years of age, and succeeded his brother a short time ago. They were both brought up under the tutelage of carefully selected natives, who managed the country during their minority. The elder brother gave much promise of character and ability, but died early. The present Chief is a miserable creature in the hands of buffoons and scamps, and there is no knowing what to do with him.

Here is another extract on the same subject :—

Simla : June 29, 1867.

. . . Curiously enough, just as I had finished my letter to you, discussing the relative merits of native and English administration in India, I lighted on a patent, or, as we call it in this country a *sunnud*, from General Avitabile, the Governor of Peshawur, some twenty-five years ago, on the part of the Sikhs, granting a service tenure of two villages, on the condition of furnishing the heads of fifty Afridis or hill men

annually! This will give you some idea of their system on the Border. When Sikh rule was in force in the Peshawur valley, a Sikh official dared not move into the interior with less than a couple of hundred armed men to guard him, and he could not enter Eusofzye with less than a brigade. Now, a couple of police horsemen suffice. I have ridden all along the frontier in former days, escorted by half a dozen men.

Outside the limits of India proper, there was much to occupy the attention of the Governor-General during this and the following year. To say nothing, at present, of the anarchy in Afghanistan, which seemed, at last, to be nearing a temporary conclusion, a commercial treaty was, after long negotiations, concluded on favourable terms with the King of Burmah. This was followed up by a commercial expedition to Yun-Nan, a province in the South-West of China, then held by the Panthay Mohammedans, who, after centuries of passive resistance to persecution, had, for the time, established their independence, and were found by the Mission to be disposed to be on friendly terms with us. Friendly communications were also received from Yakub Beg, one of those half-military, half-religious geniuses which Islam, even in its decay, seems always capable of producing; and who, after throwing off the Chinese yoke, and introducing order into some of the most disorderly countries in the world—Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khoten—seemed disposed to turn to us as his natural protectors from his natural foes, who were threatening him from opposite sides at the same moment—the Chinese and the Russians. An envoy from the Khan of Bokhara, who was also alarmed at the progress of the Russians in his direction, was hospitably received at Calcutta, but decisively informed that we could not aid him. A small expedition to the Nicobar Islands put down piracy in one of its native seats; and, finally, a war which had long been hanging over us, and ought probably to have been undertaken sooner, if it was to be undertaken at all, broke out with Abyssinia.

For four years past, Theodore, the Abyssinian king, had been holding in durance vile at his capital Captain Cameron, our consul at Massowah, and some Germans, who were agents of an English missionary society. They had acted with very little discretion in the matter, and the knowledge of this had tended to tie the hands of the English Government. At last, an Armenian named Rassam was sent to demand their release. But he too was thrown into prison by the Abyssinian monarch, whose savage pride had been offended by an unfortunate omission on the part of the Secretary of State to answer a

letter which he had addressed to the Queen. War was now decided on. But it was not till the summer of 1867 that it was finally declared. Sir John Lawrence was warmly in favour of action, and in one of his earliest letters on the subject to the Secretary of State, he took occasion to press upon him the claims of Sir Robert Napier for the chief command. 'Napier is an officer of forty-four years' standing in the Royal Engineers. He greatly distinguished himself during the Mutiny in 1857. He was the second in command in the China Expedition, and was, by all accounts, the life and soul of that campaign.'

The expedition was to be fitted out from India, and the position of Napier as Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army marked him out, irrespective of his previous services, as the right man to be entrusted with the command. With Sir John Lawrence's full approval—for he knew that Napier was equal to it—the whole responsibility for all the arrangements, commissariat, military, and political, was thrown upon him. With what admirable foresight every detail of the expedition was planned, and the whole brought, in the space of a single campaign of only a few months' duration, to the most triumphant issue by the capture of Magdala, the suicide of Theodore, and the rescue of his captives from their living death, is too well known to be related here.

To no one did the result give keener pleasure than to Napier's old friend and chief, Sir John Lawrence.

> The news from Magdala (he writes to Sir Stafford Northcote) is really glorious. So far as I can judge by the telegrams, everything has turned out most happily. We have achieved all that could be desired, and have averted the dangers of a long campaign. I think that the English Government should give Napier a pension. He has saved nothing, and his health is a good deal broken, I suspect.

The pension was given and a peerage with it to the splendid soldier who had planned and carried out the whole, and there were two, and only two, drawbacks to the unalloyed satisfaction with which the Abyssinian war might otherwise have been viewed. The one was its enormous cost; the other, the fact that India, with its disorganised finances, was called upon to pay a large part of the expense of a war which had been undertaken not for Indian but for 'Imperial' purposes—purposes, in fact, in which India was neither directly nor indirectly interested. Sir Robert Napier had never from

his earliest days—as few readers of this biography will need to be reminded—cared to do anything cheaply. Whether it was a bridge or a road, or a canal, or, as in this instance, a campaign, it must be done in the best possible way, regardless of expense, and nothing must be left to chance or to the future. It was a noble failing ; and that war is never, under the best of circumstances, likely to be other than a very costly game, is not altogether to be regretted in the case of a country whose opportunities for plunging into it are so numerous and so tempting. And I may point out here that not the least of the services rendered, however unintentionally, by Lord Napier to his country, arose from the same idiosyncrasy. For while, in his famous Minute of 1880, he appeared to advocate the retention of Candahar, yet, true to his former self, he pointed out the enormous cost by which, alone in his opinion, that retention could be made to be less a source of anxiety than of strength. Called in by those who, a year before, had been straining at the annexation of the whole or the greater part of Afghanistan, and were now desperately clutching at Candahar, to bless their policy, it was found that, in his perfect candour, Napier had cursed it altogether. And so the retention of Candahar has been consigned, along with the 'scientific frontier,' and other projects which accompanied or followed it, to that limbo which is their proper home.

> All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
> Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
> Dissolved on earth, fleet hither and in vain,
> Till final dissolution, wander here ;

The other question, whether the cost of the Abyssinian war should, or should not, be borne, in part, by India, was one on which there was a serious difference of opinion between Sir John Lawrence and Sir Stafford Northcote. It is not difficult to see on which side Sir John Lawrence, unable as he was, with all his care, to make both ends meet, was likely to throw the weight of his opinion. And in view of the importance which the question has since assumed in relation to the Afghan war, and may assume again, at any moment, I think it well to quote here one passage from his letters :—

Umballa : Nov. 4, 1867.

I am very sorry to hear of the decision that India is to continue to pay for the ordinary expenses of the troops employed from this country

in Abyssinia. It does not appear to me to be a fair arrangement, and I fully anticipate that it will create a good deal of excitement and, perhaps, some indignation; the more particularly as our finances are now at a very low ebb. Surely this is neither a question of hiring or lending, but simply one of payment by the country which employs the troops. I believe that I am right in saying that all the expenses of the British troops employed in the Mutiny who came from England, were paid out of the revenues of India. I recollect very well that, in 1859 and 1860, India was even charged for the cost of unreasonably large numbers of men who were accumulated in the depôts in England, nominally for the Indian service. Then again, in the last China war, *all* the pay, and all the expenses of the troops sent from India to China, were charged to England. In the war with Persia in 1855-56, the expenses of the campaign were divided between India and England, because it was considered that both countries were interested in the objects of the war. In the present case, India has no interest whatever in the Abyssinian expedition, and it appears therefore to me that she should pay none of its cost.

There were other points of importance, such as the changes required in the administration of Bengal, the advantages of Calcutta as a capital, the financial independence of the local governments, the best method of managing the resuscitated Bombay Bank, on which there were considerable differences of opinion between Sir John Lawrence, and Sir Stafford Northcote. But the questions on which they were agreed were more numerous and important still. Such were the subjects of irrigation, of the comparative importance of canals and of railways, of the bearing of Europeans, particularly of non-official Europeans, towards the natives, of the annual move of the Governor-General and his Council to Simla, of the necessity for economy, of the deposition of native rulers in case of gross misgovernment, and the whole question of foreign policy which underlay so many of the others, and on which I shall have much to say in the next chapter. Many letters of permanent value passed between the two men on these and other subjects, but I have no space to quote from them. Sir John Lawrence found throughout that it was much more difficult to work with his Council than with the Secretary of State. He thought that certain members of his Council did not give him that general support which he had a right to expect from them, and that some of them, notably Sir Henry Durand, set themselves deliberately to thwart him. His health showed symptoms of failing, and he felt half-disposed to throw up his burdensome office in the following winter, when he would have held it for the term of full four

years. Two private letters to his intimate friend Captain Eastwick throw some light on his troubles.

Simla: August 3, 1867.

. . . The difficulties in carrying on the government out here seem to me to increase daily. The writing, discussing, and worrying necessary to carry out important matters are very great, and the composition of the Council is less influential than ever. Yule is a fine fellow, and, personally, more acceptable to me than Grey. But his health is not good, and he will, probably, be obliged to go home. Unless I can get a good man in his place, we shall most likely break down. Maine goes home in September, for three or four months, Massey in March next, so that only Durand and Taylor will remain. Thus there will be a great clearance. I wish that I could ensure a good set in their room. Massey is a pleasant, gentlemanlike fellow, with no want of ability or knowledge; but he is too old to have come to India, for the first time, at his age, and his heart is in the House of Commons and not here. He cares little for what goes on and has little power of work.

I am looking out for what may be said in Parliament on the Orissa mistakes and on the Indian Budget. I am persuaded that the Governor-General is not, by any means, sufficiently strong. He is practically responsible for all which occurs, and yet his power is by no means commensurate with such responsibilities. He can be bearded and thwarted by a Councillor, while he can neither select them nor, in any way, affect their interests. Year by year, the non-official interests are becoming stronger. What it will all come to I can hardly foresee, but it tends towards a dead-lock. Natives in some cases, and broken-down Englishmen in others, have got hold of the English papers, and sway what is called 'public opinion.'

August 18, 1867.

I am not at all well, and have been suffering a good deal of late from my old complaint in the head. The work is very heavy, and, from one circumstance and another, presses on me more than is agreeable. I am not at all sure that I shall not break down, or, at any rate, find it too much for me. Indeed, I had all but made up my mind to write to Sir Stafford Northcote to this effect, and ask to be allowed to resign from the first of next February, when I shall have rather more than completed my four years. My wife was very desirous for me to do so, and she is in delicate health, and must go home. But, after full thought and a considerable struggle in my own mind, I have decided to stay on and take my chance. If I find that I cannot do the work any longer, of course I shall go. Everything at present is in good order. The country is quiet, and apparently content, and the work well in hand.

These letters were shown by Captain Eastwick to Sir Stafford

Northcote, and the opinion which the Secretary of State had formed of the Governor-General,—'one of our noblest men,' as he calls him in a letter to myself,—and of the services which the prolongation of his Viceroyalty would be likely to render to India, may be gathered from his reply.

Balmoral: October 1, 1867.

Captain Eastwick showed me a letter he had received from you, on which I feel it impossible not to say something, though I feel it almost equally so to know what to say. My hope that you will be able to remain at your post is so strong—I should rather say my wish is so great—that I am afraid that I may urge what perhaps I ought not. For I am sure you would not think of coming away without strong reason, and I should feel very guilty if I were to press you to expose yourself to any serious risk. At the same time, I am anxious to represent to you that public attention is likely to be much directed to Indian questions next year, and that some organic changes may, probably, be discussed, if not decided upon. At all events, it is likely to be an important year for India, and it would be very unfortunate if we were to lose you while these questions are being settled. I can only say, that if there is anything I can do to make your remaining in India pleasanter to yourself, I trust you will mention it. I am afraid I may have occasioned you annoyance in one or two matters, and it is very difficult to remember, when one is addressing an English audience, that there is an audience in India to be considered. But I hope you will not scruple to tell me freely if I ever offend in this way.

Sir John Lawrence thus replied:—

Umballa: Nov. 4, 1867.

I have to thank you very heartily for your kind expressions towards me. You will have learned, by this time, that I have quite made up my mind to stay in India for another year—by which time my full period of service as Governor-General will have expired—unless I fall very ill or some very untoward event may occur. I cannot, however, help saying that I shall be very glad when that time expires; for I do not feel very happy or contented. I have nothing to complain of from you. You have always treated me with courtesy and consideration. But what I do feel is that the Governor-General of India, nowadays, has not that authority and influence which the difficulties and responsibilities of his position demand. He is expected to do great things; to control, to command, and to overcome; and it seems to me to be impossible in the nature of things that he can do this, whatever may be his resolution. In practice, the tendency of his subordinate rulers in high places is to resist his authority, while he has no real security of support from home. . . . The

changes to which you refer as likely to occur are not likely to strengthen the Governor-General's authority. On the contrary, they are pretty sure to be in the opposite direction. . . . Such things, though they will never, I hope, prevent my doing my duty, though they do not, indeed, alarm me, yet they make me feel that it will be a good day when I can fairly say that my official career is closed, and that I can return to my country with a fair amount of character and reputation. I trust you will not misunderstand what I have said. I should not have done so, had it not been that your letter gave me an opening for expressing my feelings on my present position.

One more short and kindly letter from the Queen to Sir John Lawrence I may, perhaps, best insert here.

Balmoral: October 4, 1867.

The Queen is quite shocked to feel how long it is since she has received Sir John Lawrence's last satisfactory letter, and that she has not yet answered him. But she has very little time, and consequently misses the day for the mail. The Queen thanks Sir John much for his letter, and for the very interesting Photographs of the tomb of her dear friend, Lady Canning. She had the pleasure of seeing Lady Napier here the other day and of hearing much that was most interesting about India from her.

The Queen trusts that the misery caused by the terrible famine has passed away, and that her Indian subjects are in a state of prosperity. She rejoices to hear of the general state of tranquillity in the country.

With every good wish for the happiness of her Indian Empire and for the health of Sir J. and Lady Lawrence the Queen concludes her letter.

The season at Simla had been, this year, a very sickly one. Cholera had been raging all around, and no precautions seemed able to avert or limit its ravages. On November 1, Sir John and Lady Lawrence left, for the last time, together, the place in which they had spent so many and such busy months; and after a halt of a few days at Delhi, that they might visit their old haunts there, made their way to Lucknow, where it had been arranged that Sir John should hold the last of his great Durbars. The occasion was one of extreme interest from every point of view. The long-standing dispute with the Talukdars of Oude, which I shall describe in the next chapter, had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. And all was now peace and goodwill. Sir John Strachey, who, with the help of Mean Sing, one of the chief Talukdars, had by great exertions and still greater tact arranged the terms of the compromise, was then

Chief Commissioner of Oude, and the Viceroy was to be his guest. Above all, there was the deep interest, at once family and national, attaching to a state visit paid by the Viceroy to the shattered building which had gone through such agonising vicissitudes in the Mutiny, and in whose immediate precincts there lay the most heroic of its defenders, his own brother, who had 'tried to do,' and had done his duty to the last. The chief external feature of the Durbar was the magnificent procession of seven hundred elephants which accompanied the Viceroy as he entered the city.

My dear husband (says Lady Lawrence) was deeply touched at visiting Lucknow, and, as the procession of elephants halted in front of the Residency, the scene was most striking, bringing into strong contrast the past and the present; now a triumphal entry of the conquering power; while the past could not but be vividly recalled with all the terrible story of the Mutiny and siege. There, too, my husband realised all that his brother must have gone through, and the sufferings and anguish of our countrymen and countrywomen. On looking over the poor defences that existed there, we were filled with wonder and admiration at the way in which the garrison had held out. Altogether, the visit was a very memorable one, and in many ways it tried him a good deal. I will not dwell on the important Durbar held there when the long-standing Talukdar grievance was settled. . . . The personal matters connected with our visit are to me much more interesting. We visited his brother's grave, as well as those of others who had fallen during the siege. In writing at this time, my heart turns to another scene, and contrasts the last hours of dear Henry, in all the tumult of war and agony, with the peaceful passing away of my beloved husband, surrounded by those who so deeply loved him, and who, while thankful that his entrance into life was so calm, are left to bear the burden of their life without the loving heart and guiding hand which had never failed them.

Of all the scenes which they had witnessed in Sir John Lawrence's eventful life, there is no single scene—so one and another of his most faithful friends who accompanied him have assured me—which has stamped itself in such imperishable colours on their recollections, as that in front of the Residency at Lucknow. There, by the corner of the building, stood Sir John Lawrence, alone, in his simple black coat and sun helmet, his hands crossed in front of him, and his Staff at some little distance off, but not so far as that they could not watch the shadows which came and went over his rugged features, as he stood wrapped in thought. There, was the long line of Talukdars, in all their bravery of gold and purple, mounted on their magnificently

caparisoned elephants and humbly saluting the Viceroy as they filed past and looked, with satisfaction or the reverse, on their own handiwork, as evidenced by the dents and chasms made by 'millions of rifle bullets and thousands of cannon balls' in that battered building. There, in front, were the miserable defences hastily thrown up under his brother's eye, which had kept a whole army and a whole city, for so many months, at bay, and which had now been partially levelled to admit of the nearer approach of the procession. Close behind him, was the room in which the 'cruel bursting shell' had done its ghastly work on his noble-hearted brother; and some fifty yards away, on the other side of the Residency, was his simple tomb. When the sights and sounds of the great pageant of submission were over, the veteran Viceroy walked round to the sacred spot, still followed, at a distance, by the members of his Staff, and stood there for many minutes by himself, and, once again, wrapped in thought. That day, he must have felt, was a day of final and of bloodless triumph, a triumph won as much by his brother as by himself. And there was something comforting, stimulating, ennobling, in the thought.

Lady Lawrence had not been well for some months past, and it had been settled, partly on that ground, partly on general family considerations, that she should go home early in 1868. Her children had, during the last year, been under the care of her great friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kensington, who had moved with their own family into Southgate House, and had done everything that the parents themselves could have done for the happiness and well-being of their charge. Two family incidents, such as in the chequer-work of human life, with its alternations of light and shade, often follow close upon each other, marked the last two months spent by Lady Lawrence in India. First, came the news of the death of her only sister, Mrs. Kennedy, who had long been the centre of a large and loving family circle in Ireland, a family circle connected by more than one marriage, and in more than one generation, with the Lawrences. Soon afterwards, followed the marriage of Kate, her eldest daughter, to Colonel Randall, who, it will be remembered, had been the friend and aide-de-camp of John Nicholson at the Trimmu Ghaut, and at Nujuffghur; and, in accordance with the spirit of Nicholson's last request, had, some years since, been appointed Sir John Lawrence's aide-de-camp, and was now to become his son-in-law. It was the first break of the kind in the Lawrence family. But, in this case, the marriage enabled

the daughter to remain behind with her father, and fill, so far as might be, her mother's place in the Viceregal hospitalities.

The marriage took place on January 28, 1868; and on February 25, Lady Lawrence, accompanied by her second and her youngest daughters, left Calcutta for England. During the first part of her voyage, she found a most genial companion in Norman Macleod, whose almost royal progress through India, as a delegate from the Church of Scotland on the subject of Christian missions, had just been brought to a conclusion by a public dinner at Calcutta at which Sir John Lawrence had himself presided. He thankfully accepted the place which the Viceroy offered him in the 'Feroze,' the Viceregal steamer, which had taken so many Governors-General to and from India. And in his biography I find the following extract from a letter to his wife :—

> The Governor-General came down to the 'Feroze' in his tug, and talked with me, for about two hours, in the frankest manner, giving me an immense number of most interesting facts about his life and government in the Punjab, the Mutiny, Delhi, &c. I was greatly touched by his goodness; and I loved him the more when I saw him weeping as he parted, for one year only, with his wife and daughters.

The changes which took place during the last year of Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty amongst the chief officers of government were, many of them, highly favourable to the despatch of business. Massey returned to England, and his place as Finance Minister was taken by Richard Temple, while John Strachey was called from Oude and became a Member of Council. 'I anticipate,' said Sir John Lawrence, 'a great accession of strength in every way from these two men.' W. S. Seton-Karr succeeded Temple as Foreign Secretary, a post which he was to hold with great credit, well into the reign of Sir John's successor. Muir became Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, while Norman filled the place of Durand, who went home on furlough. Sir Henry Durand was a man of much ability and high character, but of a highly impracticable temper in public matters, and as Military Member of Council, he had acted as though he were inclined, like the famous Prætorian prefect of Tacitus, '*consilii quamvis egregii quod non ipse afferret inimicus*,' to oppose every measure which did not originate with himself, or, at all events, every measure which was especially near to the heart of the Governor-General. Thus, his departure, as the letters before me show, was an infinite relief to Sir John Lawrence.

Altogether, it was a year of vigorous performance, of rapid progress, which were made possible only by the long and anxious efforts of the years which had preceded it. The irrigation works which Sir John Lawrence had, after repeated applications, obtained leave from home to construct, and for which, during the two past years, surveys had been making and estimates forming, were now begun everywhere in good earnest. Railways were pushed on with great rapidity. The Sanitary Commissioners, Sir John's own creation, were hard at work in each province of the empire. The new barracks and forts were rising fast, and were being paid for, thanks to his prudence, not out of capital, but out of revenue. There had been a deficit in more than one year of his Viceroyalty; owing, partly, to the imperfect control he possessed over the Finance Ministers who were sent from England; partly, to the Orissa famine; partly, to the Bombay expenditure; and, partly, to that most uncertain as well as unsatisfactory factor in Indian Finance, the Opium Revenue. But such had been the general and unexampled prosperity of the country that, in spite of the Mutiny, in spite of two famines, in spite also of the expense attending the reorganisation of the whole Government, the revenue had increased from twenty-seven millions, which had been the total income of the year 1855, to forty-nine millions in 1866. In other words, it had nearly doubled itself in eleven years! The Legislative Department shared in the general activity, and the Oude and Punjab Tenancy Bills, of which I shall have to say much in the next chapter, passed into laws. Revised furlough rules, which conferred great benefits on the covenanted service of India, were sent home for approval, and efforts were made to extend vernacular education. A small war, called 'the Black Mountain Campaign,' against some tribes on the extreme North-West frontier, was begun, carried through, and finished, in the space of a couple of months; as soon, that is, as its object was accomplished, without the expenditure of a drop of unnecessary blood in quest of military decorations or military glory. Altogether, the wheels of government moved more rapidly and more smoothly in this than they had done in any previous year of Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty; and when Lord Mayo arrived early in 1869, he succeeded to an administration which had few special anxieties, had no arrears, and was well adjusted in all its constituent parts.

I conclude this chapter with extracts from three or four letters which were written by Sir John Lawrence during the last year of his office, and with an important paper which I have received from Sir

John Strachey, since I finished my own account, and in which he sums up his impressions of Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty :—

March 21, 1868.

. . . I assure you most solemnly, that the question of increased expenditure in India, a question which involves additional taxation, is a vital one for our rule. However light the burden may appear which falls on the poorer classes, it is quite as much as—perhaps more than—they ought to bear; and the richer classes, including our own countrymen, simply will not pay a farthing which they can avoid. The hatred which is evinced towards the License Tax or the Income Tax is really a strong feeling against any taxation which can affect them. There is no patriotism, no sympathy among them which can counterbalance this antipathy. Practically, they claim to live and flourish without contributing to the expenses of the State. On this account I feel so desirous of avoiding any large outlay which can be avoided.

The following letter refers to his difficulties with Durand; and that his remarks are well within the truth I have assured myself by conversations with other members of the Council or high officials who were best acquainted with all the circumstances :—

March 13, 1868.

. . . I may say, with perfect truth, that I was instrumental in Sir Henry Durand getting his seat in Council. . . . Nevertheless, ever since he entered it, I have had difficulties in managing matters with him. He is so unbending, so acrimonious, that it is very hard to work with him. He took a disagreeable line towards me in the Oude tenure question and, in the debate at Simla, almost accused me of dealing unfairly. Since then, I have had to take up a matter connected with the personal expenditure of members of Council, which had created some scandal in the newspapers, and regarding which, exaggerated statements were circulated. I took it up, I may say, to a great extent, in the interest of the Councillors. Not a word was said which personally reflected on Durand; but he took up what I wrote in such a way that, had he not subsequently withdrawn his Minute, either he or I must have left the Council. Since then, we are more in opposition than ever. I have known Sir H. Durand for many years and have a sincere respect for his ability and character. But unless he can be induced to place some restraint on his bearing and writing, the public interest must suffer. I would be very sorry indeed to do him any real harm. All I ask is that you will take some opportunity, such as the present one, in answering the official reference, to give him a hint of his duty. If it is necessary in England, indeed, I may say in all countries of the civilised world, for the members of the Government

to act with their Government, how much more important is this in a state of things like that of our rule in India?

Here is an important suggestion which it would be well if we had always followed.

April 4.

. . . I am quite sure that nothing could more conduce to the popularity of our rule in India than our respecting the ancient tenures of the country and not allowing them to be sold for arrears of revenue, except in very rare cases. In the North-West Provinces the system of selling for such arrears, and, still oftener, for decrees of the Civil Court, was the one great complaint which was put forward in the Mutiny. In the Punjab, we scarcely ever allowed such sales, and the same rule is recognised in the Central Provinces and in Oude, to a great extent.

Sir John Lawrence had, as his whole life proves, great sympathy with the spirit of enterprise and energy possessed by our countrymen. But the following letter shows the line he always adopted, as a ruler, towards projects which might involve the traveller himself in imminent danger, and his country in the risk, the limitless expense, and the injustice of a war. The tragical end of Hayward, while it, by no means, condemns such expeditions in themselves, shows that Sir John Lawrence, in his responsible position, was right in not officially encouraging them.

July 7.

I am strongly of opinion that it will be a great mistake to allow Mr. Hayward, or any other European, to travel from our borders into Central Asia. The route through Swat and the Chitral valley is, I believe, the most dangerous of all the routes. I do not think that any European, certainly any Englishman, could travel in such a disguise as not to be found out. The news of his intention would precede him from Peshawur, to a certainty. Should anything happen to him, it would certainly prove embarrassing to us, whatever he or Sir Henry Rawlinson may say to the contrary. If we allow Mr. Hayward to try his chance, on what principle can we restrain our own officers from undertaking similar enterprises? As it is, we have the greatest difficulties in this way. Nothing short of a positive command on your part will induce me to relax the existing restrictions. Sir Henry Rawlinson has not, I suspect, any personal knowledge of the tribes on our western border, and of their extraordinary animosity to Europeans. . . . We have written to you fully on the Muscat and Zanzibar question. We all think it would be a great mistake making Zanzibar over to the Foreign Office (*i.e.* the English Foreign Office). It would be derogatory to our prestige if we allowed the Chief to give up paying his tribute to Muscat, and the loss would sensibly weaken Muscat.

The present Murdan of Muscat must be a miserable fellow. But, up to a certain point, it is our interest to support him. That interest consists in maintaining peace in those seas, and preventing piracy again making head, and thus undoing the work of the last fifty years. Our honour, our duty, demand this of us. But for our efforts, the trade of India in those parts would soon be destroyed. It was a great mistake breaking up the Indian navy.[1] The proper course was to have simply reduced its overgrown proportions. Now, all that seems to be required is to resuscitate it to a moderate extent. . . . I feel very sorry for the Irish Church, whose doom, I presume, is certain. I admit its anomalies and its shortcomings, and would gladly see a reform. But its destruction appears to me likely to prove a misfortune. I have seen a good deal of Ireland for a man whose time has been so much spent in India; and it has always struck me that the main cause of the discontent arises from agrarian circumstances. No people can be contented and loyal who have not the means of decent subsistence. Ireland, on a small scale, is a type of India. Agriculture is the chief employment of the people, and hence the poverty of the masses.

The following letter indicates by its subject-matter that the beginning of the end had come :—

July 27.

I will of course keep to myself the proposed appointment of Lord Mayo as new Governor-General, as long as may be necessary. I will do all in my power to smooth his path; and, when we meet, I will readily tell him my opinion of the leading men in India with whom he is likely to come in contact. As to the particular subjects to which Lord Mayo's attention should at once be directed, I suggest that he should read the correspondence which may be available at home on the following matters: —(1) The relations of the Government of India with the different local governments. (2) The extension and general management of the railway system. (3) The Central Asian question. (4) The relations between the indigo-planters and the cultivators in Bengal and Behar. (5) The relations between the tea-planters and the coolies in Assam and Cachar, and all points connected therewith. (6) The points connected with the present organization of the native troops in India; more particularly as regards the number of English officers for each regiment. (7) The question of a local marine for the service of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea. (8) The relations between the British Government and Persia, Muscat and Zánzibar, &c., as they bear on Indian interests. (9) The proposed decentralisation of Indian finance. These are the different subjects of pressing importance which strike me as deserving of Lord Mayo's imme-

[1] This had been done after the Mutiny by Lord Canning, aided by Laing.

diate consideration, and, no doubt, it will be very useful that he should talk them over with yourself.

A pretty good programme of work was thus marked out for the short interval between the nomination of Lord Mayo and his arrival in India. The next letter shows that the long civil wars in Afghanistan were, at length, nearing their end, and that the goodwill which Sir John Lawrence had hitherto shown by holding himself aloof from the struggle, might now, without danger and without inconsistency, be evinced in other ways.

Simla: October 10, 1868.

Dear Sir Stafford,—I have written, or rather have directed the Native Agent at Cabul to be informed that if the Ameer, Shere Ali, would desire to meet me at Rawul Pindi or even at Peshawur, I will go up and see him. As we have decided to give him some help in money and in arms, this will content him; though, no doubt, he will ask for an offensive and defensive alliance. My idea is that whatever we give should be in the nature of a grant *from year to year; strictly dependent* on our general satisfaction with the good conduct of the Ameer and his adherence to the engagements which he enters into with us. I say 'strictly,' because the tendency of all Afghans is to take all they can get and to do as little as possible in return. Of course, I would neither ask nor expect anything unreasonable. Indeed, all we ought to require is that he would keep his people, where his territory abuts on or approaches ours, in good order, and maintain true relations of amity with us. This important matter, and my wish to be near the Commander-in-Chief and not far from the Punjab, while the present frontier troubles in Huzara may last, will prevent my going to Calcutta as soon as I should otherwise have done.

The 'Black Mountain' campaign, which, like the wretched Bhotan war, was brought to a conclusion by Sir John Lawrence's orders as soon as ever its object was answered, gave rise to the usual complaints of the loss of military 'prestige.'

Simla: October 24, 1868.

Judging from the newspapers, our officers are vexed at what they consider the inglorious results of the campaign on the Black Mountain. The force employed was perhaps larger than necessary, and deterred the tribes from resistance. The General was also cautious. But I did not think it prudent or right to refuse what he asked for and what the Commander-in-Chief desired he should have. Nor was it desirable that we should run the risk of a second Umbeyla campaign. Officers are a little unreasonable. They desire to have fighting without considering the cost of life which occurs on such occasions, particularly in mountain

warfare. I have no doubt, however, that the expedition will do much good, and probably keep the tribes of the Black Mountain and its vicinity quiet for some years.

In December, the Conservative Ministry resigned, and Sir Stafford Northcote was succeeded by the Duke of Argyll. Sir John Lawrence was no party man. His sympathies were always on the side of progress. But he had been treated with equal confidence by each successive Secretary of State, whether Conservative or Liberal, and, in those days, India was, happily, almost outside the range of English party conflicts.

Calcutta: December 15.

I write now (says Sir John Lawrence to Sir Stafford Northcote) to thank you for the courtesy and consideration which I have received at your hands, and to express a hope that, on my return to England, we may become personally acquainted with each other.

To the new Secretary of State he writes as follows :—

Calcutta: December 28, 1868.

My dear Duke of Argyll,—I must thank you for your friendly telegram. It is a source of regret to me that I leave India so soon after you come into power. But I am very far from being well, and it is high time that I gave up work. I suffer a good deal from my head.

I conclude this chapter with an extract from a weighty and admirable letter of Sir John Strachey. Few people living are more competent to speak with authority upon the subject of Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty than he.

Villa Spinola, Florence: January 16, 1882.

. . . In accordance with your wish, I send you some of my recollections of Lord Lawrence and his work. Unfortunately, I have access here to no books or papers, and must trust entirely to my memory; and I am afraid that my letter cannot, for this reason, contain much that will be of use to you.

I never saw Lord Lawrence before he became Viceroy, the earlier part of my own service having been passed in the North-Western Provinces, which he had left for the Punjab. Consequently, I can contribute nothing from personal knowledge to the history of the most important portion of his life, and to that with which your work will, necessarily, be mainly concerned. I knew him very intimately when he was Viceroy, but his Viceroyalty was not marked by stirring political events, nor was any great opportunity offered for the display of some of the qualities by which he was especially distinguished. Many questions of high importance

arose, but they were, for the most part, questions of internal administration, the history of which in detail would not have much interest for English readers.

It would, nevertheless, be a great mistake to suppose that the Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence was unimportant because it was uneventful. He assumed the government of India at an especially interesting and difficult time. The mutinies of 1857 had disturbed the whole administrative system to its foundations, and the shock caused by this tremendous convulsion had not fully subsided. No accurate judgment can be formed in regard to the main characteristics of Lord Lawrence's administration, without a distinct conception of the state of things which he found when he became Viceroy. In the book which my brother, General Strachey, has lately published, I have endeavoured to give a sketch of the condition of India as it was twenty years ago, and of the immense changes which have subsequently taken place, and you will perhaps allow me to make from it the following quotation, because I cannot better express facts which seem to me essential to a right understanding of the real character of Lord Lawrence's administration.

'Even before the mutinies of 1857 the process of change had made great progress. After that revolution, which, for a time, nearly swept away our government through a large part of India, the change went on with enormously accelerated speed. Thousands of Englishmen—not only soldiers, but Englishmen of almost every class—poured into India. Ten thousand things were demanded which India had not got, but which, it was felt, must be provided. The country must be covered with railways and telegraphs, roads and bridges. Irrigation canals must be made, to preserve the people from starvation. Barracks must be built for a great European army, and every sort of sanitary arrangement which could benefit the troops must be carried out; for we did not choose to let our soldiers go on dying like sheep, in the old fashion. In fact, the whole paraphernalia of a great civilised administration, according to the modern ideas of what that means, had to be provided. This was true not only in regard to matters of imperial concern. Demands for improvement, similar to those which fell upon the Central Government, cropped up in every city and in every district of the country. Compare, for instance, what Calcutta was twenty years ago and what it is now. This city, the capital of British India, supplies an excellent type of what has been everywhere going on. The filth of the city used to rot away in the midst of the population in horrible pestilential ditches or was thrown into the Hooghly, there to float backwards and forwards with every change of tide. To nine-tenths of the inhabitants clean water was unknown. They drank either the filthy water of the river polluted with every conceivable abomination, or the still filthier contents of the shallow tanks. The river, which was the main source of supply to

thousands of people, was not only the receptacle for ordinary filth. It was the great graveyard of the city. I forget how many thousand corpses were thrown into it every year. I forget how many hundred corpses were thrown into it from the Government hospitals and jails; for these practices were by no means confined to the poor and ignorant, they were followed or allowed, as a matter of course, by the officers of the Government and of the Municipality. I remember the sights which were to be seen in Calcutta in those days, in the hospitals, and jails, and markets, and slaughter houses, and public streets. The place was declared in language, which was not, and could not be stronger than the truth required, to be hardly fit for civilised men to live in. There are now few cities in Europe with which the better quarters of Calcutta need fear comparison, and there is hardly a city in the world which has made more extraordinary progress. . . . About the same time, the Royal Commission for inquiring into the sanitary state of the army in India declared that thousands of the lives of our soldiers had been, and were still being sacrificed, in consequence of bad and insufficient barrack accommodation, and neglect of every sanitary precaution. So, again, the Government was told, and in many parts of India it was certainly true, that in consequence of the insufficiency of jail accommodation, the prisoners were dying at a rate frightful to think of, and that the necessary proceedings of the Courts of Justice involved consequences repugnant to humanity. Thus arose demands for the requirements of civilised life and of modern administration which had to be provided, and, to a great extent, for the first time, within the space of a few years. This was true not only of material appliances, of roads and railways, and canals, and barracks, and city improvements, and so forth; for the demand for improved administration became so strong that it is not too much to say that the whole of the public services have been reorganised. Thus, for example, the Police, which was in a shameful condition throughout India, has been placed on a completely new footing. The changes in the judicial service and in the laws which it administers, have been as great. Lord Lawrence, when he was Viceroy, declared that the inadequacy of the pay given to native judges and to the chief ministerial officers of the Courts was a public scandal; many of these receiving salaries less than the wages earned in most parts of India by the better class of bricklayers and carpenters. No honest or satisfactory administration of justice was, under such conditions, possible.

'The demands for every sort of public improvement, moral and material, which thus sprung up could not be resisted. Whatever might be the cost, remedies had to be provided in the most complete way, and in the shortest time possible. There were, doubtless, those who thought and said that these demands involved the expenditure of millions, and that compliance with them was impracticable or ruinous. Happily, the

Government of India decided otherwise. It might, perhaps, have been better, in regard to some of the reforms which have been carried out, if the work of improvement had been more gradual. But the fault has been on the right side. A greater or more admirable work was never conceived in any country than that which has been undertaken, and, in a great degree, accomplished, by Englishmen in India during the last twenty-five years, and which is still going on. . . . The magnitude of the work done is extraordinary. The England of Queen Anne was hardly more different from the England of to-day than the India of Lord Ellenborough from the India of Lord Ripon. The country has been covered with roads; her almost impassable rivers have been bridged; 9,000 miles of railway and 20,000 miles of telegraph lines have been constructed; eight million acres of land have been irrigated, and we have spent on these works, in little more than twenty years, some 150,000,000*l.* Our soldiers' barracks are now, beyond comparison, the finest in the world. Quarters, which, twenty years ago, had a reputation little better than that of pest-houses, are now among the healthiest in the British Empire, and the rate of mortality among the troops is not half what it was. The improvement in the jails and in the health of the prisoners has been hardly less remarkable. The cities and towns are totally different places from what they were. Simultaneously with the progress of all these, and a thousand other material improvements, with the increase of trade, the creation of new industries, and a vast development of wealth, there has gone on an equally remarkable change in every branch of the public administration. The laws have been codified and improved and simplified, until they have become the admiration of the world. The courts of justice and the police have been revolutionised; and, however far they may still be from perfection, India has obtained to a degree unheard of and unthought of before, protection for life and property, and an honest administration of justice. All over India, we have been building schools and hospitals and dispensaries. The natives of India have been admitted to a far larger share in the government of their own country. Municipal institutions, the first practical step in political education, have been established in all considerable towns in British India, and more than twelve millions of people live within their limits. It is needless to continue this catalogue of the changes that have taken place, but it is not the least remarkable part of the story that the accomplishment of all this work and the expenditure of all this money, which have increased, to an extent absolutely incalculable, the wealth and comfort of the people of India, have added nothing to the actual burden of their taxation.'

In the work from which this quotation has been taken there were special reasons for making no attempt to apportion to individuals the honour due for the great results that have been described. But the share that belongs to Lord Lawrence is a very large one. After the

mutinies had been suppressed, Lord Canning had not been able to accomplish much in the work of reform, nor was much done during the short Viceroyalty of Lord Elgin. When Lord Lawrence became Viceroy it is hardly too much to say that the whole of the public services, throughout a great part of India, required to be more or less re-organised or improved. He found the administration in a somewhat slipshod condition. Ample materials had been collected for the decision of many important questions, but there was hardly one of them which had not been postponed or shelved, or which was not waiting for a strong man to take it up. It was fortunate for India that, at this particular time, it obtained for its Viceroy a man who was not only strong, but who possessed the great advantage of personal knowledge of the country and its requirements, who understood all the details of the administration, and saw the defects that had to be remedied. Lord Lawrence gave the impulse that was everywhere required—and this is, in my opinion, the most salient fact connected with his Viceroyalty—he stirred up every department of the State, and insisted on it putting itself in order; he everywhere set the machinery in motion; he demanded the abandonment of the slatternly ways which had grown up; and he gave the impetus which the great reforms which were already in the air required, to make them realities.

It was a convincing proof of the excellence of his own past administration that it was precisely in the province which as Chief Commissioner and Lieutenant-Governor he had himself long ruled that the call for such reforms was heard the least. The Punjab was, constantly and deservedly, held up as a model to be followed in the older provinces; and although, as Lord Lawrence would himself have been the first to declare, much that was excellent in its system would have been unsuitable to parts of the country in which the social and political conditions were different, it was impossible to deny that among all the provinces of India there was none in which the public administration had been, on the whole, so efficient, and in which so little radical change was necessary.

Among the reforms to which reference has been made above, there is hardly one which Lord Lawrence, as Viceroy, did not vigorously prosecute; and some of the most important of them might have been indefinitely delayed, or not carried out at all, if his action had been wanting. This is especially true in regard to the construction of the great works of material improvement which have produced already such astonishing results, and the effects of which will certainly be, in the future, even more important and beneficial than they have been in the past. The policy of constructing railways and irrigation canals on a vast scale through the direct agency of the State, and of raising, for this purpose, by loan whatever sums were required, and which could not be supplied from the ordinary revenues, was a policy which was first set in

motion by Lord Lawrence. Although he did not himself originate it, he was the first Viceroy to accept it. It first took a practical shape under his government, and it was in consequence of his action and of his advice that it was adopted by the Secretary of State and carried into effect by his successors.

I must refer you to the work from which I have already quoted for a detailed history of this policy and of its magnificent success. The truth has long been obscured by the ignorance which usually attends Indian questions in England. But the facts are now becoming too plain for doubt or denial. This policy has already given to the people of India increased wealth, increased national prosperity, and increased protection against the calamities of famine, to an extent hardly possible to estimate or exaggerate, and it has already led to a very large reduction in the public burdens, and will, if wise counsels prevail, give in the future the certain assurance of financial prosperity. Although, when Lord Lawrence was Viceroy, he could do no more than lay the foundations of this policy, a great debt of gratitude is due to him for having taken that essential step.

This letter must have a fragmentary character, and I cannot attempt to enumerate in their proper sequence the chief measures of Lord Lawrence's government. I can only mention some of them as they occur to me.

He was the first Viceroy to take up seriously the great question of sanitary improvement in India, in the army, in the jails, and in the towns. In the quotation given above, I have described the disgraceful state of things which he found in Calcutta and elsewhere. My recollection of the interest which he took in these matters is the more vivid, because my first acquaintance with him began when he appointed me, in the beginning of 1864, to be President of the newly established Sanitary Commission. I well remember how, at my first interview with him, he told me that he had been horrified, as he well might be, with what he had seen and heard of the sanitary condition of Calcutta, and how he urged me, after I had acquainted myself with the facts, to expose them officially, without hesitation or reserve. I then received an impression, which never afterwards left me, of admiration for his strong and thoroughly practical character, and, from that time, I felt towards him a personal regard which went on always increasing with the unvarying friendship which he gave to me.

His efforts for the improvement of the health and comfort of the British troops were constant and most successful. It was mainly due to him that measures costing, from first to last, more than 10,000,000*l.* were taken for providing them with good barracks and hospitals. The army in India is now housed far better than any army in the world, and the improvement in the health of the soldiers and the reduction in the

rate of mortality have been extraordinary. The same is true of the Indian jails. All this work was virtually set in hand by Lord Lawrence.

Another important measure for which he deserved, as Viceroy, the chief honour, was the creation, in the face of much obstruction and opposition, of a Department for the care and preservation of the forests, which in many parts of India were being rapidly destroyed.

I have referred above to his measures for increasing the scandalously insufficient pay of the Native Judges and of the Ministerial Officers of the Courts. He was satisfied that there could be no honest administration of justice until this was done. His anticipations have been fulfilled by the results. The improvement in the character and reputation of the Native Courts has been immense, and this has been, in no small degree, due to the measures first taken by Lord Lawrence.

CHAPTER XII.

TENANT-RIGHT AND FOREIGN POLICY. 1864–69.

I HAVE reserved for this, the last chapter which I propose to devote to the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence, the two questions—one of internal, the other of external policy, which were most characteristic of his administration as a whole, and which, it may be safely asserted, were never long absent from his thoughts, from the day on which he assumed his high office to that on which he laid it down. The question of internal policy to which I refer is that which appealed to his deepest sympathies, which called forth the most acrimonious attacks upon him, obtained for him the widest unpopularity, and was settled, at last, on terms which conferred great benefits on all concerned. For want of a better name, it may be called the Tenant Right question. The settlement arrived at secured indeed the rights of other classes besides the tenants, but this name will be more suggestive than any other to English readers, who, if they know nothing of the perplexed subject of the tenure of land in India, must, perforce, know something of the difficulties connected with it in a country much nearer home.

No other Viceroy could have fought this question as Sir John Lawrence fought it. For no other Viceroy could have had the requisite knowledge, drawn from his own wide experience, of the evils which were to be guarded against, and the objects which were to be secured. He had eyes to see and ears to hear things which must have been invisible and inaudible to any statesman whose experience was drawn from England only—to anyone, in short, who had not learned to thread his way through the labyrinth of land tenures prevailing in different parts of India, and who did not know the merits and the shortcomings not only of the Talukdar and of the Ryot, but also of the numerous intermediate grades of sub-proprietors and occupiers of the soil. Almost alone, Sir John Lawrence

undertook the cause of the weak and the oppressed against the united influence of the native aristocracy, of the planters, of the Press, of an important section of his own Council, and of the European element generally in India; and if he could not win for them, in the face of so powerful an opposition, all that he wished, he secured, at least, all that was practicable for those patient millions who too often, even under English rule, suffer and make no cry, starve and make no sign. It is well indeed that, once in a way, the natives of India should have a Viceroy who can look at things, primarily, from their point of view, and see that justice is done to those who have the least power of securing it for themselves.

It would be impossible, within the space at my disposal, to track out fully the various windings, and to explain all the vicissitudes which this controversy underwent in Bengal proper, in Oude, and in the Punjab. But no sketch of the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence would be adequate or even true which did not aim at bringing into strong relief a subject, which, however unintelligible or uninteresting in its details to the general reader, yet lay very near to his heart, and upon his action in which he was always able to look back with unalloyed satisfaction.

The question came to the front, first, in Bengal, and was, in some of its essentials, soonest settled there. I therefore propose to take it first. There had been in the Bengal Presidency disputes of long standing between the Ryots and the Zemindars—between the cultivators, that is, who grew indigo, and the planters, generally Europeans, who compelled the cultivators to grow it, and then themselves manufactured and sold it. There had been, as might be expected, much indolence, evasion, and cunning on the part of the weak: much greed, ill-usage, and oppression on the part of the strong. At last, in 1859, a measure known as the 'Rent Law' was passed, which secured or seemed to secure to the peasants those rights which Lord Cornwallis had dangled before their eyes and had then practically, though quite unintentionally, taken away from them at the time of the Permanent Settlement, more than half a century before—security, that is, from arbitrary eviction, as well as from an arbitrary raising of their rent. The Indigo Commission, too, which was appointed in 1860 under the presidency of W. S. Seton-Karr, carried on the good work, and succeeded in settling many of the differences between the planters and the Ryots.

But quarrels were still rife. The peasants refused to cultivate

a plant which did not remunerate them, and the planters retaliated, sometimes, by rigidly exacting the existing rent, and in default of payment ejecting the cultivators from their holdings, to their utter ruin; sometimes, by demanding an extravagant rise of rent. A test case of this kind was brought before Sir Barnes Peacock, the Chief Justice, and, to the delight of the planters and the dismay of the Ryots and their friends, he decided that the so-called 'Fair Rent' on which the cultivators were entitled to security in their holdings, was the highest rent which the planters could obtain in the market. This decision struck at the root of all tenant-right, and was one of the first matters which attracted the attention of Sir John Lawrence when he came out as Viceroy. Of course, he saw the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory settlement. He says, on April 3, to Sir Charles Wood:—

I do not know what will please the Ryots and at the same time satisfy the Zemindars and their representatives. The Ryots, I understand, desire a fixed rent and security from interference. Getting these, they would agree to a large increase of rent. The planters want the power of enhancement of rent, in order to make the people grow indigo. It is no use legislating until we can arrange matters so as, in some degree, to satisfy both parties. . . . Our difficulties and dangers are at home, in the country; not, I mean, at present, but in the future, in the bad feeling between the two races, English and Native; in the difficulty in reconciling their interests. These things are never out of my mind, night or day; but how to reconcile people to what is wise, and politic, and good for both, there is the rub!

Sir John Lawrence's letters to his personal friends at home, the Duke of Argyll, Sir Frederic Currie, Sir Erskine Perry, Sir John Willoughby, Mr. Mangles, and Captain Eastwick, are full of remarks on this important subject, and are all of them couched in the same tone of sober sadness and anxiety. To Captain Eastwick he says:—

The great difficulties here are those between the Englishmen and the Natives. It is these which will in the long run damage, if not ruin, our power.

To Sir Erskine Perry:—

This question of conflicting interest between the Englishman and the Native is daily assuming larger proportions. In Assam and Cachar the natives are cajoled to go down. But on their arrival they find the country and climate very distasteful. Many die, more run away, and

so the cry is for punitive measures. Some of the planters are harsh and even cruel to these recusant coolies, and thus the evil is increased.

He says, on another occasion to the same friend :—

The difficulty in the way of the Government of India acting fairly in these matters is immense. If anything is done, or attempted to be done to help the natives, a general howl is raised, which reverberates in England, and finds sympathy and support there. I feel quite bewildered sometimes what to do. Everyone is, in the abstract, for justice, moderation, and such-like excellent qualities, but when one comes to apply such principles, so as to affect anybody's interests, then a change comes over them. . . . No doubt, the capitalist and speculator do good in their way, and, when they are just men, there is no drawback to the advantages which follow their labours. But there are many who have little thought but for their own interests. I have now a Bill in the Bengal Council which is intended to regulate arrangements between the planter and coolies in Cachar and Assam, and the problem is how to act fairly to both parties.

After much consideration, Sir John Lawrence had made up his mind to propose an amendment to the law which Sir Barnes Peacock's decision had made to tell so strongly against the Ryots. 'We shall have,' he says, 'to take up the question of Act X. of 1859 next cold weather, and I anticipate a tough fight. But if Maine will really take it up *con amore*, we shall succeed. I fear, however, that the Ryots will never have fair play. There are too many and too strong interests against them. There will be much abuse heaped on our heads, but this we can bear.' Happily, it was not found necessary to have recourse to legislative action ; for by great efforts on the part of the friends of the Ryots—of whom it is hardly necessary to say that the Viceroy was the head and soul—the decision of the Chief Justice, in a similar case, was referred to the whole of the Judges of the High Court, when it was found that fourteen out of the fifteen were in favour of reversing it, the one dissentient being Sir Barnes Peacock himself! They decided, in fact, that rents in Bengal were assessed, not under contract but under custom, and that they could only be enhanced in proportion to the enhanced value of the produce. The battle was thus, in some measure, won ; and the result arrived at has proved to be equally beneficial to the rich and to the poor, to the planter and to the cultivator.

To another proposition which would, Sir John Lawrence thought,

have pressed with almost equal severity on the Ryots in Bengal, he gave an equally uncompromising opposition. It had been said, while the indigo disputes were at their height, that Englishmen could never invest their capital in the country unless contracts made by them with the natives were enforced, not, as they are in all civilised countries, by an action for damages in a civil court, but by a criminal suit with the penalty of imprisonment. The Bill founded on this proposal was, aptly enough, named by the natives 'the Slavery Bill'; for serfdom, if not slavery, it would, assuredly, have brought on the Ryots, who would have fallen an easy prey to clever and unscrupulous land agents. Unable to read and often even to understand the provisions of the contract which they were cajoled into signing, they would have found themselves, on a sudden, clapped into prison, very possibly for some unconscious breach of its provisions. The Bill had, in 1860, actually passed into law for six months, and many natives had, during that period, been thrown into prison under its operation. But when, in 1861, the question came up, whether the Bill should be renewed or not, there was a great difference of opinion. Lord Canning and his Council said, 'Yes.' The Bengal Government and the Indigo Commission said, 'No'; and Sir Charles Wood settled the matter by decisively supporting the latter. But the proposal was now revived, as Sir John Lawrence thought, in a hardly less deleterious shape, in some clauses called the 'Specific Performance' clauses, in an otherwise excellent measure. To these clauses, therefore, he offered a strenuous opposition.

I have been thinking (he says to Sir Charles Wood) a good deal over the contract question in Bengal; and the more I hear and read the less I like it. I do not think it will do to introduce the 'Specific Performance' clauses of Maine's Bill. I am sure that these clauses will work oppressively towards the Ryots, and will lead to great exasperation and bad blood, and I hope that you will not advocate them. The state of the rent question is quite unfavourable to the Ryots. It is used as an engine to coerce them into entering into contracts which they abhor. Then they break their contracts; and so our law, instead of protecting them, will be used to their damage and ruin. These are my deliberate opinions. So pray don't ask me to pass the Contract Law—or rather—the clauses to which I have alluded. They can do no good, and they are sure to do harm.

This was the only question connected with the rights of the tenants in which Sir John Lawrence found himself in partial opposition to the high authority of Henry Maine, his staunch ally in all such questions. But he continued to press his views with characteristic

earnestness on each successive Secretary of State, Sir Charles Wood, Lord de Grey, Lord Cranborne, and Sir Stafford Northcote. And, in the last year of his Viceroyalty, I find a letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, in which he shows no diminution, but rather an increase of zeal in what was to him so sacred a cause.

To the cultivators (he says) of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa it is a question of vital importance, in my mind, whether there shall be a law of the kind or not. The Ryot is not a free agent. He does not enter into such contracts of his free-will and pleasure. These contracts, hitherto, at any rate, have borne very hardly on him. From time to time, he has endeavoured to escape from them, and he would do so, as a general rule, at all times if he saw how to do it. But, though cunning enough in his way, he is weak, he is timid he is ignorant; and therefore, he cannot fight his cause, which is essentially a just one, successfully. The 'Specific Performance' clauses would only serve to rivet the chains which I would gladly help to knock off. I do not think that the members of Council really approve of the present system of indigo cultivation. But I cannot help suspecting that they believe that any move in favour of the cultivator would be denounced by very influential classes, and that they would gladly avoid the odium which such a course would entail. Many of the civilians in Bengal are similarly influenced. They hope that things, if they are left alone, will gradually adjust themselves; and no doubt, to some extent, this has already been the case. In Lower Bengal, the cultivation of indigo has gradually collapsed, but the struggle between the Planters and Ryots is still on an unsatisfactory footing everywhere in this part of India. Latterly, it has been most heard of in Behar and the upper part of Bengal. Last year, it was chiefly heard of in Tirhoot. This year, it has raged in Chumparum. The planters have, however, gradually consented to raise prices, and so the evil day has been for a time staved off. It appears to me that anything in the shape of a 'Specific Performance' law, which the planter could bring to bear on the Ryot, would only encourage him in the maintenance of the present system, and would too surely end, after much suffering to the Ryot, in disturbance and ruin to the planter himself. Whereas by giving him no assistance beyond what the ordinary civil law affords and by ventilating the present system, he will be compelled to treat the Ryot more fairly, or to confine his indigo cultivation to his home farms. For these reasons I am opposed to the 'Specific Performance' clauses.

The controversy respecting tenant-right in Oude was much more complicated. It excited even more bitter feelings, and lasted even longer, than the controversy in Bengal. By the famous Oude Proclamation of 1858, of which I have already spoken, Lord Canning

had confiscated every acre in the country, except the property of a few so-called 'loyalists,' to the British Crown. He wished—so it would seem, judging by his subsequent acts—to make a *tabula rasa* of all previous claims and tenures in the country, and then to start afresh. Oude, it will be remembered, was the only province in the whole of India in which the inhabitants generally, and not least the landholders, had joined the mutineers. Lord Canning, therefore, before setting himself to right their wrongs, determined to commit one great apparent wrong the more, and so to make all alike feel that, whatever rights they received or retained, they owed them all to the free bounty of the British Crown. There is no doubt that the rights of the landowners had been rather cavalierly dealt with by us at the annexation of the country only three years before; and now the pendulum was to take a swing with much greater violence in the other direction. For Lord Canning's avowed object was to resuscitate, or rather to create, a great territorial aristocracy like that of England, whose interests should be bound up with the new settlement, and whose influence would be enlisted against any disaffection to English rule which might be felt by the masses of the people.

Of course, Lord Canning never intended to sacrifice all other interests and rights in the country to those of a naturally selfish aristocracy. On the contrary, each *sunnud*, or title-deed, which was given with the property to its old or new holder, contained a proviso which ran as follows:—'It is a condition of this grant that you will, so far as it is in your power, promote the agricultural prosperity of your estate. And all who hold under you shall be secured in the possession of all subordinate rights which formerly they enjoyed.' Now, in India, between the Talukdar, or superior landlord, and the Ryot, who is, sometimes, only a tenant at will, there are, as I have already hinted, usually to be found many intermediate grades of hereditary cultivators, men, that is, entitled—not so much by law as by custom, which is, to a great extent, the law of the East—to security of tenure on payment of a stipulated rent; and this rent is always less, and often very much less, than the marketable rent of the holding. What was to happen to all these classes, the very bone and sinew, as we had found them to be, of all other parts of the country? The settlement of the Revenue was just going on, and now, if ever, was the time to record their rights. But Sir Charles Wingfield, the Chief Commissioner of Oude, when he was asked by Sir John Lawrence what steps he was taking to preserve the subordinate rights in the

land, answered that there were no such rights; in other words, that in Oude, henceforward, there were to be two classes, and only two, connected with the land—the great territorial magnates at one end of the scale, and the Ryots, or mere tenants-at-will, at the other.

Sir John Lawrence was not and could not be satisfied with this state of things. He felt indeed that it was possible and even probable that the infamous government of the Nawabs, which had preceded our own, might have succeeded in obliterating, for the time, many of the most ancient and sacred rights of their subjects. But he knew also that those rights, especially those of the village communities, were endowed with strong and almost indestructible vitality; that, many times over in the history of India, they had been apparently swept away by the waves of Tartar, or Afghan, or Mahratta conquest, but that when the storm had passed by—sometimes not till many years after it had passed by—they had again raised their heads. These rights it had been our privilege and our pride in other provinces to search for and jealously to preserve. What, if the British conquest which had been the means of preserving or resuscitating these ancient rights in the North-West and in the Punjab, and with the best results, was now to be made the means of crushing them, beyond hope of resurrection, in Oude? The thought was intolerable to him. So he ordered an inquiry to be made into the matter, and appointed Henry Davies, one of the ablest of the Punjab settlement officers, as a Special Commissioner, who was to give a fair hearing to any claims of the kind which might be brought before him.

This was a simple act of justice on his part. But it raised an outcry against him, compared with which, all former outcries seemed but inarticulate or inaudible babble. The Talukdars became alarmed for their property. A cry of breach of faith was raised by the Press. The Governor-General, it was said, had determined, in accordance with his antecedents, to destroy the Talukdars, and to create new rights, which would swallow up theirs. A letter was forged, which purported to come from the Government of India to the Special Commissioner in Oude, and bade him make short work of the landowners! It was published in the Indian newspapers by those who had, probably, had a large share in its concoction, and it was copied into Tory newspapers in England, which at once raised the cry of 'the aristocracy in danger.' The cool-headed Lord Stanley, who had so recently been Secretary of State for India, shared the alarm, and even Sir Charles Wood, who quite sympathised with Lawrence in his

object, warned him of the danger of appearing to reverse Lord Canning's policy, which had been approved at home, or of any breach of faith with the Talukdars.

And how did Sir John Lawrence face the storm? Before taking a single step in the matter, he had drawn up a Memorandum which he sent to Sir Charles Wood and caused to be circulated amongst the members of both Councils. In this document he had set forth, in well-weighed language, alike his methods and his motives, and had answered, by anticipation, many of the objections which were now raised to his action. Accordingly, he now 'stood to his guns,' defended what he had done, pointed out that he had ordered 'inquiry' and nothing more, an inquiry which would establish indeed the rights of the cultivators, if any such were still found to exist, but would make the privileges of the landlords doubly secure and unimpeachable, if these rights had been extinguished. And so, taking the bit in his teeth, he declined to modify any of the instructions he had given to the Special Commissioner.

The controversy went on with unabated force and bitterness during the next nine months, and to Captain Eastwick he writes on March 16, 1865, a letter which shows the man.

As regards the Oude question, I have written very fully to Sir Charles Wood, answering all the points which have been raised against my acts. I daresay he will show you my letter. At any rate I will not inflict all my arguments on you, and indeed I have not time to do it, even if I were so inclined. Though I do not admire or approve of Lord Canning's Oude policy, because he decided on the rights and interests of the village proprietors without giving them a fair hearing, I might say any hearing at all, I have no sort of objection whatever to the Talukdari tenure itself. Had there been a full inquiry before decision, and had the results given the Talukdars all that they now enjoy, I would never have said a word. But, whatever may be the merits of that policy, I accepted it, with the reservations made by the Secretary of State. I have no doubt whatever that Lord Canning had nothing more in his mind than to settle the vexed question between the Talukdar and the village proprietor, and left all other points to be adjusted on their merits. But whether he did mean so or not, his words cover all other interests, provided they are still in existence. Neither Wingfield nor Currie denies, that if any tenant-rights exist, they must be respected. Where then is the occasion for the great fuss which has been raised? The opponents of my policy say, because you excite men's minds, and stir them up to make complaints which otherwise would never be heard. Now, this appears to me to be most unreasonable. The objects of these settlements have been twofold; one to

fix the revenue, the other, to dispose of all claims to land, all interests in the soil. With this object we *shut* the regular Civil Courts during the inquiry, and formally invest the Revenue Courts with judicial powers—and we rule that unless claims are made in a given time, they will be barred from a future hearing—and yet, in making all these arrangements, the Chief Commissioner, the officer who is to hear all these suits in the last resort, by a circular injunction, tells his officers not to hear a particular kind of claim. How can it be said that I, in any way, prejudge these claims, when I do not hear the suits at all; when my action is limited to removing a bar to their being brought before a proper Court? If men have no such rights, or if they have long lost them; in the one case, they will not make them, and, in the other they will be rejected; and so the result will be that the possessions of the Talukdar will become more safe and secure than before.

One of the main causes of the excitement in this matter, is that several Englishmen have obtained estates in Oude. The question also bears on the present struggle in Bengal; and so, nearly all the Press as representing the native landowners, on the one side, and the English planter, on the other, are arrayed against me. But this is no reason why I should not stand to my guns, and do what I believe to be fair and just. People in England talk a good deal of truth and justice, but when one desires to apply such principles, they are astonished and begin to complain. Surely, the fact that Wingfield was the exponent of Lord Canning's policy and had throughout tried to narrow that policy to the detriment of all interests but those of the Talukdar, are grounds, at any rate, for receiving what he states with much caution. My friends think that I have not been just to him in my Minutes. I am sorry for it, but I believe that all that I have said can be borne out by his own letters and proceedings. It is not very easy, however, for a man in my position, with heavy work to attend to, to weigh every word which he uses; and I admit that it would, perhaps, have been more judicious if I had softened off one or two of my expressions.

Then, as regards the appointment of Davies; I took him because I could not find a man with his qualifications available elsewhere. I went over the list of officers in the North-West Provinces with Muir, the senior member of the Sudder Board, and we could not lay our fingers on a man. Montgomery, who was the first patron of the Talukdars in Oude, highly approved of my selection of Davies. I will not bother you more about Oude matters, and will add that, if the question be fairly and fully considered, I have no fear of the results, and that, come what may, I feel that I have only done my duty.

Sir Charles Wood sympathised, as I have already shown, with Sir John Lawrence's objects, and was only anxious lest, by the method

he adopted, he should arouse unnecessary alarm and expose himself to misrepresentation.

What could make me, replies Lawrence, take the course I have done in favour of the ryots of Oude, but a strong sense of duty? I understand the question right well, as indeed must every man who has had anything to do with settlement work. I have no wish to harm the Talukdars. On the contrary, I desire to see fair play to their interests. . . . It would be a suicidal act for me to come forward and modify the instructions given to Davies. The Home Government may do this. Parliament may say what it thinks proper. But, of my own free will, I will not move, knowing, as I do, that I am right in the course which has been adopted. Did ever anyone hear of the Government of India learning that a class of men were not having fair play at the time of settlement, and then failing to interfere or to issue such orders as the case appeared to demand?

It was not very long before Sir Charles Wood himself admitted that the Governor-General had been right in what he had done. Unfortunately, however, for the interest of the masses, the course of the investigation showed all too clearly what Sir John had half-feared from the beginning, that the intermediate rights which had been found by us to exist everywhere else in India, had, in Oude, been swept away by the acts of violence which had been the order of the day under the Nawabs. He had hoped for the best from all the work and worry he had gone through. But, conscious that he had done his duty, he was also prepared for the worst, and he writes thus to Currie on April 3 :—

I feel quite sure that I am right in all that I have done, and indeed that I could not have done less. . . . I have sent Sir Charles Wood a copy of one of Davies's letters giving his view of the probable results of the inquiry. Wingfield backs the Talukdars, and they hold to him. The cultivators are ignorant, timid, and poor. On the one side they are cajoled, on the other intimidated; the object being to tide over the period allowed for inquiry, when their chances will be gone. My object is to give them a fair and full chance of a hearing by impartial men. Having done this much, I have done my duty.

Sir John Lawrence's chief correspondents at the India Office, Sir Frederic Currie and Captain Eastwick, had supported him warmly in most of what he had done, and, much to his delight, had written valuable Minutes on his side of the question. To Eastwick he writes thus on May 1 :—

Yours is a very good Minute and calculated to produce an effect. I

am, in no wise, adverse to the Talukdars and great landowners of any kind; but I see not why we should help them to swallow up the petty interests in their estates. These great landowners in Oude, in many instances acquired their possessions within the last few years before annexation—say thirty or forty—by the grossest acts of spoliation and oppression; and this is, to my mind, an additional reason for protecting the interests of the under-tenantry. As for tenant-right, it has existed all over India, in one form or another, from the most remote periods; and, on this side of India, our laws and regulations have dealt with it, however variably, since the time of Warren Hastings. What is called the 'Thomasonian theory' is nothing more than these laws set forth and what the common law of the country has admitted.

How warmly Sir Charles Wood agreed with the main object of Sir John Lawrence will be apparent from a farewell letter written by him to Sir Henry Maine on his resigning the Secretaryship of State for India :—

I would only say to you that one of my great causes of sorrow in leaving my office is that I am afraid the support of the natives may not be so strong in other hands, and that the selfish policy of the planter may gain ground. I am not saying this on any sentimental ground, but I am firmly convinced that our permanent hold of India would be fearfully loosened if the cultivating population felt that their *customary* rights were in danger. In uncivilised countries custom protects the weak, as law does in more civilised places. Our law is not adapted to their habits and notions. Our strong-handed administration deprives the oppressed numbers of their old resource of armed opposition, and we owe them something which will replace that dangerous but effectual resource.

Political economy may be against them; so it was against the clearances of the Highland glens in Scotland, but what was *safe* with the hundreds in Scotland might be dangerous with the millions in India.

The one inevitable source of quarrel between the white and the coloured man is—land. Look to the United States, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. What is the unvarying result? In short terms, the extinction of the coloured race, which disappears before the white colonists.

Such a result is simply impossible in India, but the same source of discord exists.

My firm conviction therefore is, that, in spite of political economy, that man will have conferred the greatest boon, not only on the Indian ryot, but on the English nation, who shall have succeeded in placing the rights of the ryots on such a footing as to defy the encroachments of capitalists and settlers. The individual settler never can have a *per-*

manent interest in the country, for he can only live there for a limited number of years.

It is the duty no less than the interest of the Government to see that a succession of a few transitory masters do not irritate the permanent millions.

Lord Canning told me he never was so alarmed, except during the very worst of the mutiny, as by the peaceable demonstration of the peasantry on P. Grant's passage up the rivers of Bengal; and Lawrence observed, 'It might not have been so peaceable in Upper India.'

I know that you are capable of appreciating this, and I leave it to you as my parting legacy.

But I must cut a long story short. Sir Charles Wingfield retired in the spring of 1866, and was succeeded in his office of Chief Commissioner of Oude by Sir John Strachey, who, after a year or more of unceasing effort, succeeded in persuading the Talukdars to consent to an equitable compromise, which, if it did not do for the cultivators all which Sir John Lawrence had desired, obtained for them all that was practicable, and has helped to make Oude the tolerably peaceful and contented province which, since then, it has tended to become. The essential principles of the compromise arrived at were, on the one hand, that Government should create no new rights, and on the other, that the privileges which, practically, gave fixity of tenure, should, in the case of all cultivators who had been originally proprietors, be confirmed and secured by law. More important still, it was agreed that cultivators should be entitled, on the raising of their rent, to compensation for what would be called in England 'unexhausted improvements;' nor could the rent of such tenants as had been proprietors be raised except by application to a court of law and equity.

The question of Tenant Right in the Punjab I must dismiss more briefly. At the first settlement of the province in 1853, after the English conquest, the usual record had been taken of all existing rights in the land. But, long afterwards, it appeared that many who now claimed to be superior landlords had neglected to register their names as such. Possibly, they had not thought it worth their while to do so, for the British *raj*, which had been established by the sword, might, as many of them hoped and believed, be overthrown again by the sword at no distant period. Possibly, they imagined that if they registered themselves as tenants only they might get better terms from the State than if they called themselves owners. But, in any

case, now that the time for a new settlement was approaching, when the value of land had much increased, and it was seen that the British rule was not to be overthrown, these same persons endeavoured to resuscitate their imagined rights at the cost of the sub-proprietors. And the settlement officers in the Punjab, with Edward Prinsep at their head, seemed inclined to favour their claims. The question which the Government had to decide was whether the rights of the many, which have existed from time immemorial, and which we had recognised for fifteen years past, should be sacrificed to the claims of the few. It must be remembered that rights of property had been very ill-defined under Sikh rule, and fifteen years of uninterrupted possession under our protection might well be supposed to confer as good a title as any Punjabi would care to have. It was calculated that if the proposals of the new settlement officers were adopted, out of 60,000 heads of families in the Umritsur district who were entitled to their tenancies at beneficial rates, not less than 46,000 would find themselves suddenly degraded, by a stroke of the pen, to the status of tenants-at-will, liable to rack rents and to eviction! This would be an agrarian revolution with a vengeance; and it was not likely that Sir John Lawrence, with his keen sympathy for the poorer classes, would see it carried out without an effort at least to mitigate its effects and to ease the fall of the beneficiary tenants.

Accordingly, after prolonged inquiry in the province, a Bill to define and amend the law relating to land tenancy in the Punjab was introduced into the Legislative Council on January 17, 1868, by Edward Brandreth. But 'further inquiry' was demanded by the Opposition, which, in this instance, included Sir W. Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Durand, the Military Member of Council, and Mr. Grey, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and they gained the day. The inquiries asked for were made. The conduct of the Bill passed into the hands of Sir Richard Temple, the new Finance Minister, and, on October 19, a great debate took place at Simla on the subject. He was warmly supported, in an exhaustive speech, by Sir Henry Maine,[1] who had lately returned from England, by Sir John Strachey, whose experience in Oude had made him master of the subject, and by Mr. Noble Taylor. Sir Henry Durand had gone on furlough, and Sir Henry Norman, who was

[1] The whole question is discussed in an admirable letter by Sir Henry Maine to the *Times* for February 15, 1870, which space alone forbids my quoting.

'acting' for him, was also in favour of the Bill. More than this, Sir John Lawrence summed up the case in favour of the Bill in a speech which showed his abounding knowledge and his command of all the intricacies of the question.

Reserving my judgment (he said) on details, I must state, in the strongest terms, my anxiety that this Bill should become law to-day, without alteration in any essential particular. The problem which it attempts to solve has been now under consideration for several years, and has been before this Government for three years.

In the face of such support, the Opposition collapsed, and the Bill became law on that day.

The Act (so its effects have been summed up by one who was behind the scenes, W. S. Seton-Karr) regulated and defined the position of tenants with rights of occupancy; it protected them against enhancement, except under peculiar conditions; it recognised their power to alienate their tenures; it limited the privilege of pre-emption and gave the option to the landlord; and, with an almost prophetic apprehension of the points at issue in Ireland, it defined the improvements which might be made by the tenant and specified the compensation which he might look to receive.

It will be (adds the writer) one of Lord Lawrence's titles to the gratitude of posterity, that he refused to elevate the Talukdars by depressing the Ryots. For this, he allowed himself to be taunted with destructive statesmanship and with illiberal views; for this, he fearlessly encountered the opposition of honest, independent, and experienced colleagues, the clamours of the Press, and the certainty of misrepresentation in the Houses of Parliament. But when the voice of contemporary faction is stilled, we shall applaud the forethought which prevented the growth of bitter feelings in the dwellers of some thousands of villages; and Lord Lawrence, in his retirement, may calmly reflect that he undertook, pleaded, and won the cause of the undefended agriculturist, and that he happily terminated a growing controversy analogous to that on which, perhaps, depend at this moment the reputation of a Cabinet and the fortunes of a nation.[1]

Since the above account of the Tenant Right question in India was written, I have received from Sir John Strachey the valuable letter on the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence from which I have already made a long quotation; and I think, looking at his great knowledge of this particular subject, and at the very important part

[1] *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1870.

that he and his brother have played in the government of India ever since, that it will be well, even at the risk of a certain amount of repetition of what I have already said in other language, to quote the remainder of his letter here. Besides giving what may be called an authoritative view of the Tenant Right question, he puts clearly before us the opinions of Sir John Lawrence with respect to the Income Tax in India—a question of extreme importance and still much disputed—and brings out a point of interest, which is not alluded to in the papers in my possession, the part borne by John Stuart Mill in the Tenant Right struggle at home.

An interesting and important history might be told of Lord Lawrence's persistent efforts to recognise the rights, and improve the position of the tenants and cultivators of the soil, and it would be especially interesting at the present time, when problems of a very similar character have to be dealt with in Ireland. Nothing in his life did him greater honour than his action in this respect, and although his success was, at the time, incomplete, his declaration and maintenance of sound principles, in the face of stronger opposition than perhaps any Governor-General ever had to face, were of inestimable value to India. I cannot now attempt to write this history, for I have no means of referring to papers which would be essential. But, at the same time, I cannot remain altogether silent on one of the most important matters in which, as Viceroy, he was concerned. It is a matter, too, on which I have a right to speak with some authority in regard to Lord Lawrence's opinions and proceedings, because, as Chief Commissioner of Oude, and afterwards as a Member of his Council, I had to take a very active part in the discussion of the subject, and in the legislative and executive measures which were adopted.

Much of the following account of the measures taken by Lord Lawrence for the protection of tenants in Oude and the Punjab will be taken by me, with little alteration, from correspondence on the subject between my brother, General R. Strachey, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, and in which I myself had a share. It represents what I know to have been the views of Lord Lawrence himself. I may add, although the fact is not known to the world, that it was, in no small measure, owing to Mr. Mill's personal exertions in this cause in which he was deeply interested, and to the strong representations made by him, personally, at the India Office, that Lord Lawrence's efforts for the protection of the rights of tenants in the Punjab did not altogether fail.

Whatever may have been the faults of the old East India Company, its views for the last thirty years of its existence, in regard to all questions affecting proprietors and cultivators of the land, had been thoroughly enlightened. Act X. of 1859, although passed after the Company had ceased to exist, embodied the principles which had long been acted upon

These were that the improvements of land in India depend essentially upon the actual cultivators of the soil, and that the Government was bound to maintain the ancient system of the country in regard to the tenure of land, both because it was intrinsically the best for the people at large, and because, at the same time, all property in land had by long usage become settled upon this basis. The existence of peasant proprietors was fully recognised; and where the land was cultivated by tenants, their rents were limited in accordance with custom, and not regulated by competition alone. Rights of occupancy, subject in every case to ascertained usage, were duly protected.

With the mutinies came a great change. Animosities of race were excited, and profound distrust in regard to our hold on the country was created by the sudden disappearance of our Government over a large part of Upper India, when the physical force on which it rested was gone. All this led a powerful section of the politicians of that day to fancy that strength was to be found in the establishment of a landed aristocracy of the English type. Thus alone, it was said, should we enlist permanently the most influential interest in the country in favour of the maintenance of our rule. The large increase in the number of ill-educated Englishmen in India which followed the mutinies, partly as a direct result, and partly from the great development given to undertakings requiring English capital and English management, helped to spread the insane desire for landlords like those of England. The agitation regarding waste lands and the inconveniences and disappointments which, at the very outset, were caused by the discovery that subordinate rights in the land almost everywhere existed, tended in the same direction. Under the excitement thus developed, it was affirmed that occupancy rights had been invented by ourselves, and that, as a fact, they had no real existence.

There must everywhere be a great landlord. If he were not found, then he must have been unjustly swept away. In the face of the most overwhelming mass of evidence, derived not only from India, but from almost every country in the world—excluding England and her colonies—it was declared that no system could be good excepting that which is, in truth, peculiar to England; that this was the system in India before the establishment of our rule; and that it must again be introduced whenever and wherever it was possible!

It was not only in the relation between cultivators and landlords that change was demanded. The cry was raised for a territorial aristocracy. The subdivision of estates was to be prohibited. Succession by primogeniture was to be established.

These views were afterwards put forward, in their most extreme form, in Oude, by the Chief Commissioner, Sir Charles Wingfield. Lord Canning had held them for a time, and the result had been that most

astonishing proceeding, the proclamation by the Governor-General of the forfeiture of all landed property in Oude.

The published papers relating to the Oude transactions, and the speeches made by myself in the Legislative Council on the Oude Rent Act, show the results of Lord Canning's proclamation, and of the measures by which it was followed. I was appointed Chief Commissioner of Oude by Lord Lawrence in 1866, and the duty devolved upon me of carrying into effect his determination to save and restore such remnants of the ancient rights as had not been hopelessly swept away. The task was a difficult one; for Lord Lawrence always admitted that he was bound to respect arrangements which had been declared by Lord Canning to be final, which had solemnly pledged the faith of the British Government to the Talukdars, and which, moreover, had been confirmed by orders and *sunnuds* having the force of law in Oude.

Little more was possible than to secure for the occupying classes and for the ousted proprietors of the land the best terms that the Talukdars could be persuaded to give, or that the Government could require, without setting aside the conditions of the settlement made under the orders of Lord Canning. It must be added that Lord Lawrence's difficulties in dealing with the question were immensely increased by the bitter hostility to his views shown by nearly the whole of his Council, in which, indeed, he received, from Sir Henry Maine and from Sir Richard Temple alone, enlightened sympathy and support.

The Government at home and the India Office looked with little favour on his supposed desire to upset the work of his predecessor; and to all these hostile influences was, as I have already said, added, at that time, the hostility of an excited and ignorant public opinion.

Under such circumstances, no real and complete success was possible. It was matter of congratulation that anything was saved all. Still, Lord Lawrence's efforts were not in vain. He left the condition of landed tenures in Oude far better than he found it; and many of the most cruel and scandalous instances of injustice were redressed. I will not attempt to describe in detail the measures actually adopted for the protection of tenants and of subordinate proprietors and others. Whatever was accomplished was entirely due to the resolution of Lord Lawrence. The condition of Oude is still *highly unsatisfactory*. The existing system has within itself elements which must destroy it. The ultimate recovery of the province will, we may trust, be brought about by the gradual and persistent application of the principles which Lord Lawrence maintained and, as far as possible, carried out. The elaborate attempt to create in Oude a great landed aristocracy is doomed to inevitable failure.

A movement similar to that which had been so successful in Oude, began, somewhat later, in the Punjab. On the revision of the original settlement of the land revenue, which had been made when the Punjab

first became a British province, the opportunity was taken to commence a war of extermination against the occupancy tenants of the country. The history of these proceedings is to be found in the debates of the Legislative Council on the Punjab Tendency Act, and especially, in the admirable speeches of Henry Maine.

In this case, as in Oude, Lord Lawrence resolved to redress as far as possible the injustice that had been done, and to prevent the serious injury to the country which he was satisfied would follow from the destruction of the ancient rights of the tenants. Here, also, his difficulties were great, in consequence of opposition in his own Council and in England. And all that was possible was to make as good a compromise as could be effected.

In the Punjab, however, matters had not gone nearly so far as in Oude, and a better residue of rights was saved to the tenants. Moreover, the Punjab is, mainly, a country of small proprietors, cultivating their own lands; and for this reason the question possessed smaller practical importance than it possessed in Oude. Still, serious sacrifices of sound principles had to be made, and the mischief which had been done could only partially be repaired. As I have said above, I doubt whether Lord Lawrence would not have failed altogether in these efforts to protect his old province from injury, if Mr. John Stuart Mill had not interested himself in the matter and had not brought his wise and pacific influence to bear against the opposition of the India Office. The time has, happily, passed in which it was necessary to defend the views of Lord Lawrence on these questions. It was a fortunate thing for India that she obtained, at that critical time, a Viceroy who could resist the clamour which so seriously threatened the most important of all her material interests, her agricultural industry. It is, unhappily, true that very much remains to be done. Nothing, for instance, could well be more lamentable than the condition to which the application of wrong principles, under the 'permanent settlement' made in the last century, has reduced the agricultural classes in some parts of Bengal. When Lord Lawrence was Viceroy, it would have been utterly hopeless to have attempted to deal with that great and most serious question, which is infallibly destined before long to assume much larger dimensions. But he never concealed his opinions regarding it, and it was, in a great degree, owing to this cause that such bitter hostility was persistently manifested towards him in Calcutta by the representatives of the rich zemindars of Bengal.

It was not the tenants and cultivators of land alone among the humbler classes whose interest he had at heart. He showed this by his constant desire to make taxation more equitable. The conviction that the poor were unduly weighted, and that the richer classes did not bear their just share of the public burdens, led him, in spite of never-ending opposition, which proved sometimes to be too strong to be successfully

resisted, to maintain the necessity and propriety of making an income tax a permanent part of the Indian fiscal system.

He never (I am quoting from the book to which I have already referred[1]) while he was in India, or after he left it, wavered in his opinion on this subject. No man knew India better than he, and never was there a man who would have more strongly and indignantly refused his consent to measures which he thought must entail injustice and oppression on the people. He believed that there are some classes of the community which have borne no proper part of the public burdens, although no classes are better able to bear their share; that it is by direct taxation alone that they can be reached; and that, with reasonably good administration, which it is certainly within our power to secure, there is no necessity whatever for any gross abuses in the assessment and collection of taxes of this kind, particularly if a high minimum of taxable income be adopted. On the very last occasion on which I saw Lord Lawrence, he spoke to me to this effect.

Temptations are never wanting in India for Governments to earn for themselves an easy and apparent popularity by a refusal to impose taxes on the richer and more influential classes of the community; and while these, the only audible critics, approve, it will never be difficult to find acceptable means for a course essentially impolitic and unjust. Statesmen should never forget that the real foundations of our power in India do not rest on the interested approval of the noisy few. They rest on justice, on the contentment of the millions who may not always be silent and quiescent, and on their feeling that, in spite of the selfish clamour of those who profess to be their guardians and representatives, they may place implicit trust in the equal justice of our Government, and in its watchful care of the interests of the masses of the people. The exemption of the richer classes from taxation is a political mistake, which, as time goes on, and knowledge and intelligence increase, must become more and more mischievous.

These were the opinions of Lord Lawrence, and it is still necessary to insist upon their truth; for the demand of the most influential classes in India that they shall virtually be excused from all taxation is as strong as ever. What I have now said illustrates some of the reasons for which Lord Lawrence did not obtain in India what is ordinarily, but most inaccurately, called popularity.

He obtained something much better. No Englishman was ever more honoured and respected, especially among the nobler races of Northern India. The man that Orientals honour and respect is the man whom they feel to be their strong and just master. On his part, nothing could exceed the affectionate regard which he felt towards the people of India

[1] See above, pp. 403-405.

generally, and, in particular, towards the free and manly people of his old province. When he became Viceroy, the feelings of violent animosity engendered in the minds of Englishmen by the atrocities of 1857 had by no means subsided, and it was fortunate for India that she then obtained for her ruler a man far above such influences, and full of kindly sympathy with her people.

There remains the important question of external policy, which has, in the popular imagination, come to be identified almost exclusively with the name of Sir John Lawrence, though nothing can be more certain than that it is *the* policy which has been constantly pursued, with more or less insight, and with more or less success, by every chief ruler of India, from the close of the ill-starred Governor-Generalship of Lord Auckland, down to the beginning of the equally ill-starred Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton. The policy, indeed, of Sir John Lawrence differed from that of the Viceroys who preceded or followed him, only, or chiefly, in the vast personal knowledge on which it was based. He possessed a knowledge, such as no other Viceroy could claim, of the physical features of the countries concerned, of the frontier line itself, of the aptitudes and characteristics of all the races who dwelt on each side of it; an acquaintance, in fact, at first hand, with all the conditions of the problem, physical and strategic, historical, political, and moral. He was, therefore, able to speak with greater authority on the subject, and was better armed at all points to resist the pressure certain to be brought to bear upon him by dashing soldiers and by adventurous politicians, who were all eagerness for the abandonment of a policy which, eschewing aggression and conquest and holding that our responsibilities were already vast enough, regarded the good government and security of India itself as the first and sufficient object of an Indian statesman.

The policy of Sir John Lawrence has been called by one of its chief literary advocates a policy of 'masterly inactivity.'[1] It is a term not free from objection; for it does not bring out that knowledge and that watchfulness which were of its very essence. It has, therefore, been eagerly caught up by opponents, who have fancied that the name itself furnishes them with an argument against the policy which it indicates. But I am not aware that it is more misleading than such short characterisations usually are. Sir John Lawrence's foreign policy was a policy of self-reliance and of self-restraint, of

[1] The late J. W. Wyllie.

defence not defiance, of waiting and of watching, that he might be able to strike the harder and in the right direction, if the time for aggressive action should ever come. In a word, it was a policy of peaceful progress at home and of non-interference in the internal affairs of our neighbours, more particularly of that congeries of wild tribes along the North-Western border of six hundred miles; who, inhabiting a country of rock, and mountain, and torrent as savage as themselves, happily still separate us from the giant form of Russia.

Thirty years ago, many hundred miles of steppe and desert still intervened between the Russian outposts on the Caspian and those of Afghanistan on the Oxus. To-day, the Lower Oxus has become a Russian stream and is traversed by Russian steamers. The three independent Khanates of Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand have, for good or evil, been licked up by the advance of the Russian Colossus, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field. Persia is a puppet in the hand of Russia and must do her bidding. The wild Turcomans of the steppes, never before subdued by man, have yielded their submission. The oasis of Merv is threatened; and from Merv, as we have been often told, there is a comparatively rich river valley leading to Herat. It is the Russian factor, therefore, rather than the Afghan, which has, from the beginning, given a vivid and ever-increasing interest to the Central Asian question. It was the Russian factor which led us, more than forty years ago, into, perhaps, the greatest crime and greatest folly we have ever committed as a nation—the first Afghan War. It is the Russian factor which may now pride itself on having drawn us, with our eyes open, into a repetition of the same folly and the same crime, in the second Afghan War.

How was this great fact, or great danger, of the gradual advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier to be met? That it is, or may be, a real danger, no one who has seriously studied the subject will deny. Two very different answers have been given to the question; the one by what is called the Scinde, and other by the Punjab school of frontier policy.

The Scinde school looks back to General John Jacob, a man of great vigour and commanding personal qualities, as its founder, and it numbers among its advocates men as distinguished for their knowledge, their ability, or their enterprise as are Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Henry Green, Sir Lewis Pelly, Sir George Birdwood, and Sir William Merewether. These authorities have, for many years past, more or less consistently advocated, as the best

means of anticipating an invasion of India, the military occupation first of Quetta, in Beloochistan, and then, as our own convenience may dictate, of Candahar and Herat. They have also, some at least of them, been anxious to extend English influence over other parts of Afghanistan, by stationing English envoys or Residents in its chief cities; by sending English officers to drill its armies; and by supporting, with our arts or with our arms, this or that periodical pretender to the blood-stained honour of the Afghan crown.

The Punjab school, with Sir John Lawrence at its head, and supported by successive Secretaries of State and successive Governors-General, as well as by some of the most splendid soldier-statesmen whom India has produced, have held wholly different views. They hold that to take any one of the steps advocated by the Scinde authorities is to go half-way to meet the dangers which we profess to fear; that it is to arouse the suspicion, the alarm, and the hatred of a fickle and a faithless, a fierce and a fanatical, but, at the same time, a brave and patriotic people, a people whom we have already deeply wronged, a people who, whatever their faults, are passionately attached to their freedom and their homes, and hate—as they have too good reason to do—the sight of any foreigner, and not least, it is sad to say it, of any Englishman among them; that it is to encourage those aggressive instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race which are, already, quite strong enough and which need all the tact and the talent, the firm will and the clear insight, of their responsible rulers to keep them under control; that it is to draw us away from our natural frontier of an almost impassable river and then of mountain wall piled behind mountain wall, a frontier where our resources are close at hand, and the population is, at least relatively, friendly, to a frontier which will be everywhere and yet nowhere, a will-o'-the-wisp, which, when it has lured us to an indefinite distance from our base, will leave us to fight our battles so much the nearer to our enemies, and with a population in our rear and at our flanks who will rob a victory of half its fruits and will turn a defeat into our utter ruin; that it is to guard against a future and contingent danger by neglecting those which lie beneath our feet; that it is to concentrate the attention of English and Indian statesmen on matters over which they can exercise little appreciable influence; that it is to make the imperial policy of India depend upon the flight of a random bullet or the dagger of a paradise-seeking Ghazi; that it is to employ our Indian army on a service which they hate, and so to increase the difficulties of the recruiting

officer, which are already formidable enough; finally, that it is to throw away crores of rupees on barren mountain ridges and ever-vanishing frontier lines, while every rupee is sorely needed by a Government which can hardly pay its way, and by a vast population which, living on little more than starvation rates, cries aloud to be saved from the tax-gatherer, on the one hand, and from actual starvation on the other. Each one of these propositions is capable of an amount of proof which to many minds seems almost demonstrative; each supports, and yet each is independent of all the others; and the whole have carried conviction to successive generations of enlightened and patriotic Indian statesmen.

And what have been the practical maxims in dealing with the Afghans which have been the outcome of this policy, and which guided Sir John Lawrence throughout his career as Chief Commissioner and as Governor-General? Convince the Afghans,—so he says, in a hundred different shapes, in letters which lie before me and which extend over a space of more than a quarter of a century,—that we do not covet and will not take a foot either of their few fertile valleys or of their thousand barren hills; that we will never attempt to force an English envoy or Resident upon them, for we recognise that, in their present state of civilisation, the instinct which makes them shrink from his presence is a sound instinct, an instinct of self-preservation; that we do not wish, nay that we are not willing, to interfere, otherwise than by advice and by example, with their religion, their blood-feuds, their fratricidal contests, their ancestral customs; that the ruler chosen by them we will always recognise for what he is, the *de facto* ruler of the country; that, when he is once firmly established on the throne, we may be willing to aid him, from time to time, by presents of money or muskets, cannon or ammunition—by such presents, in short, as one friend may give to another—but that we will never help him by force of arms to win his throne, or to recover it, if, by his own weakness or his own misconduct, he may have lost it; that we will make no entangling alliances with them which would be one-sided at the very best; for while we should feel bound to perform our part of the contract, we know that they would feel bound to do nothing of the kind; that our one wish—even if our immediate interests may sometimes seem to point in an opposite direction—is that the country may be strong, united, prosperous, and friendly; that, as it is our firm resolve not to interfere with them, so we expect that they will not interfere with us; and, in view of the overwhelming interests entrusted

to us in India, we claim the right, as we have the power, to forbid any other foreign State—above all, a State so unscrupulous as Russia—to interfere, directly or indirectly, by embassies or by intrigues, by treaties or by arms, in a State which is conterminous with our dominions. If Russia does so interfere with Afghanistan, the Afghans will be ready enough to appeal to us for aid, and we will then enter their country, not as their enemies but as their allies. And, as soon as we have done our work we will retire again, appropriating nothing and seeking to appropriate nothing to ourselves, within our own frontiers.

Here was a policy which was, at least, manly, straightforward, unaggressive; which was founded on an unequalled knowledge of the subject, and which, whether it was right or wrong, was laid down with express reference to the advance of the Russians, who sooner or later, and, probably, sooner than later, would find themselves on the Oxus and the Hindu Kush. If therefore this policy was right and wise in 1854 when the idea of the occupation of Quetta was first started by General John Jacob, it was also right, *mutatis mutandis*, in 1866, when the project was revived by Sir Henry Green and Sir Bartle Frere. It was right and wise in 1874, when Sir Bartle Frere, then a member of the Indian Council at home, wrote his famous letter to Sir John Kaye, which has done half the mischief. And, finally, it was right and wise in 1878, when Sir John Lawrence lifted up his voice, for the last time, against—what was then, unhappily, already a foregone conclusion—a war which he believed to be unnecessary and unjust, and which he knew to be fatal to its avowed object and prejudicial to the highest interests of our Indian Empire.

It only remains for me, in the concluding portion of this chapter, to show briefly the steps which Sir John Lawrence took as Viceroy to carry out the policy which he had adopted, and its results as regards the relations of the two Powers, when he laid down his office in the beginning of 1869.

Dost Mohammed, the able, and, as Afghan notions go, the upright ruler of Afghanistan, and one of the most remarkable men whom Central Asia has produced, died at Herat in June 1863; a few months, that is, before Sir John Lawrence came out as Viceroy. His life had been a life of adventure and romance from the cradle to the grave. His father was an Afghan of the famous Barukzye clan, who had risen, by his ability, to be the Wuzir of the then recognised Suddozye sovereign. His mother was a despised Kuzzilbash. At the very youthful age of fourteen, he had taken Herat, that apple of discord of

Central Asia; and, curiously enough, his very last exploit, when he was over seventy-five years of age, had been to march from Cabul and take it again.

A te principium, tibi desinet.

By the usual Afghan combination of reckless daring and treacherous assassination, he had managed to drive the Suddozyes from the throne of their ancestors and, in his own person, to establish that of the Barukzyes in their place. He had invented and appropriated to himself the now famous title of '*Ameer i Mominan*,' or Commander of the Faithful, had welded the scattered and independent fragments of the Dourani Empire into one compact whole, had made an unsuccessful dash upon Peshawur, which, with Kashmere, had been torn from the Afghan Empire by Runjeet Sing, and had, for nearly forty years, ruled Afghanistan with prudence, justice, and moderation. 'Is Dost Mohammed dead, that there is no justice?' was a proverb common throughout his dominions, during the whole of those forty years. No nobler epitaph could be written upon the tomb of an Afghan prince.

This was the man whom, in a moment of temporary insanity, at the cost of twenty millions of money and the terrible massacre and humiliation of our armies, we had driven from his throne, and, then, had been driven to place him on it again when we could find no one else—least of all Shah Soojah, the miserable puppet of our choice—who could win and hold that perilous honour. Once, and only once, during the Sikh war, had Dost Mohammed endeavoured to take his revenge upon us. From that time forward, thanks to the just and strong frontier policy pursued by Sir John Lawrence, he had shown us no ill-will. In two treaties concluded with us in 1855 and 1856, he had bound himself to be 'the friend of our friends and the enemy of our enemies.' He had received subsidies from us to aid him in his reconquest of Herat, and then he had remained staunch to us throughout the crisis of the Indian Mutiny, when every other Afghan was straining, like a hound within his leashes, to be let loose on the apparently defenceless quarry. Living to such an advanced age, Dost Mohammed would hardly have been an Asiatic if he had not married many wives and left behind him many sons. He would hardly have been an Afghan if those sons, who had been barely kept from flying at one another's throats during their father's lifetime by the respect which they all felt for him, had not prepared to make up for lost time,

now that he was gone. Dost Mohammed had always foreseen that a fierce scramble for empire would inevitably take place at his death, and had advised Sir John Lawrence to have nothing to with it. 'Leave us and our country alone,' he said to him in one of their interviews at Jumrood. 'We are poor in everything but stones and men.' 'Never talk of sending a Resident to Cabul,' was another of his bits of advice, 'for, if I myself could not ensure his safety, much less will those who come after me.' Golden words which fell on wise and willing ears!

Passing over the claims of his two eldest sons, Mohammed Afzul and Mohammed Azim Khan, who were full brothers, the Dost had named as his successor, Shere Ali, his third son by another wife. He was within his right in so doing. But such a choice—even though it were the choice of Dost Mohammed—was seldom binding on the consciences of the rest of the royal family; much less on that of the Afghans at large. He left sixteen surviving sons; and, of these, three were prepared to aim directly at the crown, while several of the others were bent on making themselves the independent rulers of their respective provinces. Here, then, was a grand opportunity—as some people in India thought—for Sir John Lawrence to throw his own sword into the scale, to make one scrambler the more in the general *mêlée*, and to get something for England out of it; a grand opportunity, as Sir John Lawrence himself thought, and thought rightly, for holding entirely aloof, for showing that we had no selfish or aggressive aims, and for allowing the Afghans to settle their own quarrels in their own way. Had he been less firm, we should either have been involved, during the whole of his Viceroyalty, in the tangled web of Afghan blood-feuds; or, had we succeeded in putting our own candidate at once upon the throne, the mere fact that we had done so would have gone far to ensure a rising against him as soon as we retired from the capital, and then, the bloody process of natural selection, with or without our aid, would have had to be gone through, all over again.

It would be impossible, within the space at my disposal, and it would be useless, even if it were possible, to follow the vicissitudes of the fraternal conflict, which ended—and which, it may be hoped, even in Afghanistan, generally ends—in the survival of the fittest. For nearly five years, during nearly the whole, that is, of Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty, the contest raged. There were the usual kaleidoscopic shiftings of scene and of the chief actors in it; exile and

the battle-field, the throne and the durbar, the prison and the grave. There was the usual number of oaths sworn on the Koran and sworn only to be broken; of reconciliations ending in more deadly hate; of treacherous assassinations; of wholesale massacres. One month, Afzul Khan was languishing in a dungeon at Khelat-i-Ghilzai. The next, he was on the throne in Cabul, importuning Sir John Lawrence to recognise him as Ameer. One month, Azim Khan was in exile, a pensioner on Sir John Lawrence's bounty, at Rawul Pindi. The next, he was at the head of an army in the field. Anon, he was ruling Cabul in his brother Afzul's name; and then, when Afzul died, he became, from October 1867 to August 1868, the chief ruler of the whole country.

But what of Shere Ali, the *de jure* Ameer, if such a term may be used at all of one who has not yet proved that he has the only right which the Afghans ever recognise, the right of superior might? His fortunes were more chequered still. He had been recognised by Sir William Denison as the successor of his father, just before Sir John Lawrence landed. But he was hardly seated upon the throne when he found that he had to fight for it. Four rival claimants started up, and just after he had apparently succeeded, at the end of the first two years of his reign (1865), in beating them off, they rose again in greater strength; and, this time, it was his turn to lose. He was driven, first from Balkh, then from Cabul, then from Candahar; and, at last, he took refuge in Herat, the only corner of Afghanistan in which he could keep a precarious foothold, and was obliged to look quietly on while his two elder brothers occupied his throne in succession.

Yet he never gave up the contest. He was in truth a remarkable man, this son of Dost Mohammed, and was destined to fill a large place in the fortunes of Central Asia during the next fifteen years. He was, if I may so call him, the Saul of Afghan history. He was a Saul, in his commanding aspect, in his generous impulses, in his warm affections, in his brooding melancholy, in his mad jealousy, in his outbursts of ferocity against those whom he loved most dearly, finally, in that ineffable dignity, which a long train of calamities that are only half-merited, seldom fails to confer upon a man who has aught that is noble in his character or his antecedents. He was, in short, one of those mixed characters, half noble and half 'passion ravaged,' whom the great Greek philosopher pronounced to be the proper subject for tragedy. He had given a kiss of peace to his

half-brother Afzul Khan, had sworn fidelity to him on the Koran, and then, for a fancied offence of Afzul's son, Abdurrahman—the very man whom, in the strange whirligig of fortune, we have just placed on a precarious throne, a pensioner of Russia to oppose Russian ambition—he ordered him, in public Durbar, to be thrown into chains. In the battle which followed, he was doomed to see his own full brother fall by the hands of the son whom he idolised, and that same idolised son fall, at the same moment, by the hand of his brother; and, as he touchingly said in his despatch, 'all the joys of the victory were clouded by his loss.' For several months thereafter, he shut himself up in an inner chamber at Candahar, refusing, like Saul's great rival of old, to be comforted. He declined to see anyone but a few personal attendants; now bursting out into paroxysms of fury against friend and foe alike; now talking of a pilgrimage to Mecca; and, now again, in the wild frenzy of his grief, plunging, at midnight, into a tank of water and grovelling along the bottom in the hope that he might there find the body of his lost darling. 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

Better known, perhaps, but not more deserving to be known, are the stories of his wild grief, years afterwards, over the death of his Benjamin, the son of his old age, Abdulla Jan; of his romantic admiration for Lord Mayo; his fervent declaration that he would wield the sword which Lord Mayo had given him against the enemies of England everywhere; his pathetic letter upon Lord Mayo's death; his moving appeal, some years afterwards, to those who had neither ears to hear nor hearts to feel, not to force upon him an English envoy whose life he could not guarantee and whose presence, as he too truly foresaw, would be, a sentence of death to him and to his country. It certainly adds a sting the more to the bitter memories of the second Afghan war, that the man with whom we deliberately picked a quarrel, and whom, in the course of it, we drove from his dominions, to die in misery and in exile, was a man of the strongly marked character I have described—a man who, moody and capricious as he was, had shown himself, during many years, to be anxious for our friendship, had governed Afghanistan well, according to his lights, had regarded Lord Lawrence with reverence, Lord Mayo with passionate affection, Lord Northbrook, in spite of some disappointed hopes, without any feelings of hostility, had looked, in fact, upon the word of each successive Viceroy as his bond, and as the bond of

England, till, in an evil moment for our fair fame, a second moment of temporary insanity, we undid all that had been done, broke, alike, the faith of treaties and the promises of successive Viceroys, and involved ourselves in the shameful reverses and the costly and Cadmean victories of one more Afghan war.

But fortune was, for the time at least, to smile on Shere Ali. In the autumn of 1868, he found himself once again in Cabul, Azim, his last formidable adversary, having been driven hopeless and helpless into Balkh. He was thus, once again, the *de facto* as well as the *de jure* Ameer, and Sir John Lawrence was free to act on the lines of the policy which he had laid down from the beginning of the struggle, the policy of recognising any claimant on whom the deliberate choice of the Afghan people should fall, and—without committing himself to a one-sided alliance which would be a temptation to misgovernment, and, perhaps, a charter for it—to give him such assistance, from time to time, as one friend may give to another, if he shows himself to be deserving of it. To every application for aid or for recognition, whether it had come from Shere Ali or from one of his rivals, he had, from considerations of humanity, as well as policy, so long as the contest lasted, turned a deaf ear. In vain, had one of the candidates offered him, as a bribe, an alliance between Afghanistan and England against Russia. In vain, had another inverted the proposal, and threatened him with an alliance of Afghanistan and Russia against England. In vain, had the vague and mysterious terrors of that 'old man of the mountain,' the Akhund of Swat, been held up before his eyes. To have given aid or recognition or to have shown any sign of flinching from the policy of neutrality which he had laid down, would have been to assist in putting upon the Afghan throne a man whom, perchance, the majority of the Afghans might already hate, and whom, assuredly, they would hate the more, if we raised a finger to help in placing him there.

In reply to one such application from Afzul Khan, Sir John Lawrence says :—

My friend, the relations of this Government are with the actual rulers of Afghanistan. If your Highness is able to consolidate your Highness's power in Cabul, and is sincerely desirous of being a friend and ally of the British Government, I shall be ready to accept your Highness as such. But I cannot break the existing engagements with Ameer Shere Ali Khan, and I must continue to treat him as the ruler of that portion of Afghanistan over which he retains control. Sincerity and fair dealing induce me to write thus plainly and openly to your Highness.

But now the case was altered. With the full approval of the Conservative Government at home, who, by the mouth of Sir Stafford Northcote, expressed unlimited confidence in anything which Sir John Lawrence should advise or do, 60,000*l.* were given to the Ameer to help him in organising his newly fledged authority and in repairing the waste which the long civil war had made; while hopes of favours to come, should his Government prove to be 'strong, just, and merciful,' confirmed him in his friendly feelings towards us. A proposal which originated with him to pay a visit to the Punjab, and there hold a personal conference with Sir John Lawrence, his father's friend, was favourably received; and Sir John lingered on at Simla longer than usual in November, in order that he might gratify the wish. But this was not to be. The smouldering embers of disaffection warned Shere Ali not to leave Cabul till they had died or had been trampled out; and Sir John Lawrence, as the best thing which he could do for Shere Ali himself, for his own successors in the Viceroyalty, and for the future of both countries, determined to leave behind him, on record, a statement of the motives which had guided, and of the principles which he hoped might still guide, our relations with Afghanistan. No more valuable testamentary bequest could he have bequeathed, and its immediate and legitimate result, nothing more and nothing less, was the famous Umballa Durbar, held in the March following, by his successor, when Shere Ali, though many of his requests were necessarily refused by Lord Mayo, went away charmed with his reception, swearing, as I have already mentioned, that he would wield the sword which had been given him, in defence of England, and convinced that he had nothing to fear and much to hope for from our disinterested friendship.

The policy which I have thus attempted to sketch, the policy of non-interference in Afghanistan, coupled with the wish that she should be strong, independent, and friendly to us, was, I would once more point out, not the policy of Sir John Lawrence alone. Probably, no other Viceroy would have been able to carry it out quite as he did. No other Viceroy would have watched with the keen interest and insight with which his letters show that he watched, every vicissitude in the complicated struggle, or would have been so well able to avoid all the traps that were laid for him by the rival aspirants in Afghanistan, or by the varied proposals of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere at home. But the policy itself was the policy of many successive Viceroys, and of a still larger number of successive

Secretaries of State, more particularly, as I am able to prove from the letters before me, of each one of the five Secretaries of State who held office during Sir John Lawrence's Viceroyalty; all of them men remarkable, either for their commanding ability, or for their parliamentary standing, or for their knowledge of Indian administration: Sir Charles Wood, Lord de Grey, Lord Cranborne, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Duke of Argyll. Out of very many expressions of their views upon the subject, I select a few which are specially characteristic of the men.

I am (says Sir Charles Wood) altogether against trying to set up a *permanent influence*, as it is called, at Cabul.

And again:—

I entirely approve of your conduct as to the Cabul Ameer. Perfect neutrality and non-intervention are the rules I should act upon as much as you can. You and I have talked this question over very often, and we quite agreed upon it. So I have no doubt of your acting entirely in the spirit which I should approve. . . .

Rawlinson has a scheme for occupying Herat and Candahar as a counteracting move. I cannot see the wisdom of his proposals, which seem to me to be the most unwise that we could adopt, extending ourselves further from our base, exciting the jealousy of the very people —the Afghans—on whose resistance to the invader, in the first instance, we must rely. I adhere to our old doctrine that we can always buy the Afghan alliance when we want it, if we keep on good terms with them meanwhile.

And what said Lord de Grey, now Governor-General of India:—

I quite agree with you that our policy in Afghanistan should be to let the people beyond our own frontier manage their own concerns, so long as they leave us alone. . . . You will not find me any more inclined to an aggressive or a meddling foreign policy than my predecessor. There may, of course, be occasions on which it may be necessary for us to interfere. But the longer you can abstain from interference the more shall I rejoice.

Lord Cranborne, as is his wont, was more incisive and epigrammatic, and were I at liberty in his case, as I am in the case of the other Secretaries of State who preceded and followed him, to quote the *ipsissima dicta* of the letters which lie in such rich and tempting profusion before me, I could show that the most crushing condemnation of the policy and projects afterwards pursued by the Marquis of Salisbury is to be found in the admirable despatches of

Lord Cranborne. Such letters, if they may not be quoted as historical documents, at least form the materials for history; and I am, at all events, free to state, as the result of my study of them, that the writer laughed to scorn those who thought that the approach of Russia involved any serious danger to India; that he considered that a campaign on the Indus, with the Caspian as its nearest effective base, was altogether beyond the power of Russia; and that, on the question of the occupation of Quetta—the particular step which was then and afterwards nearest to the heart of the 'Forward School,' and for the simple reason, that they knew well that, if this could once be managed, it might be made, by skilful manipulation, to carry all the rest, an advance to Candahar and Herat, a mission to Cabul, and the ultimate control or annexation of the whole country—Lord Cranborne was as staunch as Sir John Lawrence himself and the other high Anglo-Indian authorities who saw what it involved, Sir Robert Napier, Sir William Mansfield, Sir Henry Norman, Sir Donald Macleod, Sir Henry Davies, Sir Harry Lumsden.

Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Cranborne's successor at the India Office, was of the same opinion :—

I have read (he says to Sir John Lawrence) with great interest what you say about Afghanistan, and have shown your letter to Lord Stanley. We are very reluctant to intermeddle in any way with these complicated civil wars, and hope you will adhere to your policy of entire neutrality. . . . I entirely agree with you in deprecating the Russophobia, which is both undignified and unwise. Happily, the Russophobia in this country is very mild, and will never drive you into action.

Unfortunately, the 'Russophobia,' not of Sir Stafford Northcote himself—for he would appear to have been always free from it—but of the next Ministry of which he was to be a member, was to drive into action of a much more precipitate nature the whole of the party who, with a large majority at their disposal, then swayed the destinies of England.

It is unnecessary to quote a word from the Duke of Argyll's letters or speeches; for his views on the subject are too well known, and from them, whether in or out of the Ministry, he has never swerved.

Against the weight of experience and authority which was thus arrayed against him, Sir Henry Rawlinson could hardly have hoped that his famous Memorandum proposing various measures 'to counteract the advance of Russia in Central Asia, and to strengthen

the influence and power of England in Afghanistan and Persia,' would command much support in India. It had been duly forwarded to India by Sir Stafford Northcote, in order that its suggestions might be examined and reported on by those who were most competent to do so. And it was this circumstance, combined with the termination of the Afghan civil war, which determined Sir John Lawrence to leave behind him, as a legacy to his successor and to the nation at large, the important State paper to which I have referred. With it, there was a series of Minutes written by those who had the best right to speak upon the subject, and who, starting from very different standpoints and travelling by different roads, all arrived at much the same general conclusions. These conclusions were summed up as follows, in what is called a 'covering despatch,' from the Foreign Department :—

We object to any active interference in the affairs of Afghanistan by the deputation of a high British officer with or without a contingent, or by the forcible or amicable occupation of any post or tract in that country beyond our own frontier, inasmuch as we think that such a measure would, under present circumstances, engender irritation, defiance, and hatred in the minds of the Afghans, without, in the least, strengthening our power either for attack or defence. We think it impolitic and unwise to decrease any of the difficulties which would be entailed on Russia if that Power seriously thought of invading India, as we should certainly decrease them if we left our own frontier and met her half-way in a difficult country, and, possibly, in the midst of a hostile or exasperated population. We foresee no limits to the expenditure which such a move might require, and we protest against the necessity of having to impose additional taxation on the people of India, who are unwilling, as it is, to bear such pressure for measures which they can both understand and appreciate. And we think that the objects which we have at heart, in common with all interested in India, may be attained by an attitude of readiness and firmness on our frontier, and by giving all our care and expending all our resources for the attainment of practical and sound ends over which we can exercise an effective and immediate control.

Should a foreign Power, such as Russia, ever seriously think of invading India from without, or, what is more probable, of stirring up the elements of disaffection or anarchy within it, our true policy, our strongest security, would then, we conceive, be found to lie in previous abstinence from entanglements at either Cabul, Candahar, or any similar outpost; in full reliance on a compact, highly equipped, and disciplined army stationed within our own territories, or on our own border; in the contentment, if not in the attachment, of the masses; in the sense of

security of title and possession, with which our whole policy is gradually imbuing the minds of the principal chiefs and the native aristocracy; in the construction of material works within British India, which enhance the comfort of the people while they add to our political and military strength; in husbanding our finances and consolidating and multiplying our resources; in quiet preparation for all contingencies, which no Indian statesman should disregard; and in a trust in the rectitude and honesty of our intentions, coupled with the avoidance of all sources of complaint which either invite foreign aggression or stir up restless spirits to domestic revolt.

Having thus given his views of what ought and what ought not to be done, Sir John Lawrence went on to make a suggestion which he had thrown out before, and which I have good reason to believe he would have carried out into act, that efforts should be made to come to a clear understanding with Russia, as to her projects in Central Asia. Knowing well that there were men in Russia, as there have always been in British India, who were bent on a policy of aggression, and would be glad, if opportunity offered, to force the hand of their Government in that direction, he proposed that Russia should be given to understand 'in firm but courteous language,' that she would not be permitted to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan or of any State that was contiguous to our frontier. Sir John Lawrence was not a man who would have failed to stand by his word. When the Russians began to show any intention of breaking this understanding, he would, assuredly, have remonstrated, not with the weak, but with the strong; and, remonstrances failing, he would have addressed an ultimatum, backed by the whole force of the empire, not to the unwilling victims, but to the real offenders. Russia would then have been seen to be the aggressive, Great Britain the unaggressive Power; and the Afghans would, henceforward, have looked to us, not as their oppressors, but as their deliverers and their friends.

The State paper, the concluding paragraphs of which I have quoted, summed up the recorded opinions of as able and as responsible a body of statesmen and of soldiers as could have been got together in support of any line of policy in India. It was countersigned by Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief; by Sir Henry Maine, the famous jurist; by Sir Richard Temple, who had begun to climb the ladder of advancement under the guidance of John Lawrence himself in the Punjab; and by Sir John Strachey,

who was afterwards to fill some of the most important posts in the successive Governments of Lord Mayo, of Lord Northbrook, and of Lord Lytton. Among men, remarkable for their knowledge of the frontier, and responsible, at one time or the other, for its safety, who were known to be in agreement with the principles laid down, there were three successive Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab—Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Donald Macleod, and Sir Henry Davies; there were soldiers of great frontier reputation like Sir Henry Norman, Sir Henry Durand, Sir Harry Lumsden, and Sir Neville Chamberlain; while, between the lines, there might also have been read, by those who had the eyes to see them, the names of not a few of the mighty dead, men who knew the Afghan frontier as they knew their own homes, men like General John Nicholson, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Sir Henry Lawrence.

The document was dated January 4, and it formed, as it fitly might, the last important act of Sir John Lawrence. His work in India was done. For five full years, he had borne the burden of the Viceroyalty, a burden heavy for a man in the very prime of his life and strength. He had given to India, what she most of all wanted, a period of almost unbroken peace and progress. He had fought a prolonged and uphill battle, against every kind of obstacle, in defence of those who could do least to defend themselves and who hardly knew that he was defending them. After protracted efforts, he had induced the Secretary of State to sanction a grand scheme of irrigation, canals, tanks, and embankments which would give to the natives of India the prime requisite of life, and, as far as possible, secure them against the most appalling of visitations; and these great works he had, in the last year of his reign, set a-going in almost every province of the Empire. Believing, as he did, that irrigation was infinitely more important for the immediate wants of the country than railways, he had yet pushed on railways so fast that not less than fifteen hundred miles had been opened during his term of office, at the expense of thirty millions sterling! Anxious, even here, most of all for the good of the unprotected natives, he had managed, by his personal influence, to secure protection for third-class passengers from the want of air, the want of water, and the insults to which they had been hitherto exposed at the hands of low-minded officials. He had re-organised the whole of the telegraph department, laying down 2,500 miles of new wire, and arranging that messages should be sent from one end of the empire to the other at the cost of a rupee. The

son of one soldier, as he was fond of saying, and the brother of several, he had always been anxious for the interests of the British soldier; and, at seven different stations, he had erected splendid blocks of double-storied barracks, giving him, what nobody, hitherto, had been able or had cared to give him, air and light, reading-rooms and workshops, gardens and rooms for prayer. He had constructed, at suitable spots throughout India, small fortified posts which might serve as places of refuge in time of need. He had given untiring attention to the all-important but always neglected subject of sanitary reform. Indeed, as Florence Nightingale, with whom he was in constant and confidential communication throughout, truly remarked, he was the father of sanitary measures in India. In finance, many of his measures had been unpopular. But they were none the worse, or, rather, they were all the better on that account; for while he had always been in favour of a strict economy of the public money, he had endeavoured to secure that the State burdens should be laid, as far as possible, on the shoulders of those who, if they were loudest in their complaints, were best able to bear them, and would feel them least. With this view, he had struggled to lower the tax on salt, which was a necessity of life. He had opposed the imposition of a tax on tobacco, because it formed the one luxury of the working classes; and he had been in favour of retaining the income tax, as the only means of making the wealthy bear their proper share of the public burdens. He had been zealous in the cause of education, not least for those who wanted it most, the helpless and ignorant ryots of Bengal; and when he left India he had the satisfaction of feeling that there were not less than 700,000 pupils working in 19,000 State-aided schools, and, among them, 54,000 girls. The Sailors' Home in Calcutta testified to his care for sailors; the new jails he built, to his zeal for jail reform; and all this he had done in spite of difficulties arising from weakened health, from differences of opinion between himself and some of the most influential members of his Council, from the persistent and malevolent attacks of a certain part of the Anglo-Indian press, and from the prejudices which had been aroused against him by the fact, now that he was a commoner, now that he was a civilian, now that he was a Punjabi, and, now again, that he was a genuine and devout Christian. 'I am only a cracked pot,' he had said, in a moment of despondency, to Sir George Campbell, when about to undertake his new and vast responsibilities. Perhaps he

felt so. But what man, we may well ask, in the very prime of his health and strength, could have done more unostentatious, more unflagging, more unselfish, more noble, more lasting work than he? 'He is great,' said the editor of the 'Friend of India,' a man who had watched his career carefully and had criticised some of his measures unsparingly—'he is great in the work which he has done as Governor-General; he is great in the moral spirit in which he has done every act; in the lofty principle which has guided him; in the noble private character, which towers above that of any of his predecessors.'

And it is to be remembered that, in India, the private character of a public man is a more important element in estimating his general influence, even than it is in England. Indeed, I question whether the example set to his countrymen at large in this respect by Sir John Lawrence, and, I might add, in their measure, by all the members of the Lawrence school, is not among the most valuable of all the services which he and they have rendered to India. Throughout his life, even in the early Delhi and Punjab days, John Lawrence had set his face strongly against practices which it is easier to understand than to describe, and which were then all too common among our countrymen in India. No one whose character was not above suspicion, in these respects, could hope to stand well with him, even in early times. Still less could he have obtained access now to his Viceregal Court. Vice of all kinds stood abashed in his presence. Men, aye, and women too, 'saw how awful goodness was.' The gambler, the profane, the profligate, the flippant, the self-indulgent, felt that his court was no place for them. No one ever dropped an impure word or made an impure allusion in his presence; no one ever scoffed at religion, whether his own or that of the natives; no one ever spoke contemptuously or harshly of the natives themselves without receiving from him a stern, and sometimes a sledge-hammer rebuke. On one occasion, a lady who was sitting at the Viceregal table allowed herself to sneer at the Bible. Sir John Lawrence looked fixedly at her and said, with all his dignity, but with more of sorrow than of anger, in his words, 'How can you speak like that of God and of God's Book in the presence of these young men?' The next minute, he was talking with her of other subjects, as if nothing had happened. But the rebuke had done its work on her and on the assembled company. On another occasion, a young officer in the army, who was talking, after the manner of his kind, contemptuously of the natives, happened, in Sir John Lawrence's hearing, to speak

of them as 'those niggers' 'I beg your pardon,' said Sir John, 'of what people were you speaking?' And, here again, the rebuke did its work right well. Thus the Viceregal Court was, in his time, what, happily, it has been in the case of most of our Viceroys, and what the English Court has been throughout the reign of Queen Victoria, the centre, so far as its chief occupant could make it so, of everything that was pure, everything that was lovely, everything that was of good report; and from it, as from a fresh fountain, flowed forth lessons of purity, of simplicity, of reverence, of manliness, of hard work, of all the domestic charities, which were felt more or less throughout all ranks of English society in India. Would that it had always been so in India before and since! Would that it may always be so hereafter! Would that intelligent and inquiring natives may never find one of their most forcible arguments against Christianity in the language, in the actions, in the policy, in the surroundings of their so-called Christian rulers!

But now it was all over. Lord Mayo was already on Indian soil. He had already inspected the wonders of Bombay and had made the acquaintance of the chief Indian administrators there. He was now doing the same at Madras; and within a few days he might be expected at the mouth of the Hooghly. 'Lord Mayo,' remarked Sir John Lawrence with a tinge of sadness, 'is beginning his life as a public man, just where I am leaving mine.' He could not have anticipated, no one could then have anticipated, that, years after Lord Mayo's promise of a beneficent career should have been cut short by the dagger of the assassin, Lord Lawrence would still be rendering to his country true knightly service, in the House of Peers, on the School Board, and by his letters to the 'Times' at home.

On January 11—the day, that is, before Lord Mayo was to arrive—a farewell dinner was given to the departing Viceroy in the Town Hall of Calcutta. The guests were two hundred and fifty in number, and formed a fair representation of all classes of the English community—of all, in fact, except a small portion of the Calcutta merchants who absented themselves on grounds which were creditable, not to themselves, but to Sir John Lawrence. The Judges of the Supreme Court, the members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, of the North-West, and of the Punjab, sat in close proximity to the chief guests. Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief, presided, and in a speech which was worthy of the occasion, passed under review the whole career of

Sir John Lawrence, from the days when, at the outbreak of the first Punjab war, he, the speaker, was marching with his regiment to the scene of operations, and was told on all hands that 'the supplies for the war were to come from John Lawrence;' in other words, that the plain and little-known civilian was 'the base of operations;' and so, through the time of the second Punjab war, the Punjab Board, the Chief Commissionership of the Punjab, and the Mutiny, in which, as he truly observed, Sir John Lawrence had won greatness enough for any single man, right on to the Viceroyalty, in which, as he went on to observe with equal truth, Sir John had added yet more to the lustre of his name.

At last, Sir John Lawrence rose to reply. He spoke in a low and broken voice, which, more than once, hesitated from emotion, and could be distinctly heard by those only who were near at hand. He, too, reviewed his own career, and with geniune modesty reminded his hearers, that no small part of his success was due 'to the officers with whom he had worked, and to his countrymen in India.' Nor did he forget to pay a warm tribute to the sterling qualities of the natives of Upper India, among whom he had laboured for nearly forty years, those with whom he had sympathised so keenly, and had understood so well. Then, alluding to his foreign policy, for which he had been so much attacked, he declared that 'he had never shrunk from war when honour and justice required it, but pointed out that to have continued the wars in Bhotan and Huzara, after their purpose had been answered, would have been neither wise nor merciful.' To the charge that he had followed a supine and inert policy in Central Asia he gave an emphatic contradiction. 'I have watched,' he said, 'very carefully all that has gone on in those distant countries.' It was true that he had set his face against all projects which seemed likely to involve an active interference in Central Asia, because such interference 'would almost certainly lead to war, the end of which no one could foresee, and which would involve India in heavy debt, or necessitate the imposition of fresh taxation, to the impoverishment of the country, and the unpopularity of our rule.' 'Our true policy,' he added, 'is to avoid such complications, to consolidate our power in India, to give to its people the best government we can, to organise our administration in every department on a system which will combine economy with efficiency, and so to make our Government strong and respected in our own territories.' By so doing, and standing fast on our own border, we should be best prepared to repel

invasion, if it should ever come. And when as his parting counsel, as the last of his last words, he urged his countrymen 'to be just and kind to the natives of India,' his words were received with a storm of long-continued and earnest cheering, such as one who had been present at many public gatherings in Calcutta, from the days of Lord Dalhousie downwards, declared that he had never before witnessed.[1] No one, indeed, who was present, could doubt that if the departing Viceroy was not 'popular' in the ordinary and superficial sense of the word, he possessed that which was much more worth having, the confidence and the admiration of his countrymen; and that he could render to them the best of services by stirring within them their noblest selves.

That night, he slept, for the last time, as Governor-General in Government House. The next day, Lord Mayo was to arrive, and while Sir John Lawrence was awaiting his arrival, there took place at one of the windows of Government House a conversation which, I venture to think, will become historical, and which contains, as it seems to me, choice materials for the painter or the poet, the sculptor or the novelist.

On the day (says Colonel Randall) of Lord Mayo's arrival in Calcutta, Sir John Lawrence and I were watching alone from a window in my room in Government House the troops forming up. Whilst we were thus occupied, I made the following remark: 'I should like very much to know what your feelings are, at this moment, when you are about to deliver over the government of this country.' 'It is strange,' replied Sir John Lawrence, 'that you should put that question to me here; for, just thirteen years ago, I was standing in this very room, and, I believe, at this very window, talking to Lord Dalhousie, when we were awaiting the arrival of Lord Canning, and I put to him the very question which you have just put to me. First, I will tell you what Lord Dalhousie's answer was to me, and, then, I will give my answer to you. You know (he said) that Lord Dalhousie was very ill and worn out when he was about to leave India. Well, he had been standing with a wearied look, but immediately I put the question, he drew himself up, and with great fire replied, "I wish that I were Canning, and Canning I, and then wouldn't I govern India!" Then, of a sudden, the fire died away; and, with a sorrowful look, he said, "No, I don't. I would not wish

[1] Dr. George Smith, editor of the *Friend of India*.

my greatest enemy, much less my friend Canning, to be the poor, miserable, broken-down, dying man that I am."

'And now for my own answer. I did not wish to shorten my regular term of office, and I do not wish to prolong it. Latterly, I have felt the strain of work much, and were I to prolong my office, perhaps I should not have the strength to do what I now believe I am doing, hand over the Government to my successor, efficient in all departments, with no arrears, and with all open questions in a fair way towards settlement. My only anxiety, and that is a great one, is lest some of the measures which have been inaugurated may not be developed on the lines which, after deep reflection, I am convinced are the true ones. If I had a desire to prolong my rule, it would be to ensure the completion of such measures. I never cared for, I do not regret the resignation of, all the state, pomp, power, or patronage which appertain to the office. It was a proud moment to me when I walked up the steps of this house, feeling as I then did that, without political interest or influence, I had been chosen to fill the highest office under the crown, the Viceroy of the Queen. But it will be a happier moment to me when I walk down the steps with the feeling that I have tried to do my duty.'

The public spectacle which followed has been well described by Dr. Hunter, an eye-witness :—

The reception of a new Viceroy on the spacious flight of steps at Government House, and the handing over charge of the Indian Empire which immediately follows, forms an imposing spectacle. On this occasion, it had a pathos of its own. At the top of the stairs, stood the wearied, veteran Viceroy, wearing his splendid harness for the last day, his face blanched, and his tall figure shrunken by forty years of Indian service, but his head erect, and his eye still bright with the fire which had burst forth so gloriously in India's supreme hour of need. Around him stood the tried counsellors with whom he had gone through life, a silent calm semicircle in suits of blue and gold, lit up by a few scarlet uniforms. At the bottom the new Governor-General jumped lightly out of the carriage amid the saluting of troops and glitter of arms, his large athletic form in the easiest of summer costumes, with a funny little coloured necktie, and a face red with health and sunshine. As he came up the tall flights of stairs with a springy step, Lord Lawrence, with a visible feebleness, made the customary three paces forward to the edge of the landing-place to receive him. I was among the group of officers who followed them into the Council Chamber, and, as we went, a friend compared the scene to an even more memorable one on the same stairs. The toilworn statesman who had done more than any other single

Englishman to save India in 1857 was now handing it over to an untried successor; and, thirteen years before, Lord Dalhousie, the stern ruler who did more than any other Englishman to build up that empire, had come to the same act of demission on the same spot, with a face still more deeply ploughed by disease and care, a mind and body more weary, and bearing with him the death which was about to come upon him as the price of his great services to his country. In the Chamber, Sir John Lawrence and his Council took their usual seats at the table; the Chief Secretaries stood round; a crowd of officers filled the room; and the silent faces of the Englishmen who had won and kept India in times past, looked down from the walls. The clerk read out the oaths in a clear voice, and Lord Mayo assented. At the same moment, the Viceroy's band burst forth with 'God save the Queen' in the garden below, a great shout came in from the people outside, and the hundred and ninety-six millions of British India had passed under a new ruler.

That night, a State dinner was given by the outgoing to the incoming Governor-General, and, for a few days, Sir John Lawrence lingered on, as he had arranged beforehand, half as the host and half as the guest of Lord Mayo, in Government House. He had much to tell and teach, and Lord Mayo had much to learn, not least on the question of frontier policy, which was to come to the front again at the approaching Umballa Durbar. On the 18th of January he received farewell addresses from the inhabitants of Calcutta, from the bishop and clergy, and from a conference of missionaries; and, on the following morning, he took his way down to Prinsep's Ghaut, amidst the long lines of troops who had been drawn up to do him honour. Lord Mayo 'accompanied him unto the ship,' and a parting cheer, which was given out by him in person in honour of Sir John Lawrence, was caught up enthusiastically by the assembled multitude. And so, amidst every demonstration of respect and of regret, there passed from India, travel-worn but not travel-stained or travel-spent, bent but not broken, the veteran Viceroy, almost the last, and certainly the most illustrious of all the illustrious servants of the great East India Company; a man of whom, if of any one among them all, it might be truly said, that, throughout his forty years of Indian service, it had been his aim 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.'

CHAPTER XIII.

LAST YEARS OF LORD LAWRENCE.

1869-1879.

THE rest is soon told. Sir John Lawrence had yet some ten years to live. But they were years, comparatively speaking, of leisure and domestic enjoyment. I have, in a previous chapter, described his private life in detail, and have thrown into it, by anticipation, some of the touches and traits of character, and some also of the incidents which, chronologically, belong rather to this later period of his life. I feel, therefore, that to go over the ground again might weaken, rather than strengthen, the impression which I have endeavoured to convey of the home life of a man, whose *otium* would never be *otiosum*, who was always sure to find work to do and to do it with his might, and the kindness of whose heart was in direct proportion to the downright manner, the firm will, and the untiring energy which were among the distinguishing features of his life.

On his way to England, he stopped for a week in Ceylon, that he might see the country and inspect some coffee plantations in which he had an interest, and in the management of which he then thought that one or more of his sons might find a suitable occupation. His visit made him think otherwise. He landed in England on March 15, 1869, looking, as some of those who knew him best thought, 'much broken.' He might well look so. He had been suffering throughout his Viceroyalty, as he himself and his medical attendant knew well,—though he allowed hardly anyone else to know it,—from a wearing, if not exactly a dangerous, disease, which, if it had made his work doubly heavy, and had necessitated strict rules of diet, had never induced him to slacken speed for an instant. 'No arrears' had been the motto of the whole of his official life. He had succeeded to a Viceroyalty which was overburdened with them, and he had determined, whatever it cost him, that his successor should not

begin under a similar disadvantage. The doctors whom he consulted in England thought that, with care, he might still do well. He made little change in his usual active habits of life. He went out in all weathers and never worried himself about his health, and so it returned to him all the faster. He entered into and enjoyed the society which was at his command, and friends, new and old, once more gathered round him. For worldly honours he cared little or nothing. He had taken them, when they had came in his way, more for the sake of those dear to him than for his own. He had never sought such things; and no amount of them ever turned his head, ever made him give up any one of his favourite maxims or habits, ever made him to his old friends other than the simple-hearted John Lawrence that he had always been.

It was one of the Duke of Argyll's first acts, as Secretary of State for India, to recommend him for the honour which had been so long deserved and so long delayed. 'Some weeks ago,' said Mr. Gladstone, writing to him shortly after his arrival, 'on the suggestion of the Duke of Argyll, I took the Queen's pleasure on my recommendation that a peerage should be offered you in acknowledgment of your high character and distinguished services; and I am truly glad to learn this day that you accept the offer which the Queen authorised me to make. I congratulate the House of Lords, not less than yourself, on this result.'

Sir John Lawrence cared far more for the good opinion of those who had watched his career than for the stamp that was thus put upon it. The conversion of his annuity of 2,000*l.* a year into a pension for his own life and for that of his next successor in the peerage—a change which was made by the Indian Council—showed what Indian experts felt of his services; while the cheers which greeted him on both sides of the House of Lords, as he rose, on April 19, to deliver his maiden speech in support of a bill for limiting a seat on the Indian Council to ten years, showed what the members of the Order from which he had not sprung thought of his elevation to it.

The title which he selected was 'Lord Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley;' and none certainly could have been more appropriate. 'Grateley' commemorated his affection for his sister, who had left him the small estate, in Salisbury Plain, which was to make the new peer, in some slight sense, a member of the 'territorial aristocracy;' while 'the Punjab' recalled the services which not he

alone, but the whole family of Lawrences, had, according to their respective opportunities and abilities, rendered in one of the latest, and, perhaps, the most important acquisition of the English Crown in India. Some months before the return of her husband, Lady Lawrence had left Southgate, and had taken a house for a year at 12 Queen's Gate; and it was here, on March 15, that the family meeting took place. An interval of full five years had made a great change in all its inmates. Sir John Lawrence's boys had grown, some of them, into men. The eldest son, John, had taken his degree at Cambridge, and was reading for the bar; the second, Henry, after passing through Wellington College, had gone into business; the third, Charles, was at school at Marlborough; while the fourth, Bertie, the Benjamin of the family, was, to the great distress of his parents, about, for the first time, to leave home for school.

Sir John Lawrence's daughters, too, were finding, or were soon to find, homes for themselves. The eldest, as I have related, had been married to Colonel Randall in India; the third was married in July 1870 to Charles Walford, rector of a parish in Suffolk; while the marriage of Mary, the fourth daughter, to Francis Buxton, now M.P. for Andover, which took place in February 1872, was to bring a family which had been distinguished, during more than one generation, by its active philanthropy in England and in Africa, into close connection with the family which had probably done as much as any other single family, in a like cause, in India. The home circle was thus rapidly narrowing. After the last of these marriages had taken place, it consisted—if we do not count the sons, who were all more or less absent—of two daughters only, Emily and Maude. But a third lady, Miss Gaster, must by no means be omitted. She had originally helped to take charge of the Lawrence children at Southgate House during their parents' absence in India; but she had now become a valued member of the family, and, some years afterwards, when Lord Lawrence was incapacitated by blindness for much of his active work, she was to do him ungrudging and invaluable work as his Private Secretary. Her keen and loving appreciation of his character will be sufficiently apparent from some reminiscences which I hope soon to quote.

Many of Lord Lawrence's old lieutenants and friends had already taken up their quarters in Kensington and frequent visits from his brothers George and Richard, from Montgomery, from Trevelyan, from Eastwick, from Raikes, from Seton-Karr, from John and

Edward Thornton, and many other Anglo-Indians who had held high offices, helped to make his house a centre in which there was at least as keen an interest, and, very probably, quite as profound a knowledge of all that was going on in India as in the India Office itself. Other old friends whose names have occurred before in this biography, the Kensingtons, the Sandars, the Caters, the Charles Bradleys, and many others, gave a variety and freshness to the gatherings which is not often to be found in the households of retired Anglo-Indians. On Sunday afternoons, in particular, there would often be a considerable number of distinguished visitors at Lord Lawrence's house, anxious, some of them, to hear their host's opinion on current Indian questions; others, perhaps, still more eager to listen to the stores of information, combined with a strong sprinkling of personal adventure, which the veteran Governor-General would, in all the fulness of his experience and knowledge, pour forth, with childlike simplicity, to anyone who cared to hear them.

A short visit to Lynton that he might see the grave of his sister, and, on his way back, take one more look at Clifton and at Bath, the scenes of his childhood and youth, and a rather longer family tour in the Isle of Wight, gave some variety of scene to his first six months in England.

In the autumn of 1869, after the labours of house hunting and furnishing had been completed, he was able to settle down at No. 26 Queen's Gate. An occasional game of croquet in the adjoining Horticultural Gardens, into which he entered with all his old zest, and an occasional day's shooting at Quex Park, a place near Margate, which he took for the autumn months of 1870, were his chief relaxations. In the following winter, the election of the first London School Board was to take place, in accordance with the provisions of Mr. Forster's great Education Act. Some of the foremost educationalists of the nation were anxious to get a seat upon it, and Lord Lawrence felt no little surprise when he was invited to stand for the Kensington District. Many of his friends advised him against it on the score of his health. It was not work for which he had any special aptitude. But he had done something for education in India. He saw that there was good work to be done in the same direction in England; and when he was assured by those whom he could trust that he might help the cause alike by his name and by his advice, he would not hang back, and he was elected by a large majority.

The first duty of the new Board was to elect a Chairman. Several private meetings had already been held to discuss the merits of the various candidates who were likely to be nominated, and it was soon seen that the only possible rival to Lord Lawrence would be Mr. Charles Reed, who was strongly supported by the Nonconformists. But, at the first public meeting at the Guildhall, the ballot disposed of all other claims, and Lord Lawrence was unanimously elected Chairman, with Mr. Reed as his Deputy-chairman.

We all felt (says Mr. Lafone, who served on the Board with Lord Lawrence) the vast importance of starting on our work with a man of such European reputation at our head, and, from the very first, the wisdom of our choice was made evident. Judgment, moderation, and firmness combined to rule the somewhat discordant elements in the Board. I can well recall the unwearied patience with which Lord Lawrence presided over our debates, especially that memorable one when it was sought to exclude all religious teaching from the schools. When he closed the debate and spoke his own views, it was with no uncertain sound; and we all felt how deeply he was interested in the issue. Then, in Committee work, which forms the daily business of the Board, he was unremitting in his attendance. He never seemed satisfied till he had mastered the details of all the subjects dealt with, so that, at the weekly meetings of the General Board, his knowledge of the questions under debate was minute and intimate. His interest never flagged while his health lasted; and when, at the end of the first term of three years, failing powers obliged him to withdraw from such laborious work, his former colleagues passed a resolution recording their deep regret at his loss, and every word breathed the feelings of respect and appreciation in which his labours were held.

There are, as I have remarked before, few more characteristic acts in Sir John Lawrence's life than his becoming Chairman of the School Board. He hated all Boards as such. The Punjab Board, the Indian Council at home, the Legislative Council, and even the Executive Council in India, had, none of them, been quite to his liking. He was a man of action. He disliked talking for talking's sake; and, at all Boards, even the best regulated, there is, probably, much more of talk than of work. Those who are the best talkers necessarily occupy most of the time and, not unfrequently, have the most influence. Soundness of judgment, impartiality, patience, untiring attention, profound knowledge are apt to be overborne by the mere flow of words. Lord Lawrence was never a ready speaker.

He was not naturally patient. He had not those peculiar gifts of tact and versatility which sometimes make a man, who is by no means commanding in other respects, a first-rate Chairman. Yet with imperturbable patience—as the members of the Board in general, and as Sir Charles Reed and Mr. Edward Buxton, his successors, in particular, testify—he listened, week after week, to speeches which were delivered by the members as much to their constituents as to their colleagues; and not unfrequently, by his few closing words and by the weight of his character combined, he succeeded in bringing even some rather violent partisans over to his views. He had, as everyone knew, decided religious convictions of his own. But, just as in India, his strong good sense and his love of justice had prevented him from being carried away by the arguments of those who would have 'eliminated,' as they called it, 'all unchristian principles from the Government of India,' and in the process, would have swept away much that is of the very essence of Christianity, its dealing with others as they would themselves be dealt by, its tolerance, its charity, its comprehensiveness, so, now, it was the same habit of mind, preserved during even the upheaval of the Mutiny, which enabled him to hold the balance between the extreme views of those who, if they could have had their way, would have turned schools supported by the State into engines of religious proselytism, and those who would have excluded religion, and even religious influence, altogether from the school course.

A letter which I have received from Mr. Edward Buxton, who now worthily occupies Lord Lawrence's place as Chairman of the School Board, and served with him on it from the beginning, gives a forcible and, as it appears to me, an entirely accurate view of Lord Lawrence's work on the Board and the way in which he regarded it.

It would be a mistake, he says, to suppose that Lord Lawrence went into his new duties thoroughly *con amore*. There was no lack of a certain stern enthusiasm about him and a strong belief in the beneficent work in which we were engaged, and he would take any trouble when there was anything to be *done*. But the talk bothered him. The long debates to settle the main lines of our action which characterised the first years of the Board's existence were unavoidable. But I am sure he often longed to get rid of all his colleagues, and to have unlimited power himself for a month! Essentially a man of action, he longed to get the builder and the schoolmaster to work, and he was wearied by speeches which were interesting to specialists but occupied much time. I do not mean that he ever showed outward signs of impatience. But this feeling

showed itself in his private conversation. *He stood it as he would have stood a siege, but was always longing for the day of action.* He seized, I remember, almost greedily on a proposal of Lord Sandon's that we should build twenty schools at once in the most neglected parts of London without waiting for the exact statistics, which were some time in preparation.

He seldom spoke himself, feeling that a chairman risks his character for impartiality if he mixes in debates on matters about which there are decided differences of opinion. But he did so, occasionally, on subjects about which he felt strongly, and especially on the question of religious teaching, which was so hotly debated. On this question, he always took the line that the doctrines upon which all Christian denominations are agreed are of infinitely greater importance than those upon which they differ, and that we should remember the agreement rather than the difference.

In the details of his work for the School Board Lord Lawrence received ungrudging help from his Private Secretary, Mr. Edgcombe, and also from his eldest unmarried daughter Emily, who often spent the whole morning writing for him. But the worry, the bad air, the gas lights, and the talk soon proved too much for his strength.

Wednesday afternoon, says Lady Lawrence, was the time appointed for the meetings of the Board, and as my husband was also a Director of the North British Insurance Company, and their meetings were on the forenoons of that same day, he was kept pretty busy. It often grieved me to see him coming home on these occasions looking very worn and weary. But he would not admit that he was overdone. After a short sleep and a cup of tea he greatly revived, and was ready for a dinner-party, either at home or elsewhere. But, in the season, he would not, when he could avoid it, go out in the evening, when the House of Lords was sitting. In the spring of 1871, we took, for our summer quarters, Brockett Hall in Hertfordshire, a large and beautiful place, the property of Lord Cowper, and well known to Englishmen as having been the last residence of both Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston and the scene of their death. Here, for several years, we had much enjoyment and many happy family gatherings. He never seemed to find the country dull, though he was not equal to the long walks of former years. We had a little carriage in which we took long and pleasant excursions. He always liked driving spirited horses, and I well remember a grey mare, called 'Lady Kate,' of which he was very fond. She was given to running away, and, as his sight was beginning to fail him, we had many a narrow escape. But the pressure of work was evidently telling more and more on him, and I was growing more and

more anxious. At last, by his doctor's advice, he consented, with great reluctance, to go abroad for part of the winter.

But, meantime, a domestic event occurred which gave us great happiness. Our fourth daughter, Mary, became engaged on Christmas Day, 1871, to Francis Buxton, whom we had known and liked for some time, and who belonged to a family for which we had a true esteem and admiration. 'Life with its myriad grasp,' was indeed going on for us, and our children were rapidly passing from the home of their youth. The marriage took place on February 28th, and, about a month afterwards, we were able to start for a warmer climate. Not liking to leave his work at the School Board undone, my husband had offered to resign his place upon it, but he was urgently requested not to do so. Accordingly, he agreed to hold on and take three months' leave of absence.

Lord Lawrence first went to Paris, a place which was made doubly interesting to him, just then, by its recent experiences of war and famine. He visited the Tuileries and St. Cloud in their ruins, and some of the outlying forts, which, household words as they were in Europe a few years ago, are all but forgotten now. His courier happened to have accompanied the party of Englishmen who had brought relief to the starving inhabitants after the termination of the siege, and had much to tell of what he had seen and heard. The balmy air of Marseilles, of Cannes, and of the Riviera generally, caused a perceptible improvement in his health, and he was able to enjoy the rough inn accommodation and the exposure and the bleak weather which he had to encounter in crossing the spur of the Apennines between Sestri and Spezia.

At Rome, continues Lady Lawrence—whose narrative I slightly condense—we had a pleasant stay of some three weeks. We visited the old haunts which, nearly thirty years before, we had seen together on our wedding tour, and there was much to awaken both sad and happy memories of the intervening time. He was very restless, and I fear we were all so delighting in the life that we did not sufficiently try to restrain him. He did not share in the interest which most of us took in the churches, and would sit impatiently waiting while we wandered about. It was here that he chiefly showed fatigue. He liked rambling over the old city. But he was impatient if we took too long in our explorations, and was continually hurrying us on. The drives and walks he liked; also the picture and sculpture galleries. Not that he ever thought himself a good judge of pictures or professed to know much about them; but I never saw him in a gallery without his picking out at once the best pictures in it. The illumination of the Colosseum, which took place in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales, struck him greatly. It was

the one occasion on which he ventured out in the evening. All this is of little interest to anyone but myself, but I love to linger over the memories of the last long journey which I ever was to take with him. I cannot say that, at this time, I was very anxious about his health, for it had decidedly improved since he left England. I did notice his great restlessness, but attributed it to his desire to crowd as much as possible into the few months' holiday which he allowed himself.

We arrived at Naples by the end of April, and thought it more lovely than ever. The profusion of flowers, the way in which they were flung into the carriage as we drove along, and the trifle of money that we paid for them, amused him much. The younger members of the party made an expedition to Vesuvius, but he and I considered ourselves much too old for such a proceeding. On our way to Sorrento, we spent some hours at Pompeii. This visit he thoroughly enjoyed, and he remarked how much the scenes which he witnessed there reminded him of India, its ways and its people. At Sorrento we made the acquaintance of Archdeacon and Mrs. Blunt; an acquaintance which soon ripened into a warm friendship. We stayed there ten days and made many expeditions in the neighbourhood, on donkeys; but we managed to secure a stout little pony for his special benefit.

The great excitement of the time was the eruption of Vesuvius which was going on. We watched it with almost fearful interest. The noise was terrific at times, and the column of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night was a wonderful and solemn sight. My husband felt keenly for the village people who had been driven from their homes, and the daily telegrams and letters from Naples were of deep interest. After ten days' rest, he wished to begin the homeward journey, and, on the last day of April, we left for Naples. The worst of the eruption was now over, and, as we passed along the road, we met crowds of the village people returning to their homes. Here again he remarked how what he saw reminded him of an Indian flitting; whole families bringing all their household goods; fathers and mothers carrying babies and bundles, with, perhaps, here and there the help of a donkey or a pony! On arriving at Naples, we were more fully impressed with the consequences of the eruption. The place which we had left, so short a time before, bathed in sunshine and beauty, was looking black and dark and wretched. A furious wind was howling. The ground was covered with black sulphur ashes, and the air was filled with a blinding dust of the same. The whole place, in fact, seemed to have put on mourning, and the noise was distracting. Notwithstanding all this gloom, as soon as we had had lunch, he and I set out from our hotel to visit a Presbyterian school. It was not a favourable time for this, but he was specially interested in the school, and accomplished his object.

At Rome, a piece of family news of great interest reached him

the engagement of his eldest son John to Mary, only daughter of Mr. Richard Campbell, of Glencarradale, Argyleshire. Passing, on his way home, through Florence and Milan, he visited the Italian lakes. Thence he went to Verona and Venice, and, among the sights of each famous town, he seldom neglected to visit the Government schools. A large silkworm farm on Lake Garda particularly interested him, as did also the religious fervour of the peasants in the Tyrol, who, at Botzen, had flocked in from all the country round for some grand *festa*, and—the interior of the churches being already full—might be seen kneeling down in crowds on the roads. A drive over the Brenner brought him to Innsprück, and so on to Munich, Baden, Frankfort, Cologne, and Brussels. Thus ended the last prolonged tour which Lord and Lady Lawrence were ever to take together; and I am much mistaken if the details of it which I have given, chiefly from Lady Lawrence's account, will not interest many others than its writer.

Delighted to be at work once more in England, Lord Lawrence declared that no doctors should ever tempt him to leave it again. He regularly attended the School Board meetings, the North British Insurance committees, and the meetings for the various charitable objects which were nearest to his heart. He also became a member of the Council of Guy's Hospital, and was appointed President of the 'Commission of Inquiry' into the loss of the steamship 'Megæra;' a task at which he worked with a zeal and energy worthy of his best Punjab days. The marriage of his eldest soon took place on August 22, and Lord and Lady Lawrence thereby gained a daughter, who became a most welcome member of the family, and was, at all times, warmly to identify herself with its interests. In the following month, Lord Lawrence paid his first, and, I think, his last visit to his small property at Grateley, going the round of the cottages, the schools, and the church, and providing, as far as he could, for the wants of each. He had gained much strength by his tour abroad, and, for a year or two to come, there was not much to make his family anxious on the score of his health.

When Parliament was not sitting, he retired regularly to his beloved Brockett Hall, and was never so happy as when he was entertaining there a large family party of children, grandchildren, and friends. The number of his grandchildren was rapidly increasing. They all took to him from their earliest days, and he, in his turn, took a truly childlike pleasure in their society. Occa-

sional visits to friends like the Hanburys at Poles, of the Gurney Hoares and Buxtons in Norfolk, gave him a complete holiday, while they lasted. He made a point of visiting regularly the schools at Brockett, which gained from his residence in their neighbourhood, as much as those at Southgate had gained from him, eight years before.

In November, 1873, Lord Lawrence retired from the School Board, having served his full three years upon it. His family did not wish him to stand again, for his health no longer seemed equal to it. The work which he had done as Chairman had not been showy—he would have hated that it should be—but it had been real; and its effects were to be lasting. The leading principles on which the Board was to work had been settled beforehand by Mr. Forster's Bill. But the great question whether religious instruction was to be given in the Board schools, or not, had been purposely left open. In this matter, Lord Lawrence took a large part; and, after long debates, in the year 1871, the important resolution was arrived at, which has subsequently been adopted by the majority of School Boards in England and in Wales, 'that the Bible should be read, and that there should be given such explanations and such instructions therefrom in the principles of morality and religion, as are suited to the capacities of children.' In other respects, the work was chiefly that of detail; the lines for the subsequent operations of the Board were laid down, and the machinery devised and set in motion.

During the first two years (says Mr. Croad, who, as Clerk of the School Board, sat by Lord Lawrence throughout and has the best right to speak on the subject) the meetings and committees were almost incessant, many of them taking place at the same time. Lord Lawrence made a point of being present at every committee at which he could possibly attend; and when two were sitting at the same moment his Private Secretary would attend the one at which he could not be present, and would furnish a report for his information. It was under his guidance, or with his co-operation, that the main committees of the Board were created and their duties defined. These were the 'Finance' Committee; the 'Statistical' Committee, which took a census of London, and made recommendations for the erection of new schools; the 'Works' Committee, which formed the sites and planned the buildings; the 'Bye-Laws' Committee, which arranged the machinery for the improvement of compulsion throughout the ten divisions of London; the 'Industrial Schools' Committee, which proposed and administered the

agreements with existing voluntary schools for the reception of children sent to them by Magistrates at the instance of the Board; and the 'School Management' Committee, which undertook the superintendence and management of all Board schools. So numerous, and so complicated were the matters of detail which had to be considered in these early years, and so unremitting was the attention they required, that the strain became too great, and Lord Lawrence began to have sleepless nights and was compelled to go abroad for three months in the spring of 1873. He returned, with his health partially restored, in June; and, in the following month, he presided at the opening of the first school erected by the Board, that in Old Castle Street, Whitechapel.

At the last meeting of the first Board, held on November 26, 1873, besides the vote of cordial thanks to its retiring Chairman, it was announced that a subscription had been started amongst the members to perpetuate the memory of Lord Lawrence's Chairmanship, by founding two scholarships, one for boys and one for girls, to be called 'the Lawrence scholarships;' while the permanent officers of the Board subscribed a sum of money and presented to the Board a portrait of him, painted by Mr. Edgar Williams, which now hangs in the Board room.

It is hardly necessary to add that, right on till his death, Lord Lawrence continued to retain a deep interest in the educational work which he had been obliged to relinquish, and Mr. Bright, in a speech which he recently delivered at Llandudno, while referring to a visit which he had once paid in company with Lord Lawrence to the schools erected by the Board, expressed, in his own nervous English, the feelings with which he—and if he, then, assuredly, Lord Lawrence himself—must have regarded the work that had been done.

I went, he said, some few years ago, with the late Lord Lawrence and the late Sir Charles Reed, who were, in their times, the heads of the School Board for London, and spent the forenoon in visiting three great schools in the East End of London, in or about Bethnal Green; and I cannot tell the emotion with which my mind was filled at seeing these great schools and those children gathered up from districts which are most remote, I will not say from civilisation, but from the civilisation of the West End. In coming away from those schools, I did not know whether to laugh with joy at what I had seen, or to cry at the thought that, for the last two hundred years, nothing of the kind had been attempted for the benefit of the people of this country.

In London, Lord Lawrence still found charitable work of every kind ready to his hand. Whenever his advice was asked, or he felt

that it could be given with effect, he attended the committee meetings of the Church Missionary Society, and took a deep interest in their proceedings. The very high opinion which he had formed of the work done by missionaries in India may be shown by an extract from a speech which he delivered at a meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Highbury :—

> I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined. They have had arduous and uphill work, often receiving no encouragement, and sometimes a great deal of discouragement, from their own countrymen, and have had to bear the taunts and obloquy of those who despised and disliked their preaching; but such has been the effect of their earnest zeal, untiring devotion, and the excellent example which they have, I may say, universally shown to the people, that I have no doubt whatever that, in spite of the great masses of the people being intensely opposed to their doctrine, they are, as a body, remarkably popular in the country. . . . It seems to me that, year by year and cycle by cycle, the influence of these missionaries must increase, and that, in God's good will, the time may be expected to come when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own, and feeling the want of a religion which is pure and true and holy, will be converted and profess the Christian religion, and, having professed it, live in accordance with its precepts. . . . I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries) both personally, and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged; and I feel it to be a pleasure and a privilege to do anything I can in the last years of my life to further the great work for which they have done so much.

He made great efforts to extricate the Home for Crippled Boys in Kensington from the debt in which it was involved, and at last succeeded in putting it on a satisfactory footing. He took much interest also in Lady Kinnaird's work in the East of London, and became Chairman of the Committee for giving relief to working women. Many appeals for help came to him, and no poor woman was ever sent away without her case being carefully inquired into, and, if necessary, substantial help given.

In January, 1875, Lord Lawrence sent his youngest son, Bertie, to Harrow. He was placed in the house of Dr. Butler, the Head Master, but it was arranged that he should be the private pupil of Henry Hart, one of the Assistant Masters, who was closely connected, in many ways, with the Lawrences and with India. His father had been a schoolfellow of John Lawrence at Foyle, was

connected by marriage with Archdeacon Hamilton, Lady Lawrence's eldest brother, and had passed the best part of his life in India, as a Bombay civilian. His mother was sister to Sir Bartle Frere, and he himself had recently been married to Honoria, the only daughter of Sir Henry Lawrence, a girl who was endowed with much of her father's energy, vivacity, and charm, and who, ever since she had been left an orphan, had been under the fatherly guardianship of Lord Lawrence. Thus it came about that, at the same house, at Harrow, might be seen, perchance on alternate Saturdays, the chief representatives of the 'forward' and the 'backward' schools of frontier policy in India, the men whose contrasts of character and policy have borne so considerable a part in this biography—Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Lawrence. It was to these visits to Harrow that I owed my first introduction to the man whose life I am now writing, and whose kindness, continued till within a few days of his death, I shall always cherish among my brightest memories.

In the autumn of 1875, Lord Lawrence was obliged to give up Brockett Hall, where he had spent several happy seasons of rest and retirement; and about the same time, or early in 1876, his eyesight, which had been weak for some years past, began to give signs of failing him altogether. It was the penalty exacted by Nature for those exhausting labours carried on for so many years in his cutcherry and at his writing desk, which had helped to organise a province and to save an empire. Terrible as was the privation, and keenly as he felt it, I do not think that he ever regretted the labours which had brought it on, or that, if the time had come over again, he would ever have thought of acting otherwise.

'Great and sore trouble (says Lady Lawrence) was now drawing nearer to us. The difficulty which my husband had in reading the morning prayers first opened our eyes to the fact; for he was often obliged to hand over the book to me. In the spring of the year, he consulted Liebreich, the famous oculist, whose report was most discouraging. "I can," he said, "in your case, only advise resignation." This depressed my husband terribly; and, by Dr. Kidd's advice, he consulted another oculist, who took a very hopeful view, and said he could improve the sight, but succeeded in doing so for only a very short time. In July, it became worse than ever, and the same oculist now advised an operation. I protested against this, and so, at first, did Dr. Kidd. The oculist won the day, and it was arranged that the operation should be performed at 9 A.M. on the 13th of July

There was now nothing to be done but to face the trouble and to hope for the best. We were all ready at the right time on that sad day; he and I sitting alone in the library, waiting for the doctors. It was hard and sorrowful work. But he was so brave and strong, and we were each of us, I think, doing our best not to let the other see what we were suffering. At last, the doctors arrived, and we went to the back drawing-room, the light there answering better. 'I think I see him now, as he walked upstairs, free and erect, for the last time in his life, without the help of an arm or stick. The operation was performed under chloroform and was soon over, and we hoped and believed that no harm was done, and that all would yet be well. He was in good spirits, and talked freely to the friends who called upon him.

'That night, I slept on a couch by his bedside in the drawing-room; and towards morning he called to me saying he was in terrible pain, and felt as if some tight bandage was over his eyes. We were much alarmed, and when the doctor and the oculist came, they too looked very grave, but they still hoped that the pain would subside. Alas! a long, weary time of blindness and agony followed, borne with the most wonderful sweetness and patience, as day followed day of ever-increasing suffering. It was some weeks before there was any relief; and, day and night, nursing was required.

'On August 16, we managed to move him to Folkestone. I will not dwell on this long time of suffering except to say that his gentle patience never failed, and to recall how earnestly he prayed with me that God would help him to submit with resignation to His will. Folkestone did him some good; and we were able, occasionally, to take him into the large public garden, where he could sit for hours. It was overpowering, indeed, to see him thus laid low; the man who had helped to take Delhi and govern a kingdom so worn out! But to us who had the privilege of watching him day by day, it seemed that he was grander than ever in his affliction, and we realised the truth that "he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." No man ever kept himself more in hand, and, by God's help, he was made stronger to suffer.

'As the excessive pain declined, his strength began to return, and he used to take short drives or even walks. He was not quite blind. But the sight of one eye was absolutely gone, and the other was so weak that any strong light greatly distressed him. We could not now fail to perceive that the operation had been a sad failure. We all

felt it very keenly, but he never said a hard word of anyone. His goodness, and sweetness, and patience made him, if possible, more precious than ever to us. It was such a glad day when he was able, once more, to come into the dining-room and have his food with us. We returned to London, the first week in October, and when our sons came home in the evening, it was with surprise and delight that they found that their father was, once again, able to take his place at the dinner-table, the chief difference being that his food had to be cut up for him.

'Next day, he went to the oculist to see what course he now recommended. He said that another operation would be necessary before the power of sight could be restored to the remaining eye, as a cataract was upon it; but he added, as he had done on a former occasion, that the operation would be a mere trifle. We could not quite acept this in faith after our late experience, and we consulted two other oculists, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Couper, who recommended us to wait till the spring, when the cataract would be more fully developed. My husband's spirits now greatly revived. He was free from pain, resumed his daily walks, went to church, and even attended the North British Insurance meetings. But, alas! all independence of action was gone, and he could no longer go about alone. Of course, he was never at a loss for glad and ready helpers. Our son John, in particular, having no special work, was always at his father's service. His sister, Mrs. Bernard, died unexpectedly on January 30, and this was a great shock to him. We lived very quietly during these months of patient waiting. But it was always a pleasure to him to see his friends, and they were very good and kind in paying him frequent visits. His thirst for reading was greater than ever, and our daughter Emmie and Miss Gaster were invaluable to him in their power of reading aloud. I am afraid to say the number of books, new and old, that he got through.

'By the middle of February, we again went to Mr. Bowman, who now thought that the time had come for the cataract to be removed. But he advised that, for the satisfaction of us all there should be a consultation first with other oculists, as well as with Sir Joseph Fayrer, who had recently been attending him, and had been with his brother, Sir Henry, in his last moments at Lucknow. It was anxious work waiting for their verdict. But they soon returned to the room in which we were waiting, and said they were agreed that the operation might be attempted without delay, and with good hope of a

favourable result. "When will you be ready?" said Mr. Bowman. "To-morrow," replied my husband, without a moment's hesitation. This was sooner, however, than Mr. Bowman himself wished; for he said that we must move to an hotel in Clifford Street, which was close to his house, so that he might come in and out frequently.

'Saturday, the 3rd of March, was the day fixed for the operation. We began the day as usual, and my husband came down to prayers in the morning. After breakfast we went to call at Argyll Lodge, and saw the Duke and Duchess, with whom we sat for some time. They were full of kindness and sympathy, and the visit cheered and did us good. On our return home, Mr. Maclagan, then Vicar of Kensington, and now Bishop of Lichfield, came to see us before we started for the hotel, and prayed with us. Miss Marsh, too, had been with me the day before, and had promised to remember us at her prayer-meeting on that day. All the love and sympathy which were shown to us helped us greatly, and my husband was as brave and hopeful as possible. He even slept a little before Sir Joseph Fayrer and Mr. Bowman arrived. It was about 4 P.M. when they appeared, and he at once got up and walked into the bedroom. I went with him and took out the false eye that had been made to fill the gap of the poor blind one. I was then obliged to leave him in the kind hands of the doctors, for they would not let me be present. Then came some terrible seconds of suffering, which to me seemed hours. At last Mr. Bowman came to tell me that it was over, and that he hoped and believed that the operation would be a success. No chloroform had been administered this time, and when I went to see him, he was looking peaceful and happy, and Mr. Bowman told us how well he had borne the pain. I read to him all the evening. He was quite free from pain, and in good spirits. The next day, Sunday, was his 66th birthday. He was as well as could have been expected. He got up at noon, and was able to receive our children by degrees, when they came to the hotel. He made good progress day by day. He was gradually able to bear more light in the room, and was soon able to feed himself.

'On March 12, we returned to our house in Queen's Gate, which we had, unfortunately, sold when all this trouble was coming on; and, on the 24th, we were obliged to move out of it again to the new house we had taken for a year, No. 23 Queen's Gate Gardens. On the following day, Sunday, we were able to go out for our first walk in the gardens opposite the house. He was soon tired, but was so

glad to be at liberty to see his friends once more. I must not forget to mention one whom he greatly valued, Mr. Seton-Karr, who never failed to come and see him every Sunday, and who, even still continues this kindness to me. His old and dear friend, Sir Robert Montgomery, also paid him constant visits, and many others too numerous to name. By degrees, he resumed his old habits, and, by the middle of May, we all longed for a change, and decided on a trip to the New Forest. He could see enough to enjoy the scenery, though he could not manage to get about alone. We visited Lyndhurst, Ringwood, Christchurch, Winchester, and Salisbury, spending a few days at each place. On coming home, he once again attended at the House of Lords, our son John always going with him. Of course he was still unequal to reading and writing, and this was a great deprivation to him. But the feeling of relief from the fear of total darkness was so intense that we could only be filled with thankfulness and rest in the hope that Mr. Bowman held out that, as his health became more fully established, the sight would be greatly improved. On June 7, Mr. Bowman removed, by what is called the "needle operation," a slight film which was on the eye, and obstructed the vision. It was really a small matter, but it helped on his partial recovery.'

This narrative, so tender, so touching, so simple, of a calamity so heroically borne, I have thought it well to give throughout as nearly as possible in Lady Lawrence's own words, and I will not weaken it by one word of comment.

'Early in July (she continues) our daughter Emmie became engaged to Henry Cunningham, son of the well-known Vicar of Harrow, and now a puisne judge of the High Court of Calcutta. We were very glad she was to be so happily married, but as Henry Cunningham's profession obliged him to go to India, we felt the parting greatly. She had been her father's right hand in the first days of the School Board work, and, during his illness, her calmness and courage were an unfailing support. They were married on July 28, and her father gave her away. It made my heart sink to see how frail he looked, as he led her up to the altar, though he was then on his way to recovery.'

That autumn, Lord Lawrence took a place in Scotland near Inverness, and here he received visits from his old and dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cater, from the Buxtons, and from the newly married Cunninghams. He could now read a Testament in large print; and

this was a great joy to him. It was the only book he opened for a long time. 'It was touching,' says Lady Lawrence, 'to see him at first trying to read again, and his pleasure in finding that he could do so. He could also now write a letter without difficulty. But any prolonged effort of the kind brought on giddiness.' Not feeling strong enough to accept the invitation of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who had been most constant in their attentions and inquiries, to go to Inverary before he left Scotland, he returned to London in October, and once more resumed his work at the North British Insurance Company. The Cunninghams left for India before Christmas, and then Miss Gaster took up the post of Private Secretary, 'and,' says Lady Lawrence, 'was untiring in her devotion to him.' The sudden death of the Duchess of Argyll in May, 1878, gave him a terrible shock. He had the greatest esteem and affection for her, and she had always been a true and kind friend to him. The death of his sister-in-law, the wife of Sir George Lawrence, to whom he had been warmly attached from their first meeting onwards, was another heavy blow.

And here I am able to insert a short account written by Miss Gaster, who, as may be gathered from what I have already written, had had good opportunities of observing Lord Lawrence closely during the last ten years of his life, and, as will also be apparent from the reminiscence I am about to quote, had made good use of them.

Lord Lawrence's return from India, in the spring of 1869, was a matter of interest and excitement to all the dwellers in No. 12 Queen's Gate, and to myself not the least. From the time of the Mutiny, when quite a child, I had always considered Sir John Lawrence as one of the greatest of heroes. This feeling was raised to the highest pitch when Sir Herbert Edwardes made his celebrated speech at Exeter Hall, and from a glimpse I caught of the hero himself, who was on the platform, but who, with characteristic modesty, kept in the background, though called for repeatedly by the enthusiastic assembly. No wonder, then, that in after years, when circumstances were such that I formed part of his household, the prospect of seeing him should awaken in me a kind of delightful terror. Of course, doubts as to how so high a being would treat one in every way insignificant was a matter of intense personal interest. 'Where are they all?' were the first words which struck my listening ear; and when, an hour or two afterwards, I was introduced to Sir John Lawrence, whether 'in the flesh or out of the flesh'—or, in more vulgar phrase, whether I was on my head or my heels—was more than I could say.

I cannot help laughing, even now, at the idiotic condition to which nervousness and admiration combined had reduced me. Sir John Lawrence gave rather a gruff nod in response to my humble obeisance, and I then subsided on the nearest chair, from sheer inability to stand. When, however, on retiring for the night, after taking leave of the others he held out his hand to me and smiled, my terror was a thing of the past, and, from that time until the sad night in June 1879, the intensest admiration, the deepest respect, and the greatest affection of my heart were for him. When, later on, I was able, in a small way, to be of use to him, the remembrance of his past and present kindness would have led me to any sacrifice for him. This is said with no idea of self-display, but from the desire to disprove the old saying that 'familiarity breeds contempt.' After ten years' witness of his private life, I believe, from the depth of my heart, that God never made a purer, nobler nature than his. Faults, of course, he had. But to those who knew him well they were only spots in the sun of his goodness, inappreciable in the warmth and life he diffused around.

Sir John's appearance was very worn, and he struck me then as being tired and shaken. This impression gradually wore off as his activity of mind, and the general stir which his presence caused, made themselves felt. For the first year or two after his return, my memory, in great part, fails me. The School Board Election caused great excitement, and his attendance at the Board and at the Megæra Commission was a lesson as to how work ought to be done. But the heat of the room and the worry and vexation of the School Board meetings had a very prejudicial effect on his health.

It was at Brockett Hall that I began to see more of Lord Lawrence. He was very fond of croquet, and was an excellent player, and, by dint of manifold scoldings, he educated me to a great pitch of excellence in the art. Many hours of each day, even in the midst, very often, of pouring rain, he would play. A very muscular parson who lived near Brockett was often invited to join in these games, and bitterly did I rue it when, through my stupidity, the game was lost.

Lord Lawrence was very anxious about the education of his two youngest children. He had more opportunity of watching their progress than he had had in the case of the older members of his family. It was hard work during Bertie's holidays to keep matters going with sufficient quickness. The Historical part of his education Lord Lawrence took on himself. Bertie was, during one holiday, reading for the Bourchier Prize at Harrow. 'The Hundred Years' War' was the subject, and Lord Lawrence would hear him read for a couple of hours every day, and talk to and question him on the subject. He was so immensely interested in it himself, that if he had stood for the examination at Harrow, the other competitors would have had a poor chance.

Lord Lawrence had a great opinion of girls as contrasted with boys. He thought they were naturally better, more painstaking, more amiable I am inclined to think, however, that it was not only at that early age that he would have given the preference to the gentler sex. Unless proved to the contrary, he always gave a woman the credit of being everything she ought to be; whereas, in regard to men, he always required them to be proved good before he would trust them. The qualities he most valued in a man were energy, pluck, and straightforwardness; in a woman, gentleness, implicit obedience, and good looks.

The kindness of his heart was not only shown to his personal friends but made itself felt by all who were thrown in his way. Whilst driving on the long road from Brockett to the station, whenever he overtook a woman hurrying along, however dirty and hot, or especially if burdened with a heavy basket, he would always give her 'a lift,' talk to her in the kindliest way, and leave her rejoiced at the sympathy which he had shown for her poor cares.

The lodges at the park gates were inhabited by four old women, all characters in their way; and many are the amusing conversations which I have heard between Lord Lawrence and them. Three of them held very strong religious opinions. But I am afraid Lord Lawrence's preference was given to the fourth, who had a very racy tongue, quietly abjured tracts, and was suspected of a leaning towards spiritual comfort of another kind. However, they all lived in clover during Lord Lawrence's tenancy of Brockett. One Sunday, we were out walking in the park. There had been a very high wind the day before, and the ground was strewn with broken branches. It suddenly struck Lord Lawrence what a boon these would be to the lodge-keepers; so, despite our Sunday garb, we were made to gather huge bundles and drag—where they were too large to lift—the fragments of the thicker boughs. In this manner we proceeded to the cottages, and never shall I forget the look of a young man, who was a good deal of a dandy and had been dining at the Hall a few days previously, at such a strange procession, headed by Lord Lawrence himself, who was dragging the largest piece of wood. It is to be hoped it did him good! But the cold to the ears of the old women when they were forced to leave their firesides to open the gates was a trouble to Lord Lawrence, and he did not rest until—a rather difficult matter—he had provided them with thick knitted woollen bonnets which were rain and frost proof. Treats to the school children, substantial teas for the labourers and their wives, help in every way to the clergyman of the parish, were matters of constant occurrence. I would give anything now to remember more of such acts of kindness; Wordsworth's words are a comfort, however, when he speaks of

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

Nobody ever knew Lord Lawrence turn a deaf ear to a call for help. It was not until I began to do Secretary's work for him that the extent of the demands on his purse, and the unostentatious, generous manner in which they were met, became known to me. To those in real distress nothing could exceed the delicacy with which he gave; and anything bestowed as an encouragement on a person like myself was accompanied by some humorous remarks as to its disposal, which did away with any awkwardness in the transaction. He had a rooted dislike to waste o any kind, more particularly of money; often saying that until people experienced how difficult it was to earn even a shilling honestly, they could not properly understand its value. Very soon after I made his acquaintance he ascertained that I was not of a saving disposition. My spending days came to an abrupt conclusion. Part of my salary was kept back *nolens volens*, five per cent. allowed on it, and my finances put on a firm basis. No Indian 'cooking of accounts' would ever have sufficed to blind him. The simple principle that expenditure must be well inside income was the only receipt he had for ensuring a surplus and avoiding a deficit.

After leaving Brockett, we spent part of the ensuing year at Torquay, and it was about this time that his strength and sight showed decided symptoms of failing. The year 1876 was doubtless the saddest of his life. The first part was full of the terrible anxiety caused by his seeing less day by day, and the remainder of it in undergoing the operations on his eyes which, besides causing agonising pain for four months, left him in almost complete darkness. Those who nursed him during this awful trial were witnesses of his patience and calmness through long days and nights of suffering. To him the anticipation of blindness and the dependence on others which necessarily accompanies it must have been peculiarly terrible.

The spring of the next year brought hope with it. After a consultation of oculists, another operation was proposed, which restored a moderate amount of sight to one eye, sufficient for him to see his friends, and to enable him to read and write a little for himself.

The autumn of 1877 we spent in Scotland. I had then, for some time, been acting as his amanuensis and reader. We found in the house we went to a capital library, the books in which were an unfailing source of amusement during the constant rains of that inclement season. Long drives to see the country were the great excitement, and I will tell a rather characteristic little incident which took place in one of them. Lord Lawrence was very fond of economising his time. So, before starting on these drives, I was always supplied with literature of some kind with which to improve our minds. It happened, one day, that I was reading to him 'The Saturday Review'—much to my grief, for we were passing through the most glorious scenery in a glen called the Dhrina; the hills

rising on one side of the carriage, and descending very steeply on the other, for about a hundred feet. I suddenly became aware of an unusual motion of the carriage, and on turning round, saw the horses making decided objections to passing a traction engine which nearly filled the narrow road. Naturally I paused. 'Why are you stopping?' said Lord Lawrence. 'I was just thinking how long we had to live,' I replied. 'Go on reading,' said he, 'I will tell you when we begin to roll over the brink.' Needless to say, I went on.

Very few visitors made their way so far north. Mr. and Mrs. Cater, old friends of Lord and Lady Lawrence, relieved our monotony for a while. This formed the bright spot in our Scotch exile; for Mrs. Cater was a most delightful old lady, who had travelled a great deal, and seemed never to have forgotten anything of interest which she had either seen or heard. This, joined to a great simplicity of mind, made her one of the most naïve and piquant of story-tellers. Lord Lawrence, of course, had an endless supply of adventures to relate, and a story told by the one served to recall something to the memory of the other. Dear old lady, she has only recently died, and Lord Lawrence's name was one of the last on her lips. The simplicity which was a characteristic of both of them had made them true and tried friends for years.

On August 1, Lord Lawrence moved with his family to a house near Broadstairs, in the Isle of Thanet, which he had taken for the autumn months. He went there for rest and seclusion. But little enough of either was he to get. For it was from that unknown house, from those nearly sightless eyes, and from that enfeebled frame, that, by means of his noble letters to the 'Times,' was to be set on foot a movement which, though it could not undo what had been planned and carried out, by the help of strange evasion, in the dark, and though it could not turn, at once, a mechanical majority in the House of Commons into a minority, should yet arouse the conscience of Englishmen generally to a sense of the sin and the shame, the blunder and the crime, in which they were about to be involved; and after every prediction which he had uttered in his letters had been fulfilled to our bitter cost, and after his own lips were silent in the grave, should contribute to secure a complete and, it is to be hoped, a final abandonment of the policy of aggression and of wrong.

It may have been observed that I have said little or nothing, in this concluding chapter, of Lord Lawrence's interest in public affairs, or of the part which he took in them. But it is not because that interest had grown dull, or because he had not, when occasion

called, made his influence felt. On first entering the House of Lords, he had taken his seat on the cross benches and had continued to do so till the close of the session; till, in fact, his general agreement with Ministers in the line which they were taking on the Irish Church Disestablishment brought him into closer political sympathy with the Liberal leaders. He spoke rarely; for speaking was far from being his *forte*, and he was conscious of it. But, when any Indian subject came to the front, he spoke with earnestness and force, and was listened to by both sides of the House, and, it may be added, by the country at large, with that deference which his unrivalled experience, his abounding knowledge, and the weight of his character deserved. He followed, with keen interest, every military movement on the continent of Europe and throughout the world. He mastered every Indian blue-book; and when he could no longer see to read them himself, there was no lack of loving lips to read them to him. One day, when he was literally writhing on his couch in agony from his eye, he insisted on some Indian famine statistics in a blue-book being read aloud to him; and though he made no comment on them at the time, he showed by remarks which he made afterwards, when the extremity of the pain was lessened, that he had grasped the whole!

For some five years past, Lord Lawrence had had the infinite satisfaction of feeling that Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll at home, and Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook in India, were strenuously endeavouring to carry out the policy which he had consistently advocated towards Afghanistan, towards Central Asia, and towards Russia. In particular, a friendly understanding had been arrived at with the great northern Power that she should leave Afghanistan alone; while we, on our part, were to endeavour, by peaceful means, to persuade the Ameer not to intrigue in the Central Asian states beyond the Oxus. The peaceful progress which had been the chief characteristic of his own administration had thus also characterised the all too brief Viceroyalty of Lord Mayo, and seemed likely to attend that of Lord Northbrook to its close. The pledges of friendly feeling and of non-interference given by Sir John Lawrence to Dost Mohammed in 1855 and 1856 at Jumrud, and, afterwards, to Shere Ali as the last act of his Viceroyalty in 1869, had been endorsed by Lord Mayo at Umballa, and had been renewed, with still more explicit assurances, by Lord Northbrook, at Simla, in 1873. And if Shere Ali was still dissatisfied,

it was not because he had failed to get anything for which he had a right to ask, but because he had asked for pledges which would certainly have drawn us into the vortex of the internal politics of Afghanistan, and might, ultimately, have landed us in a war with Russia, a war which was neither of the Russians' nor our own, but simply of the Afghans' seeking. In any case, the Ameer's Agent went away from Simla feeling assured that we would never attempt to force an envoy upon his master, that we did not covet a foot of his territory, and that, if he would take our advice on his foreign relations, we would support him, first, by our diplomacy, and, ultimately, by our arms, against all aggression from without. More than this we could not have fairly given. With less it would have been unnatural if he had been content. If Shere Ali was still, like Ahab, 'heavy and displeased,' it was as much because he was out of humour with himself, as because he was out of humour with us. The melancholy and moodiness of Saul were, once again, upon him, and, like Saul, he believed that they of his own household were his most dangerous foes. Yet he took our advice. He swallowed the somewhat bitter pill of the Seistan arbitration, he forwarded the complimentary letters of General Kaufman to our native agent with perfect openness, and, in 1873, there was no quarrel between us, nor any prospect of one.

But, in 1874, came a change of Ministry in England, and with it, the first symptoms of a change in our frontier policy towards Afghanistan. Lord Salisbury was now once more Secretary of State for India, and, with his accession to office, he seemed to throw to the winds all the maxims and principles of frontier policy which Lord Cranborne had held most dear. No doubt, many things had happened since 1866; but nothing connected with the advance of Russia which had not been foreseen, nothing which the policy that was then approved by him, had not been laid down to meet. All the fundamental conditions of the Central Asian problem were the same. The Afghan character was the same; the Afghan frontier was the same; the eternal mountains were the same; the Scinde desert and the barren steppes of Central Asia were the same; the poverty of the Indian population was the same; the principles of moderation, justice, and good faith were still the same. Why then the change?

Lord Salisbury was soon afterwards to give the sound advice to those who feared a Russian invasion of India, that they would do

well to study maps upon a large scale. The advance of Russia, therefore, could not, in itself, account for the sudden and complete reversal of the policy which had been pursued by successive Viceroys and Ministers of State, himself amongst the number, and one of the ablest of them all. How then was it brought about? I will try to answer the question and to trace the metamorphosis.

In June, 1874, Sir Bartle Frere, who was then a member of Lord Salisbury's Council, came to the front, once more, as an advocate of that 'forward policy' which had been tried and condemned thirty years before. In an able letter, which was nominally addressed to Sir John Kaye, he advocated the immediate occupation of Quetta; the construction of a railway across the desert to the Bolan Pass, by peaceable arrangement, if possible, but if not, by the strong arm; the placing of English agents at Herat, Candahar, and—let it be specially noted—at *Cabul*, the establishment of a 'Perfect Intelligence Department' in Afghanistan, and, if possible, of our preponderating influence throughout the country. These proposals, it has been reserved for him to discover in 1881, were in no way aggressive proposals, but were dictated in a spirit of pure philanthropy, for the good alike of the Afghans and ourselves!

This letter was circulated among the members of the Indian Council, and was afterwards sent by Lord Salisbury to Lord Lawrence at Brockett Hall, for his opinion on it.

On November 4, Lord Lawrence wrote a masterly reply, in which, after alluding to his personal knowledge of the Afghan character and the Afghan frontier, he pointed out that the policy advocated by Sir Bartle Frere, so far from stopping the advance of Russia, would be likely to facilitate and accelerate it; that it would lead to difficulties and complications such as we had experienced in 1838, and that it would, in this way, prove ruinous to the finances of India; that the occupation of Quetta meant nothing, except as part of a policy of advance to Candahar and Herat; that it would be costly; that it would be unsafe; that it would inevitably arouse the suspicions of the Ameer as the first step towards the invasion of his country; that the presence of British officers in Afghanistan must, in the long run, turn the Afghans against us; that they would be got rid of by Afghan methods; that assassination would be followed by war, and that again by occupation or annexation. As regards the advance of Russia with hostile intention, while he deprecated giving her any needless offence, or taking any fidgety

precautions, he would adopt such measures from time to time as prudence might dictate; but 'the great point,' he added, 'in this matter is, that Russia should understand that England is prepared to defend her hold in India at any cost. Nothing short of this will suffice if the march of events brings Russia towards the frontier of India; but that conviction of England's resolution will, I believe, prove quite effectual.'

Two letters written to Lord Lawrence by his two successors in the Viceroyalty, Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook, I think I may, with advantage, insert here, as giving their views on the Afghan question in an authentic form, and proving, beyond a doubt, the 'continuity' of policy towards Afghanistan which was, so soon and so rudely, to be broken off.

Umballa: April 4, 1869.

My dear Lord Lawrence,—Allow me, in the first place, to congratulate you most sincerely on the well-merited honour which Her Majesty has bestowed upon you, the news of which reached me yesterday by telegraph. I most heartily hope that you may live long in health and strength to enjoy your well-earned rank, and what I know you value more—the esteem and regard of your countrymen.

I am sure that you will be glad to hear that everything connected with the events of the week here went off very well. The Ameer and his minister wanted a great many things that they will not get. But I adhered rigidly to the line laid down—*i.e.* no treaty or engagements which may, hereafter, embarrass us, but cordial countenance and some additional support, as it may seem advisable. We have given some more arms and six heavy guns. He is to have, as soon as he arrives at Cabul, the remainder of your twelve lacs, but we are all strongly of opinion that we shall have to give him some more money soon, if we are to do him any real good. He has evidently a tough job before him in Turkestan, and, as Azim levied a year's revenue in advance, he has not much to look to from Afghan taxes till autumn. I hope that we shall be supported in the line we have taken. I believe that when you sent Shere Ali the money and arms, last December, you laid the foundation of a policy which will be of the greatest use to us hereafter. I wish to continue it. If, therefore, you have an opportunity, I hope you will express your approval of the line we have taken. I am certain that it is safe, prudent, and right. I am very glad to hear that you are better since your arrival in Europe, and I hope that, by this time, your health is fully established.

Ever faithfully yours, MAYO.

Five years later, Lord Northbrook wrote as follows, on much the same subject, but with especial reference to the aspect which

it might assume, if the 'erroneous and dangerous notions' of Sir Bartle Frere received any countenance from yet higher authorities at home.

Government House, Calcutta : December 18, 1874.

My dear Lord Lawrence,—I must write a line to say with what satisfaction I have read your memorandum on the Central Asian question, a copy of which I received, yesterday, from Lord Salisbury.

Sir B. Frere's letter, of which he sent me a copy, seemed to me to be full of erroneous and dangerous notions, and I am very glad to find that you have so completely disposed of it.

Your experience enables you to do this with much greater authority than I could.

I do not know that there is anything in your memorandum with which I differ.

Sir B. Frere was mistaken in supposing that Lord Mayo altered the policy in regard to Afghanistan. He did not even, as you suppose advocate a fixed subsidy to be given to the Ameer; on the contrary, he expressed an opinion adverse to such an arrangement, preferring, with you, to have our hands quite free, to act as occasion might demand.

In more recent negotiations, I have been very careful to explain in the plainest language that we must be the judges as to any assistance in money or arms which we may think it right to give.

You are perfectly correct in supposing that the objection to our sending English officers into Afghanistan is still strong. In fact, the course which Sir B. Frere advocates could not be followed without alienating Afghanistan, and it is very possible that it would involve either a war or an abortive negotiation. Yours very truly,

NORTHBROOK.

Sir Bartle Frere replied to Lord Lawrence's Memorandum in a much more lengthy paper, dated January 11, 1875, and Lord Lawrence was about, once more, to slay him in argument, when Lord Salisbury intervened and begged him to hold his hand. He had gone over to the views of Sir Bartle Frere, and it was obviously desirable, under such circumstances, that Sir Bartle Frere, as he has contrived to do on at least one notable occasion since then, should have the last word. At about the same time, on January 22, without having previously consulted the Government of India, Lord Salisbury sent the first of those disastrous despatches to Lord Northbrook which bade him begin to undo the work of thirty years and in the direction recommended by Sir Bartle Frere.

Lord Northbrook, supported by the whole weight of his Council,

which contained such well-known names as those of Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Henry Norman, Sir William Muir, Sir Ashley Eden, and Sir Arthur Hobhouse, and supported also by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and by all the local authorities whom he consulted, stoutly resisted the proposals of Lord Salisbury, and, for a whole year, managed to fight them off by argument and by pleas for delay. And before the instructions became peremptory he had resigned his office, so that it did not fall to his lot to carry out measures of which he and all who knew the facts so deeply disapproved.

A more supple instrument lay ready to Lord Salisbury's hand, and Lord Lytton went to India, pledged to carry out the new and fatal policy. Before he started, Lord Lawrence called upon him, and the veteran Governor-General poured forth freely to him, as it was his wont to do to all inquirers, all the wealth of his Indian knowledge. Determined to lead up to the point on which he had a shrewd suspicion that his advice was most needed, and on which it would be likely to be last asked or acted on, he said point-blank, 'Then about the frontier policy?' 'Oh, thank you,' replied Lord Lytton, 'I know your views on that question,' and so avoided a discussion which might have been inconvenient. A year or two later, when the natural frontier of India had been already crossed, and the 'scientific frontier' had been invented, Lord Lytton, on sending home Sir George Colley to the India Office, did so with the pregnant words which were passed round the Indian Council, 'I send you home my Military Secretary, whose opinion on the frontier is worth that of twenty Lawrences.' Lord Lytton was ready enough to vouch for the knowledge of his Private Secretary, a man who, till he was sent to Quetta to mature the aggressive policy in the previous year,[1] had never been near the frontier, and, as a matter of fact, knew nothing of any Oriental people, of any Oriental language, of any of the habits or feelings of the races concerned. But who will

[1] It seems strange that no one in India or in England, except Captain Eastwick, in his admirable pamphlet on *Lord Lytton and the Afghan War* (pp. 57, 58), should have pointed out the grave impropriety of Lord Lytton's sending his own Private Secretary on such an errand to Quetta. The Private Secretary is the Viceroy's own *private* servant. He has no *bureau* or *portefeuille*, as the French would say. He is appointed by the Viceroy *alone*, not the Viceroy in Council, just as the family doctor is appointed. What would have been thought of Lord Lawrence had he sent Dr. Hathaway or Mr. James Gordon to Quetta or Cabul or Teheran?

vouch for Lord Lytton's? The man whose 'opinion on the frontier was worth that of twenty Lawrences' was a chivalrous and dashing but perfectly reckless officer, whose infatuation was to cost England dear, and not in Afghanistan alone, for he was to imperil the safety of an English army on more than one battle-field in South Africa and was to throw his life away—the life of a good soldier, but a bad General—on the Majuba heights. On his arrival in England, Sir George Colley sought and obtained an interview with Lord Lawrence, and pressed his crude notions upon the veteran statesman. Lord Lawrence liked him much personally, but when he left the room, after a conversation of some hours, remarked, 'Well, I do not think that I have heard a single new fact or new argument from him.'

It was the story of Phormio and Hannibal over again. During the residence of the Carthaginian hero, then a houseless exile, at the court of Antiochus at Ephesus, he was invited by his empty-headed host, the king of kings, to listen to a lecture by Phormio, the philosopher, on military affairs. Phormio, accordingly, discoursed for several hours on military affairs in general, and the duty of a commander-in-chief in particular. His audience were enthusiastic, and turning to Hannibal, who had been listening patiently throughout, asked him, triumphantly, what he thought of their philosopher. 'Verily,' replied Hannibal, 'I have seen many dotards in my time, but surely this is the greatest dotard of them all.' Sir George Colley was anything but a 'dotard.' He was a brave and chivalrous soldier. But Lord Lawrence was not more likely to gain any fresh knowledge of the Afghan question from him than was Hannibal of the 'art of war' from Phormio.

Lord Lytton landed in India in April 1876, charged with definite instructions to find a pretext if he could, and if not, then to invent one, for the despatch of a temporary embassy to Cabul, which was afterwards to be made the means of establishing a permanent mission within the frontiers of Afghanistan. It was a task not for a statesman but for a diplomatist, and that, too, one of not the highest type. But there were difficulties in the way which not even Lord Lytton's high-handed threats to 'wipe Afghanistan altogether out of the map' in concert with Russia, nor his complimentary comparison of it to 'a pipkin between two iron pots,' could at once remove. Accordingly, his first practical step was that which

had been recommended so persistently by Sir Bartle Frere and his allies, the occupation of Quetta, an advanced post, two hundred and fifty miles beyond its nearest supports, and to be approached, first, through a burning desert which is swept, during a portion of the year, by the 'blast of death'; and then, as Sir Harry Lumsden described it, through 'a long, difficult, and in many places waterless pass, flanked all the way by wild and warlike tribes.' This was the first step in the policy of aggression, and was taken in January and February 1877.

Next, came the 'Peshawur Conference' between Nur Mohammed, the representative of the Ameer, and Sir Lewis Pelly, the mouthpiece of Lord Lytton. And it is difficult even now, at this distance of time, to read, unmoved, the earnest appeals of the Ameer to the faith of treaties, and to the promises and untarnished honour of Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook; finally, the piteous cry for mercy, when the appeal to justice was unavailing, in order to ward off that which Lord Lytton laid down as a *sine quâ non* of any further negotiations, the residence of British officers in Afghanistan. 'Matters,' said the Afghan envoy, 'have now come to a crisis, and the situation is a grave one. This is the best opportunity for a settlement, and God only knows the future. . . . . The British nation is great and powerful, and the Afghan people cannot resist its power; but the people are self-willed and independent, and prize their homes above their lives. . . . . You must not impose upon us a burden which we cannot bear; if you overload us, the responsibility rests with you.' When asked what the burden to which he alluded was, he at once replied, 'The residence of British officers within the frontiers of Afghanistan.' 'We mistrust you, and fear you will write all sorts of reports about us, which will, some day, be brought forward against us, and lead to your taking the control of our affairs out of our hands. . . . The people of Afghanistan have a dread of this proposal, and it is firmly fixed in their minds and deeply rooted in their hearts, that if Englishmen or other Europeans once set foot in their country, it will sooner or later pass out of their hands.' Finding that the Ameer stood firm, as well he might, on this point, Lord Lytton abruptly broke off the conference. He 'repudiated all liabilities of the British Government towards the Ameer,' and, having told him that he should henceforward feel free to strengthen the frontiers of British India without further reference to him, shortly afterwards

withdrew his native envoy altogether from his court. This was step number two.

Thus the plot was advancing apace; and if, after reading the record in the blue-book of the conversations which took place between the Asiatic and the European, between the Mohammedan and the Christian, between the representative of semi-barbarism and of the highest civilisation, we ask ourselves on which side was the greater forbearance, the greater dignity, the greater respect for the faith of treaties and for the common rights of humanity, we are, alas! compelled to answer that it was not on the side of the Christian.

As thick a veil as possible was thrown by the Indian and English Governments over the whole story of the Peshawur Conference, and when questions were asked in the Houses of Parliament, very little explanation was given by the Secretary of State, and that little of a most inaccurate and misleading kind. Of course, it was not likely but that more information than the Government were willing to vouchsafe should not, in some form or other, have been reaching the ears of the veteran Governor-General whose conduct and policy towards the Afghans had been so different; and I am, once again, able to quote here a few graphic lines written by the lady who, as his Private Secretary, saw perhaps more than anyone else of Lord Lawrence during this period, and was, throughout this melancholy business, to be to him in the place of both hands and eyes :—

It was early (she says) in 1878 that the fear of Afghan troubles made itself felt in the Library at Queen's Gate Gardens. Numerous were the meetings of old Indians held there to discuss the coming events which were casting their shadows before; and the piles of blue-books which had not merely to be read, but to be marked, learned (literally), and inwardly digested, were appalling. Never before had I understood the cost of a good opinion. It was a lesson for life; no judgment passed until all that could be found on the subject in point had been diligently searched out and conscientiously studied, the brains of those supposed to know anything of the matter carefully picked, and, finally, the conclusion arrived at, given in plain, unexaggerated words. It was whilst we were at Stonehouse that the news of the Chamberlain Mission and its abrupt conclusion reached England and aroused Lord Lawrence to renewed vigour. He had not been well during the autumn. It was some time before he could make up his mind to take any decided course in public affairs; but, once resolved, nothing could exceed his energy. No amount of reading aloud to him fatigued him, but the difficulty which he

found in dictating everything which had to be written was very great. The abuse to which he was subjected in the newspapers and by anonymous letters did not affect him much. His one desire was to stop an unjust war, or, at least, to delay it until people could better see into what they were rushing. He seemed at a loss to understand how party motives could be brought into a matter of right and wrong. He was neither 'Liberal' nor 'Conservative' in his Afghan politics, but an honest statesman. He never believed in the 'Insult to our Envoy,' he never believed in the 'Russian Scare,' he never believed in the 'integrity of the motives' of the Viceroy of India, and his prompters at home; but he did believe that the impending war would be an act of cruel injustice to the Afghans, and the cause of great financial difficulties in India; that the nation was being hurried and incited thereto by sham insults and scares, and in this belief he continued to the end of his life. How his words have since been verified is now patent to all.

For a time, the worst misgivings of the two ex-Governors-General, Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook, and of three ex-Secretaries of State for India, Lord Halifax, Lord Ripon, and the Duke of Argyll, all of whom were, I believe, present at the time, had been allayed by the strangely misleading answer given by Lord Salisbury, on June 15, 1877, to a point-blank question of the Duke of Argyll's, whether any serious change was contemplated in the policy hitherto observed towards Afghanistan. It will hardly be believed by subsequent generations if they know the full facts of the case, that the answer given by Lord Salisbury, the responsible minister of the Crown, and a man fitted by his abilities to fill and to adorn any post, was that *no* attempt had been made to force an envoy upon the Ameer at Cabul, that our relations with him had *not*, since last year, undergone any material change, and that his feelings were in *no* way more embittered towards the British Government. But the answer effected its object. It stopped further questions, it burked all discussion in Parliament till the session was over, and then the Government was free to complete the work which it had set in train. It is absolutely necessary to dwell on these circumstances, unsavoury though they are, if we are to estimate aright Lord Lawrence's subsequent action; for it is at least possible that if the simple truth had been told in June, the debate in Parliament which must have ensued, would have brought out so clearly the opinions of everyone who was an authority on the subject, that the eyes of the Government would have been opened to the blind folly of the course which they were pursuing, and that the final steps which plunged us

into the miseries and dangers of another Afghan war would never have been taken.

In the previous spring, our relations with Russia had, by whosesoever fault, been strained almost to the very verge of war; and in order, it would seem, to effect a diversion, and to frighten us in the quarter in which, by bringing Indian troops to Europe, we had attempted to frighten them, the Russians now despatched an embassy under General Abramoff to Cabul. The Ameer, bullied and browbeaten by Lord Lytton—who had broken off, it must be remembered, all diplomatic relations with him—and still threatened with that visitation from English officers which successive Governors-General had promised never to impose upon him, fought off the Russian proposal as long as possible, and at last, with extreme reluctance, consented to receive the embassy. The despatch of that embassy was, as it seems to me, a perfectly legitimate act on the part of Russia, when war with England seemed imminent. It ceased to be legitimate the moment that peaceful relations were restored. In any case, as soon as the treaty was signed, the English Government was in a position to remind Russia of her previous agreement, and with the whole of the country—Liberal, as well as Conservative, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Lawrence, and Lord Northbrook, as well as Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook—at its back to call upon her to withdraw altogether from the country in which we had warned her that she should not, and she had promised us that she would not, attempt to exercise any influence. This was the bold, the upright, the only honourable course; and in this I know for certain, from a letter written by Lord Lawrence to me commenting on one which I had myself written to the 'Times' in favour of that step, he would, himself, have warmly concurred. The Russians would, in that case, have withdrawn at once, as they did shortly afterwards withdraw, from Afghanistan; we should have won a bloodless victory; and, what is equally important, we should have shown the Afghans that we were in command of the situation, and that we were as sincere in our determination not to interfere ourselves in their internal concerns as we were not to allow anyone else to do so either. Instead of this, we must bite and maul the weak, while we contented ourselves with barking, or with hardly even barking, at the strong. We attacked those who had done us no harm, while we allowed the real offender to get off scot-free. If we had only given the Russians rope enough to hang themselves—if, that is, we had given them time,

the Afghans would, infallibly, have turned against them, and they, not we, would have been looked upon as the enemies of Afghan independence.

Instead of that, we must servilely follow the example of Russia, and that, too, without taking any of her precautions. And such was Lord Lytton's knowledge of Eastern courtesies, or his respect for them, that the mission under Sir Neville Chamberlain was actually despatched for Cabul without any inquiry whether it would be welcomed by the Ameer, or, even, whether it would be allowed to pass. Of course, it was turned back from Ali Musjid by the officer in command, but, as Major Cavagnari himself admitted, and as everybody now knows, with the utmost possible courtesy on the part of all concerned. But it gave the opportunity for which Lord Lytton had long been waiting. Telegrams were sent to England to the effect that the officer had grossly insulted our envoy. The pugnacious spirit of the country was aroused, and war was all but declared. Could anything be done to stop it?

> Ac veluti magno in populo quum sæpe coorta est
> Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
> Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat.
> Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
> Conspexere, silent arrectisque auribus adstant,
> Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.

There was one man, and perhaps only one in the country, who, from the weight of his character, from his reverence for the right, from his profound knowledge of the subject, from his splendid services in India, could hope, even now, to gain a hearing, and to have a chance—a small one it is true, but still a chance—of stopping, even now, the mischief. Lord Lawrence had gone down, as I have related, for his autumn holiday to a house near Broadstairs in the Isle of Thanet, and all the motives which usually operate most powerfully on men would seem to have conspired to drive him to hold his tongue. His peculiar position as an ex-Viceroy, of course, called him to think once, twice, and thrice before he did anything which might embarrass the existing Viceroy in his time of trouble, even though that trouble was self-sought. His advanced age, his feeble frame, his blindness, his inability any longer either to read or to write, were so many valid excuses for not entering on an almost hopeless crusade against a strong popular feeling, against a

patriotic cry, against a Government strong in its Parliamentary majority, and in the favour of the Court and of the Crown. It was certain that he would incur all but universal obloquy; that his motives would be misinterpreted; that he would be accused of party feeling, of prejudice, of want of spirit, of want of patriotism, of all the influences, in fact, which had never had a particle of influence upon him; that his previous services would be forgotten, or made light of; that the whole of his policy would, for the time, be discredited, and that he, who had been hailed the chief saviour of an empire, would die, as in the course of nature he soon must, misliked and suspected by those for whom he had saved it. Many of his relations, many of his friends, private and political alike, bade him think of these things and acquiesce in the inevitable. But not so thought John Lawrence, who 'did his duty to the last.' He saw all this, and he deliberately threw it aside. He felt that he had enjoyed peculiar opportunities for forming a right opinion; he felt that the Government and the nation were rushing, blindfold, into a quagmire; and, in my judgment, there is no single step in the whole of his heroic life which was taken from purer motives, which showed a more lively sense of honour, a more genuine patriotism, a more unflinching moral courage; in a word, which is more characteristic of the man, than this. Here is his first letter to the 'Times.' It has no nicely turned sentences, no attempts at fine writing; but it lifts the subject at once, beyond the range of party feeling, into higher and purer air, and it will for ever stand forth, like the letters which he wrote at the beginning of the Mutiny, as a monument of his sense of justice, his sagacity, his energy, his patriotism :—

AFGHANISTAN.

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

Sir,—The news from Peshawur which appeared in the 'Times' of the 23rd inst., telling us that the Ameer of Cabul had refused to receive the proposed Mission on its way to his capital, and had forced Major Cavagnari to turn back from Ali Musjid, is, no doubt, a serious rebuff to the Government of India, more particularly so as the Mission had actually started. It seems to me to have been a serious mistake organising a Mission to Cabul before we had ascertained whether Ameer Shere Ali was prepared to receive our overtures or not, and a still greater mistake despatching the Mission until we had received his consent to our doing so. Had these precautions been observed, the affront which we have

met with would not have appeared to be so flagrant as it now does. But, however vexatious is the Ameer's conduct in this matter, it ought not to lead us to force our Mission on him; still less should it induce us to declare war against him. It appears to me to be contrary to sound policy that we should resent our disappointment by force of arms; for, by so doing, we play the enemy's game and force the Afghans into a union with the Russians.

We ought not, indeed, to be surprised that the Ameer has acted as he has done. From the time of the Treaty of 1857, the late Ameer, Dost Mohammed Khan, refused to allow us to have a Mission at Cabul, or even to send one there as a temporary arrangement, solemnly assuring us that such a step would lead to mischief and not to peaceful relations with the Afghans. We accepted his excuses. In 1869, the present Ameer affirmed the same policy. Whatever may be his own faults and shortcomings, he has never concealed from us his views on this subject. What occurred at the meeting in Peshawur towards the end of 1876 between the Ameer's agent and Sir Lewis Pelly has not actually transpired; but I believe that our wishes on the subject of a Mission to Cabul were at that time reiterated, though in vain.

The old policy was to bear with the Afghans so far as we could reasonably do so, and to endeavour by kindness and conciliation to bring about friendly relations, gradually leading them to see that their interests and ours did not conflict. Of late, however, we have seemed to think that we understand the interests of the Afghans better than they do themselves. We appear to think that we can, in short, force our policy on them without their taking offence at such conduct.

What are we to gain by going to war with the Ameer? Can we dethrone him without turning the mass of his countrymen against us? Can we follow the policy of 1838-39 without, in all probability, incurring similar results? If we succeed in driving Shere Ali out of Cabul, whom can we put in his place? And how are we to insure the maintenance of our own creature on the throne, except by occupying the country? And when is such an occupation to terminate?

I have no doubt that we can clear the defiles and valleys of Afghanistan from end to end of their defenders, and that no force of Afghans could stand against our troops when properly brought to bear against them. The country, however, consists of mountain ranges for the most part broken up into rugged and difficult plateaux, where brave men, standing on the defensive, have considerable advantages; and when we force such positions we cannot continue to hold them.

The cost of invading such a country will prove very great, and the means for so doing must be drawn from elsewhere. The country held by the Ameer can afford neither the money nor the transport nor, even, the subsistence in adequate quantity for the support of the invading army.

It is impossible to foresee the end of such a war, and, in the meantime, its prosecution would utterly ruin the finances of India.

Such are the political and military considerations which lead me to raise my voice against the present policy towards Ameer Shere Ali. Are not moral considerations also very strong against such a war? Have not the Afghans a right to resist our forcing a Mission on them, bearing in mind to what such Missions often lead, and what Burnes's Mission in 1836 did actually bring upon them?

I have heard it contended that no nation has a right to isolate itself, in this way, and refuse to have intercourse with its neighbours. This may be a reasonable objection among civilised nations, but ought not to apply, I submit, between civilised Governments on the one hand and barbarous peoples on the other.

No doubt, Ameer Shere Ali has aggravated his offence by the mode in which he has resisted our overtures, more particularly in the threat of his Mir Akhor at Ali Musjid to shoot Major Cavagnari, if he did not turn back. But we should not bear too hardly on the Ameer on this account. I have no doubt that if we promise to give up forcing a Mission on him he would make any apology that we could reasonably call for. I urge that we were wrong, in the outset, in our policy towards the Ameer in many instances which could be pointed out, and therefore, ought not to be over hard on him in accepting his excuses. I insist that there will be no real dishonour to us in coming to terms with him; whereas, by pressing on him our own policy, we may incur most serious difficulties, and even disasters.

The last telegrams from India are that three considerable bodies of troops are to be concentrated, one at Quetta, one at Thall, on the river Koorum, and the third in reserve at Mooltan, as what are called 'precautionary measures.' I should call them very offensive measures. The same impulses which have brought us into the present complications and troubles will almost certainly lead us to still more decisive movements, unless very speedily checked by the people of England.

Yours faithfully,

LAWRENCE.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, Sept. 27.

Such a letter was a trumpet-call to the conscience of the country. 'You have given them a shot between wind and water,' said his friend, Captain Eastwick, to him on the morning on which it appeared. The effect was instantaneous. It was shown by the abuse showered upon him in the speeches of platform orators, by anonymous and threatening letters, by the almost savage articles of the Ministerial press, no less than by the private letters of sympathy which came pouring in upon him from men of every shade of

political opinion, by the approving articles which appeared in the unattached as well as the Liberal portion of the press, and by the numerous letters to the 'Times' written by men who had always put principle above party, and morality above expediency—men like Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Grey, and Sir Charles Trevelyan. The influence of the leading journal was, unfortunately, at that time given in support of the aggressive policy. But, as usual in matters of the first moment, it opened its columns freely and fairly to the chief disputants on either side of the question; and the letters written to it by men like Lord Lawrence, Lord Grey, Sir John Adye, Sir Charles Trevelyan on one side, and by Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Havelock, and General Hamley on the other, have, since, been published in a separate volume. Those of Lord Lawrence are, all of them, excellent, but I have space to quote only a few sentences from them.

October 24.

So far as diplomacy, and diplomacy alone is concerned, we should do all in our power to induce the Afghans to side with us. We ought not, in my mind, to make an offensive and defensive treaty with them. This has been for many years their desire; but the argument against it is that if we made such a treaty we should be bound to restrain them from any attacks on their neighbours, and to resent such assaults on them, while it would be next to impossible for us to ascertain the merits of such complaints. We should thus constantly find ourselves in a position to please neither party, and even bound to defend causes in which the Afghans were to blame.

October 30.

The pressing question is whether the Ameer was not justified in, or at any rate, has not extenuating circumstances to plead for, his refusal to receive our Mission. If he has—and I believe that he has—then I affirm that we ought to suspend military operations against him and his country, until it can be fairly shown that the justification which is pleaded for him has no solid basis. If we declare war against the Ameer we shall, in all probability, destroy him, or drive him from his country and subvert his Government, before we are assured that he deserves this at our hands; and should we, in the end, find that we were much to blame in the course we had pursued, we shall then feel that we have done a great wrong which it will be impossible to repair.

And here, once more, in his last letter, more especially in its very last words, is the gist of the whole business :—

I have tried to keep the military considerations connected with the present North-West frontier as separate as I well could from those of a

political character. But the arguments bearing on the subject are so interwoven that it is difficult to do so thoroughly. I am conscious that I have mixed them more than I could wish. One of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, objection attending 'the rectification of the frontier'—which I understand to mean taking a further portion of Afghan territory and annexing it to our possessions—is based on political and moral grounds. The greatest captain of modern times is said to have affirmed that, even in war, the moral as compared with the military side was 3 to 1. Now, without affirming this to be the case, political and moral considerations ought to be deemed of the greatest weight. As time rolls on, when the desolation caused by war has been long obliterated, the passions which a sense of wrong have aroused do not cease to burn, but pass on from one generation to another. The Afghan is courageous, hardy, and independent; the country he lives in is strong and sterile in a remarkable degree, extraordinarily adapted for guerilla warfare; these people will never cease to resist so long as they have a hope of success, and, when beaten down, they have that kind of elasticity which will ever lead them to renew the struggle whenever opportunity of so doing may occur. If we enter Afghanistan—whether it be to punish the people for the alleged faults of their chiefs or to rectify our frontier—they will, assuredly, do all in their power to resist us. We want them as friends and not as enemies. In the latter category, they are extremely dangerous to us. However disagreeable to our pride and self-esteem, we must 'try back,' and endeavour to adopt a wiser policy. We made a treaty with them, we bound ourselves to respect their territory, and even though we would not bind ourselves in an offensive and defensive alliance, we gave them to understand that we would take a great interest in their independence, and would look with severity on any attempt to injure them. This seems to be a good basis on which to endeavour to build up amicable relations. At any rate, by such a line of conduct we should leave no sting behind.

Let us now turn to the financial state of the case. This has been well described by Mr. Fawcett. The expenses of an invasion, and still more of holding Afghanistan, must prove enormous. All this has been dexterously thrown aside by the advocates of retaliation and war. The expenses of the Afghan war of 1838-42 were very large, and those for the impending war must prove greater. We have not yet heard a word as to who is to bear them. I, for one, do not believe that the people of England will endure them, and as for the inhabitants of India, they are already, in my judgment, taxed beyond the public burdens which they ought to bear. For the most part simple and abstemious in their habits, they can live on little. But there is a point beyond which even they cannot maintain themselves. Many of the richer classes do not bear their fair proportion of the taxation of the country, and thus the condition of the rest of the people is more wretched than it ought to be. The droughts and famines

in many parts of the country of late years have caused great misery, and some of the prime necessaries of life cost more than the labours of the lower classes can afford. To increase the taxation in such circumstances must have a tendency to render the masses of the people almost desperate. Is this the time for spending millions of money in a war for which we cannot even produce a reasonable pretext? for a war the evidence for which we are ashamed to produce?

Yours faithfully,
LAWRENCE.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, November 18.

Nor was Lord Lawrence content merely to write letters or to hold conferences with his friends, private and political, upon this burning matter. Finding that the papers which it was supposed by some credulous people might in some measure justify our conduct, were still withheld by Government; that military preparations were proceeding apace; and that Lord Lytton was disposed to go to war even in advance of them, he became Chairman of a Committee composed of men of every phase of political opinion, and especially of men who were strong in their Indian experience and reputation. Its chief object was to bring pressure upon the Government to postpone the actual commencement of hostilities till explicit orders had been sent from home to that effect, till the papers had been produced, and till the Ameer should have had one chance more of making an apology or an explanation. If only Justice were done, Lord Lawrence thought that explanations and apologies would not be all on one side.

On November 9, Lord Beaconsfield had startled his colleagues and his supporters hardly less than his opponents, by the announcement at the Mansion House, that the war which was about to begin had been undertaken not to punish the Ameer for his reception of the Russian and his refusal to receive an English mission, but for a rectification of boundary, for the substitution, as he called it, of a scientific for a haphazard frontier. The name was his own, but the idea, I believe, was General Colley's. The brave soldier whose opinion on the Afghan frontier was, in Lord Lytton's view, 'equal to that of twenty Lawrences,' had, somehow, contrived to produce a like effect upon the clear or the temporarily clouded intellect of a yet higher authority; and the war, henceforward, was declared, on that higher authority, to be distinctly for aggressive purposes.

On the 16th of the same month, Lord Lawrence, as Chairman of 'the Afghan Committee,' wrote to Lord Beaconsfield asking him

to receive a deputation on the earliest possible day. Lord Beaconsfield curtly declined the interview. 'It was rendered unnecessary,' he said, 'by the copious explanations of their views with which Lord Lawrence and his friends had recently favoured the country, and, as for the papers which he asked for, they would be found, when they were produced, to begin from an earlier date than that of Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty.' It was hardly necessary for Lord Lawrence to remark in reply, 'There is no transaction which has passed between the Afghan Government and myself, in former days, which I am not willing should be known throughout the breadth and length of the land.'

Early in December, Parliament met to consider the question. But it was too late. The conclusion was foregone. We had invaded Afghanistan, had beaten down, as Lord Lawrence said we should, all resistance, and had driven the Ameer, who had written that most touching letter on Lord Mayo's death, from his country to die in misery and in exile. In vain were the abounding knowledge and authority of Lord Lawrence, the experience of Lord Northbrook so recently gathered upon the spot, the official weight and position of Lord Halifax, the independence of Lord Grey, the cool judgment and high morality of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, brought to bear upon the question. They could not undo what had been done, even if they could have hoped, by weight of argument, to influence the serried ranks of those who were prepared, under all circumstances, to vote as they were bidden. The utmost that they could do, from a practical point of view, was to urge the Government to as early and as equitable a conclusion of the war as possible.

That conclusion, or rather a conclusion of some kind, soon came. We had shattered the Government of Shere Ali—the only strong Government that was possible in Afghanistan—into pieces. We had prepared a new series of civil wars for his unhappy country, and it was necessary before we could retire, either with decency or safety, behind our new 'scientific' frontier, to find somebody to put in his place, a man who would come into our terms, and who, by the mere fact of doing so, must make it impossible, when once we had retired, that he should rule the country with vigour, even if he could manage to retain his life. Yakub Khan, 'the ill-starred wretch,' the persecuted son of Shere Ali, lay readiest to our hand. The treaty of Gundamuck was, of course, readily, or even greedily, signed by him; and the two objects of the war, the permanent

stationing of an English embassy at Cabul, and the permanent possession of a scientific frontier, were secured—secured, that is, for a month or two.

There were universal rejoicings among those who had promoted the war, over a victory which had been so cheaply purchased; and Lord Lawrence was proved, by the result, to be doubly wrong, wrong in his premises and wrong also in his conclusions. Was he wrong, and how did he regard the treaty? 'I fear,' he said, 'that it can end in nothing but evil to us.' And when he heard that, by one of its articles, it was stipulated that General Cavagnari should remain with his escort at Cabul, 'they will all be murdered,' he exclaimed, 'every one of them.' And they were murdered, every one of them, and the very notion of having an embassy at Cabul, and of retaining the 'scientific frontier,' were, ultimately, abandoned for ever by those who had started them. But another war was necessary; and a proclamation that we should hang upon the scaffold those who fought against us for their hearths and homes was deemed to be necessary; and a winter at Cabul was necessary, during a large portion of which our troops were penned in their fortified camp; and a pitched battle at Maiwand was necessary, in which, for almost the first time in British history, a large English army was defeated in the open field, and put to flight by these despised Afghans; and when General Roberts's brilliant march and victory enabled us to flatter ourselves that we had wiped out the memory of our disgrace, it was necessary for us to find or to make another king, and we fished out a Russian pensioner, whom we straightway put upon the throne, to oppose Russian aggression! And then, the Government which had succeeded, by no fault of their own, to the heritage of wrong left them by their predecessors, did the best that they could under the circumstances by withdrawing from the scene of our sin and shame, and we now have the satisfaction of feeling that we have thrown away twenty millions of money, and thousands of lives, and the plighted word of successive Viceroys, and the solemn pledges of treaties, in pursuit of a 'scientific frontier' which has vanished clean away, and is never spoken of but with derision; that we have turned the whole Afghan nation into our deadly foes; and that we have not stopped the march of Russia towards India by one single day.

'You may do your worst!' such was the solemn exclamation of the Ameer Shere Ali, when he received the high-handed summons

of Lord Lytton, 'but the issue is in the hands of God.' And they were words which might have made even Lord Lytton think seriously of what he was about to do. 'The first Afghan war,' says Sir John Kaye, its historian, in summing up his judgment upon the whole, was in principle and in act an unrighteous usurpation, and the curse of God was upon it from the first. Our successes, at the outset, were a part of the curse. They lapped us into false security, and deluded us to our overthrow. This is the great lesson to be learnt from the contemplation of the Afghan war. 'The Lord God of recompenses will surely requite.' May we not, those at least of us who still believe in a Providence and in a God, say the same, word for word, of the second Afghan war? 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the reproach of any people.'

But Lord Lawrence was not destined to have the infinite pain of seeing his worst forebodings fulfilled, or the infinite satisfaction of seeing the unrighteous policy reversed, and the Ministry which had embarked, under the same sinister auspices, on almost equally unjust wars in Asia and in Africa, swept from power by the whirlwind of popular indignation, which broke forth, when once the national conscience had been aroused to what had been done. As long ago as the summer of the preceding year there had been those about Lord Lawrence who had begun to have vague fears about him. He had often told his friend Captain Eastwick that he felt his days were numbered, and some of those who saw most of him think that he might then have passed away quietly to his rest, had not his energies been once more aroused by the thought that there was still something for him to do in the world. Once more, perhaps—as I have ventured to suppose may have been the case in his earlier life, when he seemed to be at the point of death—the thought may have occurred to him that

> . . . . Something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note may yet be done
> Not unbecoming men who strove with gods.

At all events, he seemed to take a new lease of life from the moment when he heard of the turning back of Cavagnari's mission, and determined manfully to throw himself into the breach, if, haply, he might still stop the Afghan war.

Throughout that autumn and the early winter, Lord Lawrence worked away at his self-imposed mission with his old unconquerable energy. He was able to dine out occasionally; he saw much of his

friends; and it was my happiness during these few months, on several occasions, to have lengthened conversations with him. He paid one flying visit to Edinburgh, and another to Manchester on business, accompanied in each case by his ever-faithful companion, who rarely let him go out of her sight, and never left him for more than an hour or two together, except on one occasion, when she was summoned to Windsor to receive the Order of the Crown of India from the hands of the Queen. In May, Lord Lawrence was present at an event which gave—and with good reason—unmixed satisfaction to him and to all the family, the marriage of his second son, Henry Arnold, to Constance Davies. He made a speech at the wedding breakfast, and nobody then observed any sign of his approaching end.

One day, early in June, he ventured out in a heavy rain, and caught a chill which settled heavily on the weaker organs of his body. Partially recovering, he insisted on going down, on the 19th of the month, to the House of Lords, that he might take part in the debate on the Indian Budget. His eldest son, John, who usually attended him on these occasions, happened to be otherwise engaged, and there was difficulty in finding anyone to accompany him. 'Don't send for Eastwick,' he said, 'for he is sure to come, whatever it costs him.' 'It is a speech,' said Captain Eastwick when it was reported to him, 'which I value more than a thousand pounds.' Lord Lawrence went down to the House, but he proved to be quite unequal to the exertion. He had prepared his speech with more than usual care. In fact, it had been a great labour to him. But his voice was almost inaudible, and, to his great distress, he was unable to say much that he had wished. He was able, however, to deliver a protest against the repeal of the cotton duties, which he thought to be a needless remission of revenue made at the wrong time, and made also in the interest of the English manufacturers, rather than of India. He also denounced the new license tax as an impost which pressed too heavily on the poorer classes. On his return, very late, to his home he looked exceedingly fatigued and exhausted. He had been so anxious to hear the whole debate that he would not leave the House of Lords to get dinner, and had afterwards driven home in a Hansom cab, arriving thoroughly chilled from the night air, after the heated atmosphere in which he had been for so many hours. It was his last visit to the House of Lords.

'The next day,' writes Miss Gaster, 'during his walk, he said to me, "I feel so worn out, I can hardly stagger along." And this was

literally the case. Seeing how tired and thirsty he seemed'—I have referred to this incident before, but need not apologise for telling it in full here again, in its right place—'and as we happened to be passing a shop full of splendid fruit, I proposed that we should go in and buy some strawberries. A basket of the most tempting description was offered to us; but alas! the price was exorbitant, owing to the season being a very late one. "Spend ten shillings on myself for such a purpose!" he said, "I never did such a thing in my life," and we went away without them.' In the afternoon of the same day, he managed to go with Captain Eastwick to the asylum for the orphan daughters of soldiers at Hampstead, an institution in which he had always taken a great interest. It was the anniversary festival; and the Duke of Connaught was to preside, while the Duchess was to distribute the prizes. After the ceremony was over he proposed a vote of thanks to the Duchess and had a friendly conversation with her and with the Duke. He had been much interested, I may mention here, in the case of a soldier's child whose mother had recently died. On being asked, whilst dying, to whose care she would leave her children, she replied, 'I have nobody belonging to me. But if Lord Lawrence knew that I had been trained in the "Lawrence Asylum," I am sure that he would not let my children starve.' This remark, her brother, a tailor, wrote to Lord Lawrence, and her faith was amply rewarded, for, besides contributing to the support of the children for the time being, he did not rest until both were settled in homes. A grateful letter of thanks from the poor tailor, praying for the long life of Lord Lawrence, arrived just before his benefactor breathed his last.

On the following morning, Sunday, he fell asleep almost immediately after breakfast—a very unusual thing with him—and he was unable to go to church. His wife stayed at home with him, and though she then little thought how soon the conflict was to be fought and the victory won, she happened to read aloud to him a sermon of Robertson's on the 'Victory over Death,' with which he seemed greatly struck. He brightened up in the afternoon, conversed with the large family party who were staying in the house, and was able to receive his friends as usual.

On Monday, he was rather better, and was able to attend to business, but, on Tuesday morning, a strange drowsiness came on, which never again quite left him. He fell asleep after breakfast, but insisted on going down, at noon, to a business meeting in the City.

During his absence, Lady Lawrence seized the opportunity of going, unknown to him, to Dr. Kidd, and telling him of the symptoms. Dr. Kidd thought them serious, and wished to see him; but when Captain Eastwick, on Lord Lawrence's return, urged him to send for a doctor, he only said, with a pleasant smile, 'I see my wife has been putting you up to this; there is no need for it.' In the afternoon, he was able to see some friends—Dr. Kennedy, his brother-in-law, among the number—and they even arranged to go together to the House of Lords on the following Thursday. During all that night, his wife watched by his bedside. He was several times sick and very drowsy.

On Wednesday morning, he was too weak to leave his bed, but he seemed to enjoy having the newspapers read to him. He spoke little, and then only to ask for water. Everything in the shape of food was rejected, and the strong remedies ordered by Dr. Kidd produced hardly any amelioration of the symptoms.

On Thursday morning, he just asked what news there was in the papers; and this was the last question on public affairs which he was to put to anyone. From that time till about 10.30 P.M. on Friday, he was engaged with the last enemy, who was no 'king of terrors' to him.

On the Friday morning, those who had clung most to hope saw that the end was drawing near. The few absent members of his family who were within reach were summoned to his side. The once strong man lay helpless on his bed, seldom opening his eyes and, apparently, unable to speak or to recognise anyone. 'Do you know me?' whispered his wife. 'To my last gasp, my darling,' he replied quite audibly; and, as she bent down to give him her last kiss, she felt the last pressure of his lips and hands. 'I am so weary;' such were the words which those who stood around his bed heard the most indefatigable of workers murmuring to himself as he was entering the land where the weary are at rest.

So lived and so died John Lawrence.

APPENDIX.

HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.

THE passages in these volumes in which I have felt it my duty to state frankly the opinion I have been led to form of the character and career of Major Hodson have, as I could not fail to anticipate, called forth sundry rejoinders in the periodical press, and, more recently, they have received an elaborate answer from Mr. George Hodson in the shape of an introduction which he has prefixed to a new edition of his brother's life. To all such criticisms, whatever their tone, I have given my careful attention in the hope that, if I was still unable to accept the portrait given by Mr. Hodson of his brother as a true one—for it is a portrait whose general accuracy, to use the words of the most recent historian of the Mutiny, Mr. Holmes, 'no old Indian who knew him would allow to pass unchallenged'—I might, at least, in this new and cheaper edition of Lord Lawrence's life, be able to modify some of my expressions and retract some of the more painful charges which I have made in former editions. And, if I have been unable to do much in that direction, it is not because I am afraid to confess that I have been mistaken or because of any foolish wish to stand by what I have written, but because, owing to the fresh communications which have reached me since the book was published, the question has, necessarily, often been with me, not so much what I could properly omit, as what, in justice to myself and the gravity of the question at issue, I was bound to add.

As a general rule, it is, no doubt, a mistake in the author of a book to attempt any elaborate defence of what he has written. The tendency of such an answer is to lay stress on the transitory and personal element in his work, rather than on the impersonal and the lasting; to bring one part, possibly a very small part, of his subject into undue relief and so to weary out, if not his own patience and that of those who are specially interested, at least that of the general reader. His business, it would rather seem, in the great majority of cases, is to weigh carefully all that is said, whether by friend or foe, to assimilate it, and by quietly dropping an epithet or a sentence here, and adding one there, to bring his narrative, as far as may be, into harmony with what he believes to be the truth.

But the case of Hodson of Hodson's Horse is, in some respects, peculiar. No one will deny that, as a leader of light horse, he rendered the most brilliant service to his countrymen at the most critical period of the Indian Mutiny. 'Every Englishman,' a friendly critic has remarked, 'is interested in the reputation of so great a soldier.' But do not considerations which go deeper even than an appeal to English patriotism or English pride, demand that a great soldier should be tried by a high standard, and that military merit should not be considered to atone for acts of inhumanity, of greed, of savage revenge? If Major Hodson was really guilty of acts—some of them uncontested and incontestable—which the vast majority of those who knew him best in India, men whose good faith is above suspicion, and whose names have become household words with their countrymen everywhere, have attributed to him, then the very brilliancy of his military achievements makes it the more necessary to speak the truth respecting his darker side. In the case of so splendid a soldier, the danger is, not so much that his military services will be forgotten in his misdeeds, as that his misdeeds will be condoned, or—as they have been by his brother—converted into virtues, by reason of his military merits.

Mr. G. Hodson writes with an acrimony of tone towards all those who have expressed an unfavourable opinion of his brother which, if it is to be regretted, is scarcely to be wondered at. Much may be pardoned to a man who is doing his best to defend a brother who can no longer defend himself, and one too who, as his letters to his friends at home show, possessed many fine and manly qualities. I would only remark that there are subjects which are almost as painful to the historian who has to handle, as to the relatives who may have to read what he has written. I never had any personal knowledge of Major Hodson, and, when I first approached my task, I had made no special study of his character. I had only such general knowledge of him as any educated Englishman, who had lived through the period of the Mutiny, would be likely to derive from reading many of the works relating to that stirring period, and more especially the biography written by his brother. It is impossible, therefore, that I could have had any personal prejudice against him. If I had formed a somewhat decided opinion on the slaughter of the Delhi princes, that opinion was based chiefly on Major Hodson's own account of his proceedings, and it was tempered by a lively admiration for his many striking qualities. It was only very slowly and reluctantly, when I had waded through many documents, when I had talked or corresponded with the officers of his own splendid regiment of the Guides; with the Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners of his own and adjoining Districts; with men who had known him intimately in all the relations of life from his first arrival in the Punjab to his death at Lucknow; with men who grieved over his moral delinquencies as genuinely as they ad-

mired his prowess, that I came to the unfavourable conclusions which I have frankly stated. It was impossible to resist the concurrence of testimony, the converging batteries of circumstantial evidence brought to bear upon me, by men who differed from one another in almost every conceivable way except—as I could not help believing, alike from their reputation and from my personal intercourse with them—in their good faith and their devotion to the public good.

Even so, when I had convinced myself that I had arrived at the substantial truth, there were present not a few considerations which would have led me to ignore so painful a subject, or, at all events, to pass lightly over it. There was the natural, and, within certain definite limits, the rightful feeling, that the less of evil said about the dead the better. There was the reluctance to inflict pain on surviving relatives. There was the danger that some of my authorities, either from a failure of moral courage, or from a disinclination, which is not uncommon, to say in public what they talk freely of in private, might, when the pinch came, fail to stand to their guns. There was the indignation of that considerable portion of the public who are apt to think that evil is only half evil if it can be hushed up, and that it is the first duty of an Englishman to deny or to conceal what is discreditable to his countrymen. Finally, there was the certainty that prejudice, envy, malice, recklessness, love of scandal, all the predispositions, in fact, which, if I know myself, I had, in this instance, striven most earnestly to eliminate, would be freely imputed to me. Considerations these which will at least go some way to prove to an impartial mind that what I have written upon this subject I have written from conviction, and from a stern sense of public duty.

The maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, which has so often been quoted in this controversy, never wholly true, even when applied to private life, is, I would express my belief, when applied to history, in the highest degree, mischievous and immoral. It makes history worthless. The first duty of the historian is Truth; and the more important the epoch with which he has to deal, and the more striking the characters who are described in his pages, the more sacred is the obligation to say all that he deems essential to his subject, without favour and without fear, 'nor aught extenuating, nor setting aught down in malice.' It is as much his duty, due regard being had to attendant circumstances, to call fraud, cruelty, and unscrupulousness by their right names, as it is their opposites.

'I have no patience,' says one of the historians of the Indian Mutiny, Colonel Malleson, in a letter which reaches me almost as I write these words, 'I have no patience with those who exclaim, "Why war with the dead?" If a man possessing all the courage, and more than the vices, of a *condottiere* of the Middle Ages appears in this nineteenth century, and, displaying alike the courage and the vices, tries to make people

forget the second for the sake of the first, the historian is bound to expose him. How could any man who knows what you know, and I know, and hundreds of others know about Hodson, dare, when forced to write a history of the period in which he lived, conceal his crimes? The man who, knowing all, were to do so, would become *particeps criminis.*'

I would not have undertaken—I should not have had the right to undertake—the task of writing Lord Lawrence's life, a period of history which, in one portion of it, brings so much that is pleasurable and so much that is painful, so much that is horrible and so much that is heroic into such startling juxtaposition, without having first counted the cost and made up my mind to face the consequences. Whatever the merits or demerits of the book, whatever influence it has obtained or has failed to obtain, its permanent value will, I believe, depend, in the main, on the fidelity with which I have adhered to this leading principle. .If I have been able—as the general reception of the Life of Lord Lawrence in England, in America, and in India, and the five editions through which the book has passed, in its more expensive form, within the period of little more than a year from its publication, seem to show—to give, in any degree, a truthful picture of many great men and of a stirring time, it is to this characteristic that I, primarily, attribute it.' I set about the task of investigating the character of Major Hodson exactly in the method and the spirit with which I have dealt with those of Sir John Lawrence, of Sir Henry Lawrence, of Lord Dalhousie, of General John Nicholson, and of many others. If the portraits I have drawn of these remarkable men are, in the main, true and accurate, it is difficult to believe that that of Major Hodson is wholly, or even seriously, wide of the mark.

But, even if I had not taken this general view of the duty of an historian, there are special grounds which, if the biography of Lord Lawrence was to be, in any sense, a complete picture of the man and of his times, would have made it impossible for me to pass over the career of Major Hodson in silence. The interest of the two volumes culminates, I imagine, in the siege and capture of Delhi, the crowning achievement of Sir John Lawrence's life. In that striking drama, perhaps the most striking episode of all is the capture of the King and the slaughter of the Delhi Princes by Major Hodson. How could the exact character of that act be rightly estimated, except by an inquiry into the character of the doer? If the chief actor in the tragedy was clean-handed and sound-hearted—a man of sensitive honour and humanity, but combined with a fiery temperament which, stung to momentary madness by the thought that he had within his power criminals of the deepest dye, led him to anticipate the less swift action of military justice,—then the act, while it would still be deplorable enough, would not bear the moral character which, knowing the man and his antecedents, I have attributed, and still cannot help attributing to it.

Again, the life of Major Hodson in India is bound up with that of Sir John Lawrence. He had been a *protégé* and friend of Sir Henry Lawrence, and was introduced into the Punjab by him. Soon after Henry Lawrence left the Punjab, Hodson received, with the approval of John Lawrence, the civil charge of the Eusofzye district and the command of the Guides. Subject to Sir John Lawrence in this double capacity, Hodson was long treated by him with the marked forbearance with which he treated John Nicholson and others of the more impracticable of his brother's friends. At last, the rapidly accumulating body of complaints made against Hodson in both capacities drove his chief to recommend the appointment of that 'Court of Inquiry' which turned out to be so disastrous to his reputation. When the Mutiny broke out, Sir John, while recognising Hodson's splendid military ability, refused, with true moral insight, to employ so two-edged a weapon within the bounds of his province. When Delhi fell, it was the deeds of Hodson and his like in the captured city and the neighbourhood which gave him the most terrible anxiety and have left a sad blot upon the English name.

Once more—as Mr. G. Hodson knows better than any one—what would have made it absolutely impossible for me, in any case, to pass the matter over in silence, was the book which he has himself written, the upshot of which is to represent his brother as the model of a Christian gentleman, while those who think otherwise of him are, again and again, alike in the book and in the new Introduction, held up to public scorn as a 'clique' who, for vile purposes of their own, were bent on ruining, by false charges, his brother's reputation! No more unfounded or more odious charge was ever brought, without a shadow of a shade of proof, against some of the best men whom our Anglo-Indian Empire has produced. Mr. Hodson does not venture to enumerate the members of this supposed clique, because to do so would at once shatter the fabric he has so laboriously built to the ground. I shall venture to name some few of them here.

This 'clique' includes, then, the head of the Government of the Punjab, and the head of the Government of India. It includes the Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners of Hodson's own and adjoining Districts in the Punjab; it includes, with two exceptions, of which, were this the place, I might have much to say, all the chief authorities, military and civil, of the Punjab; it includes all three members of the military Court of Inquiry which, for months together, laboriously investigated, in the presence of the accused, the various charges brought against Hodson by his own regimental officers and the chiefs of his District, and arrived at conclusions, by no means on the subject of his regimental accounts alone, which were fatal to his character. It includes the principal officers of his own regiment of the Guides, Native and European. It includes a large number of officers of the army, Indian and Queen's, who, having heard nothing of Hodson's doings in the Punjab, and admiring, as

they could not fail to do, his exploits during the siege of Delhi and after it, yet, judging by what they saw with their own eyes or heard from those who had so seen them, put him down, by common consent, as the 'most notorious looter' in the whole army.

But, as memory is short-lived, and as the names of the men concerned are more likely to speak for themselves than the offices which they filled, I will add the names of just a few of the prominent members of the so-called 'clique.' It includes, among many others, those of Lord Dalhousie, of Sir John Lawrence, of Sir George Lawrence, of Sir Herbert Edwardes, of Sir Neville Chamberlain, of Sir Henry Norman, of Sir Henry Daly, of Sir Richard Pollock, of Sir Alexander Taylor, of Sir James Macpherson, of General Pelham Burn, of General Crawford Chamberlain, of General Godby, of General Miller, of General A. Turner, of General John Becher, of General Richard Lawrence, of Colonel Clement Brown, of Colonel Urmston, of Mr. Edward Thornton, of Mr. Robert Cust, of Dr. Hathaway, of Dr. Lyell, of Dr. Farquhar. With almost all of these, and with many more than these, I have held frequent communication, either by letter or by conversation, both before and since the publication of the Life. Of the small remainder, I know the opinions from authentic documents or from certain information; and, while I would not commit any one of them to the precise view which I have taken of the duty of an historian, or to a complete agreement with every word that I have written—for no one of them has had the whole of the converging and cumulative evidence before them which has brought conviction to my mind—I yet say, without fear of contradiction, that they, one and all, regard, or would regard, me as substantially in the right. If, on the other hand, Mr. G. Hodson's account of his brother is substantially correct, then these distinguished officers are, each and all of them, either the vile conspirators denounced by him, or they are the victims of the most extraordinary hallucination which ever befell sober-minded men.[1]

It is very painful to have been obliged to condemn, in such strong terms, and on so many different charges, a man who was unquestionably a very able and gallant soldier, and who, as Lord Lawrence used often to remark, if only his honesty had been equal to his ability, would have left a name behind him second to few of those who stemmed the

[1] What is the general belief on the matter in India and elsewhere, I may illustrate here by two extracts from private letters which I have lately received from India. 'Personally,' says the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Charles Aitchison, 'I never knew Hodson. But among the many I have known who knew him intimately, there is but one opinion about him—a splendid leader of Irregular Horse, but a most unscrupulous man. Your estimate of him is admitted by almost every one to be correct, although I have heard many expressions of regret that you did not leave him alone.' 'All of the Mutiny men,' says the present Commissioner of Allahabad, Mr. A. Lawrence, 'now in this country are with you, except a few personal friends. Such is the general verdict.'

tide of the Indian Mutiny. And it is even more painful to be driven in self-defence, or in defence of what I regard as truth and justice, to reiterate those charges and to bring to light fresh evidence and fresh facts over which I had been anxious to draw a veil. But a duty is not less a duty because it is painful, nor is it less painful because I believe it to be a duty; I have, in fact, no choice at all in the matter. Mr. G. Hodson's recent 'Vindication' of his brother reiterates the original offence committed by his book, and scatters moral dirt even more freely than before on all who are unable to regard his brother as a victim of persecution. The worst enemy of Major Hodson's memory, as has been remarked to me a score of times during this controversy, is thus Mr. G. Hodson himself; for it is he who has driven me, first, to a partial, and, now, to a more complete revelation of what his brother did.

The more serious charges against Major Hodson, on which I would insist, and which I consider to be proved, resolve themselves into the following heads. *First*, that he was cruel and overbearing to the natives of India in time of peace. *Second*, that he was bloodthirsty and reckless of human life in time of war. *Third*, that he was unscrupulous alike in his private money dealings and in his handling of the public funds committed to him. *Fourth*, that he enriched himself by plundering in time of war. It is impossible to go fully into the case in all its bearings within the limits of this appendix. I propose only to deal briefly with the answer which Mr. G. Hodson has given to my charges, to indicate what the proofs are, to admit frankly any points where I may, possibly, have been misinformed, or where Major Hodson may seem entitled to the benefit of a doubt, and, finally, to quote a few samples of the letters I have received from distinguished officers, whose special knowledge of the facts and whose good faith are alike indisputable.

I. Mr. G. Hodson says that an act of atrocious cruelty which I have attributed to his brother on the authority of a high official 'of scrupulous accuracy'—namely, that he flogged an ayah with his whip, and that he tied a native who had offended him to his stirrup, and galloped away with him dangling or dragging at his horse's heels—'rested, in fact, only on a story told by a discharged servant, and was utterly untrue.' I have written to Mr. Edward Thornton, C.B., the official in question. I may repeat here what readers of the 'Life' know well, that he was Commissioner of the Rawul Pindi Division during the most critical period of the Mutiny, and that he was brought, for many years, into intimate official and personal relations with Major Hodson. His answer is as follows:—

61 Warwick Square, S.W.: February 9, 1884.

My dear Mr. Bosworth Smith,—My knowledge of the facts which are the subject of your letter of the 5th instant was not received through any tainted channel, and there has never been any doubt in my mind as to their truth.

Yours very truly, EDWARD THORNTON.

I need only remark, further, that, when Hodson was reprimanded by Mr. Thornton himself, he did not deny the fact, but only insolently replied, 'You are not a judge of first instance, and have no right to interfere.'

'Hodson was always cruel and harsh to the natives,' writes, in a letter which lies before me, a distinguished officer, who served under him in the Guides, 'and acted towards us in a way that made us dislike him. But Lyell and I used to be sorry for him—sorry, that is, that our commandant caused the name of the regiment to suffer. His friends, or rather acquaintances—for I never knew a friend he had except Napier—he seemed to use for his own ends. I could tell many anecdotes of his treatment of men and officers.'

To Hodson's treatment of Kadir Khan, a rich and influential native chief who had incurred his enmity, I have perhaps sufficiently alluded in the 'Life.' He arrested him on a vague suspicion, seized his property, kept him and his sons, for many weeks, in durance without bringing them to trial, and when, at last, he was driven by the remonstrances of his superiors to do so, it was found that he had no evidence of any kind to produce. Sir Herbert Edwardes, his official superior, one of Sir Henry Lawrence's most intimate friends, and therefore one who could not possibly, as Mr. Hodson insinuates, have had any prejudice against him to begin with, investigated all the circumstances of the case on the spot. His judgment was most unfavourable, and it was fully endorsed by Lord Dalhousie and the Court of Directors. 'The Eusofzye case,' says Lord Dalhousie on January 31, 1855, 'is a crushing one. He can never be a Civil Officer again. He cannot retain either the command of the Guides. I have proposed that he should be suspended at once, and that the result of the pending court of inquiry should determine whether he should be remanded to his regiment or transferred to another command.' I submit that, unless the dictum of Mr. G. Hodson can overthrow the deliberate verdict of Sir Herbert Edwardes and Lord Dalhousie, this case is proved.

II. As regards the slaughter of the Delhi princes, I have nothing to retract and little to add to the account which I have given of this terrible scene. 'The deed,' I have said, in summing up the case, 'was worthy of the man, and the man of the deed.' Mr. G. Hodson has accepted the words, but in a different sense, and I am quite content that the two views should lie, side by side, here for the judgment of future generations. The exact method of killing the princes may have been suggested by the circumstances of the moment, and by the fierce and pitiless instincts of the man; but that the slaughter itself was no sudden thought, prompted by fear of a rescue or a fight, is conclusively shown by the leisurely stripping and speech-making which preceded it.[1] It is shown by the letter, written

[1] General Reynell Taylor, who, as will be shown hereafter, certainly took the most lenient view possible of one part of Hodson's conduct, the state of his accounts, writes to me thus regarding the slaying of the Princes: 'In the matter

in cold blood by Hodson some days before, in which he said that 'if he could get into the palace, the House of Timour would not be worth five minutes' purchase;' by the letter which he wrote afterwards, and which is quoted by his brother, saying, '*he* had intended'—not to give them up to the authorities, not even to bring them before a drumhead court-martial, —but 'to hang them' himself; and by the brutal satisfaction which he expressed at having been himself the instrument of their death.

One hasty note of congratulation on the deed, written by Sir Robert Montgomery to Major Hodson, has naturally been made the most of by Major Hodson's friends, and has been quoted by them again and again in every possible connection. If the truth were known about that note, I believe it would be found that, like another written by the same hand under somewhat similar circumstances, it was dashed off on the spur of the moment, before the exact circumstances of the slaughter were made known to him, and under the influence of a sudden expansion of heart at the news of the fall of Delhi. No one, I am inclined to believe, looking back coolly on all the circumstances of the case, would more rejoice now, if that note had never been written, than Sir Robert Montgomery himself.

But, in any case, the verdict of history has been already pretty well pronounced upon the subject. The two chief historians of the Mutiny, Sir John Kaye and Colonel Malleson, approaching their work from different standpoints, and holding very different views on many subjects, are quite at one on this. 'The famous partizan leader,' so Sir John Kaye speaks of Hodson, 'who had the fierce courage of the tiger, unsubdued by any feeling of human compassion. . . . It is not to be questioned that Hodson, as portrayed by himself, was a man of truculent and sanguinary disposition, delighting in such deeds as this. . . . Although Hodson at one time believed that the whole nation would rejoice, I may aver, without hesitation, that the general feeling in England was one of profound grief, not unmingled with detestation. I never heard the act approved, I never heard it even defended.'[1]

And what says Colonel Malleson, who, after an interval of some years, took up Sir John Kaye's work and handled part of it afresh? 'Some men are born,' he says, 'in advance of their age; others too late for it. Of the latter class was Hodson; daring, courting danger, reckless and unscrupulous, he was a *condottiere* of the Hills, a free-lance of the Middle Ages. . . . He would have been at home in the camp of Wallenstein, in the sack of Magdeburg. In him human suffering awoke no feeling, the

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of the Princes I think you are right. I have never admitted that their death was necessitated by the danger of rescue. I have never had any other idea than that Hodson, in his extra energy, looked to the campaign to repair his fortunes, and that he carried it out in ways that other men would not think of or join in.

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*, vol. iii., 642, 651, 652, 654.

shedding of blood caused him no pang, the taking of life brought him no remorse. The *certaminis gaudia* did not entirely satisfy his longings. Those joys were but the preludes to the inevitable consequences, to the slaughter of the fugitives, the spoils of the vanquished.' Then, speaking of the slaying of the Princes, he says: 'A more brutal or a more unnecessary outrage was never committed; it was a blunder as well as a crime. . . . It is idle to say that, unless the Princes had been shot, they would have been rescued. No attempt was made by the crowd to wag a finger in their behalf. . . . Hodson had nerves of iron; he had all his wits about him. He had regretted that his instructions forbade him to kill the King. His savage instincts required satisfying, and he satisfied them by this cowardly murder.'[1]

If these accounts of Major Hodson, given, independently of each other, by two historians, the one eight, and the other five years ago, are untrue, why were they not controverted by Mr. G. Hodson at the time? If charges so tremendous were allowed to pass unchallenged at a time when so many more eye-witnesses and actors in the scenes were alive, surely judgment may be considered to have gone by default. An Italian writer in the Middle Ages, speaking of a soldier who had wounded Ezzelin of Padua, one of the most infamous of tyrants, after he had been taken prisoner, thus expresses himself: 'He deserved no praise, but rather the greatest infamy for his baseness, since it is as vile an act to wound a prisoner, whether noble or otherwise, as to strike a dead body.' What would he have said of Hodson? The age of chivalry may be gone, but enough of the chivalrous spirit still remains, and will always, I believe, remain in the world, to condemn, as it deserves, the act of the officer who shot with his own hands, untried and in cold blood, three unresisting prisoners of the royal house of Delhi.

Nor was Major Hodson satisfied with the blood of his victims; he carried off also some at least of their property. Mr. Hodson says that the outer clothes of which his brother had stript them were of no value, and were left behind. If the statement, as a whole, be true, the first clause, probably, furnishes the explanation of the second; for no one can read Hodson's own letters, as quoted by his brother, in which he remarks, apparently with regret, that 'the army is not allowed to plunder,' and, then, goes on to speak disparagingly of the jewellery which he had taken off the bodies of the Princes, without forming a very strong opinion on the subject. 'A turquoise armlet and three signet rings of the rascally prince I shot' were certainly worth a great deal more than twenty rupees or 2*l.*; and this appraisement, or a similar one, is twice made, the second time in allusion to the report which had reached him of the authorities at Head-quarters (Simla) being aware of the value of the things which he

[1] Malleson's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, vol. iii. 75–81.

had sent to his wife. Royal princes, especially those of the Great Mogul dynasty of Delhi, were not in the habit of wearing ten-shilling rings!

III. I will take the more serious items in the remaining charges which I have brought against Major Hodson, much in the order in which they have been treated of by his brother.

On the subject of Hodson's visit to Kashmere I have used the following words: 'During his visit, in early times, with Sir Henry Lawrence to Kashmere, his management of the public purse, which had been entrusted to him, and his money dealings with the native merchants, had been of such a character that Sir Henry Lawrence lost all faith in his personal integrity, and told his most intimate friends that he had done so.'

I adhere to this statement as literally true. Hodson had been responsible for the *Toshikana* or public purse, from which the expenses of the journey were defrayed, and was bound to render an account of what had been spent in cash, and of what had been done with the presents contained in the chest. He could never be induced to render this account, though he was written to repeatedly by both Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence on the subject, for several years afterwards. I know, on the authority of Dr. Hathaway, who accompanied Sir Henry Lawrence to Kashmere, of Dr. Farquhar, surgeon to the Guides, and a man whom his friends always describe as the 'milk of human kindness,' and of Sir Neville Chamberlain, whose name speaks for itself, that Sir Henry Lawrence was most indignant, and did lose from this time his belief in Hodson's pecuniary probity. Mr. G. Hodson asks, if this were so, why did Sir Henry Lawrence continue to befriend him and correspond with him afterwards? I reply, that those who know Sir Henry Lawrence's character know that it was by no means inconsistent with that character to stand chivalrously by a friend, however grave his faults, to the very last, to endeavour to influence him for good, and to give him every chance of retrieving his character, if only he thought that he had it in him to do so. But, more than this—and the main facts are here admitted by Mr. Hodson himself—Major Hodson, while he was in Kashmere, being in an official position, and having no money of his own, ordered two expensive Kashmere shawls to be specially manufactured for him at the cost of 2,000 Rs. (200*l.*), and these had not been paid for, two years later, although repeated demands were made by the shawl merchant, who subsequently handed the matter up officially, first to the President himself, and finally to the Board of Administration. 'I know,' says Dr. Hathaway, 'beyond a doubt, that Sir Henry Lawrence wrote more than once upon the subject to Hodson, expressing his pain on hearing that the debt was still unpaid, and remarking how injurious it was to his character as an officer and assistant of the Resident, who had been his personal companion in the march.' I submit that this case too is proved.

I come now to what is, I suppose, one of the most serious counts in

my indictment of Major Hodson, and to what also appears, at first sight, to be the most formidable count in Mr. G. Hodson's indictment of me. Speaking of the Court of Inquiry which was assembled at Peshawur to investigate the charges of all kinds which had been brought against Hodson by the officers of his regiment, European as well as Native, I have used these words: 'In later years, Hodson's management of the accounts of his regiment had given rise, as I have shown elsewhere, to grave suspicions of a similar kind, to which colour is given by many letters which lie before me, and by dozens of anecdotes told me by those whose word is above suspicion, and who have the best means of knowing the truth.' Words these which must sound moderate enough to those who have been behind the scenes and who know what charges were brought, and what were considered to be proved by the Court of Inquiry, by the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, by the Commander-in-Chief, by the Governor-General, and by the Court of Directors. I would fain have said no more upon this part of the business, and it is no fault of mine that more has to be said now. But Mr. Hodson has stated in his 'Vindication' that the Court of Inquiry were prejudiced against his brother; that his brother 'appealed' from their verdict on the ground that it had been given on *ex parte* evidence, and that he had not had an opportunity of producing his accounts; that the 'appeal' was heard by Major Reynell Taylor, who, after a patient investigation, drew up a report completely vindicating Hodson on *all* the charges; that the verdict of 1856 was thus triumphantly set aside; and that I, knowing that all this was true, have suppressed all mention of it, in the hope that the world may remain in ignorance of it also.

A formidable indictment this; but let us see how it holds together. The best answer to many of its counts will be found in a striking letter which I am about to quote, from General Crawford Chamberlain, the sole surviving member of the Court of Inquiry, and in that of Sir Henry Norman, whose accuracy of memory and sobriety of statement are well known, alike to the Government of India and in the India Office at home. A complete answer it is, perhaps, impossible to give, because the whole of Major Reynell Taylor's investigation is wrapt in a good deal of obscurity. I have only very recently, through the kindness of General R. Taylor himself, succeeded in getting a sight of his report, nor have I met anyone who knows exactly how Taylor was appointed, and what he did or did not do. If his report was so very convincing and 'triumphant,' it is strange that Mr. G. Hodson, who, as it appears, has had a printed copy of it before him ever since he began to write his book, has, merely on the ground of its length and technicality, not thought it worth his while, either then or now, to publish it. The inference is inevitable. It is much more convenient to quote passages from the letters of two of Major Hodson's most intimate friends, who had certainly never seen the report

of the Court of Inquiry, congratulating him on his acquittal from charges of the exact nature of which they knew little, than, by publishing Major Reynell Taylor's report itself, to give those who know the facts the opportunity of judging of its true scope, authority, and value.

But, without further preface, I proceed to quote General Crawford Chamberlain's letter :—

Mentone : February 15, 1884.

My dear Mr. Bosworth Smith,—Your letter of the 6th instant and its enclosure anent 'the Vindication,' reached me a few hours after I had read the bitter and inaccurate article in the 'Saturday Review' of January 26 last, a portion of which I am not disposed to pass over in silence.

It says : 'Mr. Bosworth Smith speaks of the alleged malversation of regimental funds, and states, truly enough, that a Court of Inquiry came to conclusions adverse to Hodson. Mr. Hodson points out that Mr. Smith has suppressed the fact that his brother appealed, that a second inquiry was ordered, that Major-General R. Taylor, who conducted it, expressly and completely vindicated Hodson's behaviour as "quite satisfactory;" saying, moreover, that "there was nothing whatever in the charges,"[1] though this report, the existence and nature of which are undeniable, was, for some reason, never officially published.'

With all due deference to Mr. Hodson and to the 'Saturday Review,' I believe them both to be wrong, and I will now give you my reasons for saying so.

An "*appeal*," in the sense above expressed, is meant to convey the protest of an innocent man against an injury done him by the opinion of a former Court of Inquiry, and it leads those who read to believe that the appeal was successful. If two official inquiries *were* held under the orders of the Government of India (as is asserted), I can state that there was no analogy as to the subjects to be investigated.

1st. It is not probable that the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab would have applied to Government for the assistance of a special Court of Inquiry simply to go into the Guides' accounts! Hodson and his officers and moonshees could have done that, for I have the assurance of an officer who served under Hodson prior to, during, and subsequent to the Court, that Hodson was preparing or working away at the accounts in the interval between its closing its proceedings and Reynell Taylor taking up the command (July 1, 1855)—a period of three or four months; I have also his authority for saying that Taylor went into the accounts *for his own satisfaction as commandant* and for the purpose of clearing Hodson, if possible. He further adds that, although he does not remember having seen Reynell Taylor's report, he believes he was quite satisfied.

2nd. The Court of Inquiry was ordered for other purposes than accounts. It was entrusted to officers who had absolutely no knowledge of the matter to be

[1] General R. Taylor, who, it is true, thought that the accounts shown to him, at a much later date, by Hodson were capable of a satisfactory explanation, in a letter to me of March 7, 1884, thus disposes of this part of Mr. G. Hodson's statement: 'The quotation is from my report on the accounts, and had nothing to do with any charges made before the Court. I never said anything about satisfactory conduct.'

investigated, who had no connection of any kind with the Punjab Government or the Punjab force, and were specially selected so as to give Hodson an impartial and patient hearing.

The President was Colonel Halkett Crdigie, of Khelat-i-Gilzai fame, than whom a more noble, calm, irreproachable character never existed. His dictates were all on the side of compassion and mercy.

Major L. P. Eld, 9th Native Infantry, was senior member; he was a splendid linguist and good officer.

It was my misfortune to be the second member, because, as commanding the 1st Irregular Cavalry, I understood the irregular system, which, as perhaps you are aware, differed in every respect from that of regular regiments. I can state, as a fact, that Hodson expressed himself much pleased at my nomination to the Court; and, further, I can answer for it that no officer was ever subject to a less biassed or prejudiced court than he was, for he came before it with the fullest sympathy of all of us, and received every consideration throughout, even friendly advice when essential to him.

Major Augustus Turner, of the Judge Advocate-General's Department, a very clear-headed man, was the Judge Advocate of the Court. The fact of an officer of that department having been nominated to conduct the proceedings may be held as proof that more than accounts had to be investigated.[1]

3rd. It is not at all probable—and, indeed, it may be held to be quite certain—that the verdict of the Court of Inquiry was ever communicated to Hodson, for three reasons: 1st. Because it would be *most unusual* to publish any such report, which is a means of placing before constituted authority well-considered information, whatever may be the subject investigated; 2nd. Because, as the Court was not, at first, ordered to submit an opinion, it sent the papers away in the shape of a mass of evidence, too glad to avoid the most unpleasant part of its duty. It did not, however, escape it, because the Government of India, after some time, returned the papers with orders that the opinion of the Court should be submitted upon each heading of inquiry, with the result, as Hodson truly enough gathered from his own deductions, unfavourable to him in every way. 3rd. Hodson was removed from the Guides on account of his treatment of Kadir Khan before, I think, the Government of India had passed any orders upon the court's decision.

4th. Is it probable that after the Government of India and Chief Commissioner had had before them the deliberate opinion of a court, which sat patiently

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[1] That General Chamberlain is strictly accurate in saying that more than accounts had to be investigated by the Court, is proved beyond a doubt by a paper I have just (May 1884) received from the Government of India, and which gives the 'heads of charges' inquired into by the Court as follows:—

Misunderstanding between Lieutenant Hodson and Lieutenant Turner.
Complaint of Nujjuf Ali, moonshee.
Complaint of Khalikdad Khan of foul language.
Complaint of Koorhan Ali, jemadar, of abusive language.
Claim of Azeem Ali for camel hire.
Claim of a Bunya, Sowars, &c. &c.
Confusion in accounts and records.

for weeks investigating matters, they would, shortly afterwards, entrust such a duty as reopening and reconsidering the case to a single individual? I say most certainly they would *not*.

5th. I never, at any time, heard of any dissatisfaction upon Hodson's part. He certainly *never* expressed any to the Court, and, had he thought it prejudiced, he was not likely to omit a protest on its proceedings. But he could not think so, as no grounds existed, and the officer whose statements I have quoted says that he never heard him (Hodson) utter a single word of dissatisfaction.

For all the above reasons, I am bound to doubt the correctness of the information furnished to Mr. Hodson. The sentence as it stands more than implies that 'the appeal' was listened to by Government, for he says 'a second inquiry was ordered.'

Let him prove 'the fact' that he puts forth!' The real facts are in a nutshell.

Hodson could not get his accounts right whilst the court was sitting, although his own time was given him to do so.

A debtor and creditor account was proved to be all wrong after very cursory examination, and he either pleaded that he had not signed it as being correct, or that the letters E and O E covered his error. I have some doubt upon my mind as to which of the two it was.

With regard to what the 'Saturday Review' calls 'alleged malversation of regimental funds,' if an officer dips into a regimental treasure chest for his own private requirements and has to borrow moneys to replace what he misuses, the fact of malversation cannot be disputed. *This Hodson did.*

I remember too well his applying to me for a large sum, 4,000 or 5,000 rupees (400*l.* or 500*l.*), most urgently needed. It was this sum which Bisharut Ali, ressaldar of my regiment, negotiated the loan of from the banker of my regiment and stood security for. I had no idea, until long afterwards, that it was wanted to meet a deficit in his (Hodson's) treasure chest, and to satisfy a most pressing claim. This sum stood against Hodson *privately* when Reynell Taylor was investigating the Guides' accounts.

Among other charges, there came up a case of incorrect returns. The Chief Commissioner had called for a return of all men discharged from the Guides, and the reasons thereof, since Hodson assumed command. He prepared it himself and despatched it. It was returned for the Adjutant's signature. He refused to sign it as incorrect, but ultimately did so. After Hodson's explanations, the Court called up Lieutenant and Adjutant Turner. He pleaded entire irresponsibility for papers prepared under his commanding officer's personal supervision, and declared that all he had to do was to obey his orders, to sign *all* papers brought to him for the purpose. Hodson denied this statement *absolutely*. Lieutenant Turner insisted on its truth, and, leisurely searching, first in one trouser pocket, and then in another fruitlessly, twisted his pouch-belt round, and, taking from it a note, handed it to Colonel Craigie. This was a letter from Hodson ordering him to sign *all* papers prepared under his (Hodson's) authority! Hodson was obliged to admit the authenticity of the letter, and it was attached, in original, to the proceedings.

Having seen Mr. Hodson's book containing 'the Vindication,' I would call your particular attention to the Rev. C. Sloggett's letter, quoted on pages xxvi. and

xxvii. You will hardly have failed to notice that Colonel Keith Young had spoken 'with scorn respecting the case.' 'The whole matter,' he said, 'had passed under his own review ere it had been submitted to Government, and the verdict of the court was amply justified by the evidence produced.'

These are the sober words of a legal mind. Will anyone consider it likely that he came to his conclusions upon *ex parte* evidence (*see* page xxiv.)? A Court of Inquiry's duty is to receive the evidence (taken after a warning to speak the truth, and after reading a paragraph of the Bengal Army Regulations, which states that if any material discrepancy is discovered between the evidence given before a Court of Inquiry and that before a court-martial on oath, the witness is liable to punishment) first against, and then for the defendant. Witnesses are examined and *cross-examined by the latter*, whose *own statement of his case* AND *his witnesses' evidence are also recorded.* In fact, the proceedings are a miniature trial, *not on oath.* The defendant has *every* opportunity, and Hodson enjoyed this to the full.

If a court is prejudiced or partial, it is sure to defeat its own object, as the authorities would not fail to detect it. But what object has an examining body in having any leaning one way or the other?

Mr. Hodson (page xxiv.) says his brother 'had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts.'

I am sorry to say he was grossly misinformed, for Hodson *had* the opportunity. In August, 1855, he writes to his brother (page 129): 'And this, after I had laid my books on the table of the court, and begged that they might be examined,' &c., &c.

I know nothing of what General R. Taylor did, but I assert that, had he seen our proceedings, he must have thought as Colonel Keith Young thought; and he never could have said (as he is said to have done) that 'there was nothing whatever in the charges.' Nor, in my opinion, could he have vindicated Hodson's behaviour as 'quite satisfactory.'

Nothing that he may have said could in any way disturb the deliberate verdict of the Court of Inquiry, of which I am the sole surviving member.

That Court and you yourself are held up to the public as having done Hodson an injustice. If anyone has done so, it is his own friends, who have injudiciously forced proofs which have hitherto been veiled.

Enough has now been said to establish your innocence as to 'suppressing,' &c., &c., also to justify our conclusions, and as you are held up as a '*malevolent* writer,' because, so far as I can see, you have the courage of your convictions, you are welcome to make any use you please of this letter in your reply.

Yours sincerely,

CRAWFORD CHAMBERLAIN.

R. Bosworth Smith, Esq.

This letter speaks for itself. It is evidence at first hand, and of the highest authority. Lord Dalhousie, to whom the judgment of the court was submitted on each head of the indictment, thus expresses himself regarding it, in a private letter to Sir John Lawrence, dated September 26, 1855: 'Lieutenant Hodson's case was lately before me. It is as bad

as possible, and I have been compelled to remand him to his regiment, with much regret, for he is a gallant soldier and an accomplished man.'

Lord Dalhousie's Minute, which I have just succeeded in obtaining from the Government of India (May 1884), and which records his deliberate conviction respecting the whole affair, is as follows :—

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

MINUTE BY THE MOST NOBLE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

Case of Lieutenant Hodson when commanding the Guide Corps.

1. The allegations which were made against the conduct of Lieutenant Hodson while he was in command of the Guide Corps have received a full, protracted, and patient consideration. I am concerned to be obliged to conclude, after perusal of the documents before me, that the unfavourable conclusion at which the Court of Inquiry arrived was well founded, and entirely borne out by the evidence before them.

2. Some time ago, I felt it my duty to suspend Lieutenant Hodson from the command of the Guide Corps, and from his civil functions in Eusofzye, by reason of the exceedingly objectionable manner in which his peculiar duties in that district had been performed. I reserved to myself to determine the question whether he might, with propriety, be transferred to some purely military command on a further consideration of the facts of the case, when the proceedings which had been ordered before a court of inquiry should have been completed.

3. I regret to find that those proceedings preclude the possibility of my entrusting Lieutenant Hodson with the command of a regiment.

4. The Court of Inquiry was composed of three officers, who, as the Chief Commissioner observes, were 'all men of considerable experience and long-standing, men who are in command of, or should have commanded regiments both regular and irregular.'

A court thus composed has pronounced Lieutenant Hodson's conduct, under the various heads of complaint against him, to have been 'most blamable,' 'unjustifiable, and oppressive.' They convict him of using grossly 'abusive language' to native officers, and of having so far forgotten himself as to use personal violence towards those under his authority. They find that the records of the regiment were 'in a most unsatisfactory state.' The court remarks that the system prevailing in the Guide Corps, for which Lieutenant Hodson is responsible, is 'calculated to screen peculation and fraud.' Finally, on reassembly, the court records 'that from the commencement of their sittings, seven months ago, up to this day, Lieutenant Hodson's statements have abounded in subterfuge, and they cannot too strongly condemn the same.'

5. The Judge Advocate-General, reviewing the proceedings of the court of inquiry, confirms their ultimate conclusions by his own opinion separately formed. He remarks on the 'negligent manner in which all pecuniary matters appeared to have been carried on in the corps.' He condemns Lieutenant Hodson's use of 'foul language,' comments on 'his great want of proper command of temper,' and,

therefore, justly considers him 'deficient in one of the most necessary qualities of a commanding officer.'

6. The Commander-in-Chief is of opinion that there are but 'too many proofs' of 'Lieutenant Hodson's utter unfitness to command the Guide Corps,' and his Excellency considers that Lieutenant Hodson has 'entirely failed in exonerating himself from blame in almost all the various accusations he has endeavoured to rebut.'

7. The Chief Commissioner of the Punjab having had the whole of these documents before him, records the conclusion to which he has come in the following words :—

'The Chief Commissioner has already placed before Government his opinion on the charges preferred against Lieutenant Hodson. In all essentials it does not differ from that of the members of the Court of Inquiry. He can only add that the judgment which his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has recorded seems to be both just and lenient. Lieutenant Hodson is an officer with many high qualities. He has, on several occasions, distinguished himself in the field. He is able and highly educated ; but in spite of these great advantages, possesses defects, which disqualify him in the Chief Commissioner's judgment for the command of a regiment. Any one act of which he was charged and has been considered guilty would of itself be insufficient to condemn him. It is the cumulative effect of so many irregularities which proves so ruinous to his reputation.'

8. I sincerely regret to find myself unable, in the discharge of my duty, to take any more lenient view of Lieutenant Hodson's case than that which is here recorded by the Chief Commissioner. I sincerely regret that a gallant and accomplished officer should have placed himself in the position in which Lieutenant Hodson now appears. But I feel bound to decide that Lieutenant Hodson has shown himself unfit to hold the command of a regiment, and to direct that he be placed at the disposal of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

9. The allegations which have been brought by Lieutenant Hodson against Lieutenant Turner have already been noticed in such a manner that the latter officer will have full opportunity of explanation afforded him.

The decision on the removal of Lieutenant Hodson from command does not in any degree depend on the inquiry into the judgment upon the allegations just referred to.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

September 15, 1855.

The so-called 'inquiry' of Major Reynell Taylor differed, it will be seen, in every respect from that of the Court of Inquiry—in its scope, its subject matter, its method of procedure. It consisted simply of an examination of such accounts as were shown to him by Hodson, after he had had three or four months to manipulate, or, as officers of his regiment who were on the spot and knew the whole facts, express it, to 'cook' or to 'concoct' them. Few witnesses were examined ; no legal advice given ; the finding of the Court of Inquiry had not been seen either by Hodson or by Reynell Taylor. How, then, could it overrule it? how could it even remotely affect it?

Such study of the report of Reynell Taylor as I have been able to make

seems to me very much to bear out the conclusions which I myself, as well as General Chamberlain and Sir Henry Norman, had arrived at by a consideration of the circumstances and probabilities of the case. So far was he from being appointed by Government to hear an 'appeal' or to revise the finding of the court, that he speaks of his inquiry as 'a voluntary committee' of himself, Godby, and Hodson, sitting over the accounts of the latter; and, in the answers which he has most kindly given to a set of questions I have put to him, he expressly says: 'I did not see or go through the evidence laid before the Court of Inquiry. I did not, to the best of my recollection, see the Court's report. What I knew of their proceedings was derived from Hodson and Godby . . . I had no power to revise any finding of theirs. I was merely ordered to examine and report on the state of the regimental accounts, to clear up the point as to whether the regimental chest was solvent or otherwise, and, if balances were found, to ascertain to whom they were due.'

'I know,' says a general officer who was in the Guides at the time, and who probably knew, more than anyone else, all the circumstances, 'I know when the Persian accounts were *concocted*.' Another general officer who was in the Guides at an earlier period said to me: 'If you could only see for five minutes what I saw, the paper of claims against Hodson submitted to Taylor and admitted by Hodson himself, you would need no other evidence to convict him.' What avails it to say that the regimental chest contained at that time what it ought, and that the accounts submitted to Taylor were correct, when it is admitted that Hodson had been driven to borrow large sums, right and left, to make up the deficiencies? If a banker who is hard pressed appropriates the securities committed to him, on the bare chance of some day being able to make them good, everyone knows what to call him. One such act of Hodson's is alluded to by General Crawford Chamberlain in the above letter. It is the saddest, perhaps, of all the sad stories which are connected with his name.

Lieutenant Godby, an officer in the Guides, had been on leave for some months, and, on his return, he asked for his pay, which had been accumulating. The sum due to him amounted to 4,000 or 5,000 Rs., but when he asked for it, Hodson coolly told him he had spent it. Godby gave him three days to refund or threatened to report the matter. There would have been a terrible exposure then and there, but Hodson sent into Peshawur in hot haste and requested the aid of the native banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. The native banker, knowing the man, refused to lend it without security, when Bisharut Ali, ressaldar of the regiment, offered to go security for the amount. Hodson was thus saved from ruin by Bisharut Ali, who, on a subsequent occasion, lent him a further sum of money; and yet this was the man whom, when he had been sent home by his commanding officer, Crawford Chamberlain,

invalided, shortly before the Mutiny, Hodson apprehended when he was living quietly at his home at Khurkonda and ordered to be shot on a charge of desertion, though Bisharut protested his innocence and begged to be taken into Delhi for trial, Hodson himself firing the first shot. Was ever a more dastardly, a more damnable deed done? I have been acquainted with all the details of this ghastly story for years past, and I have them now in writing before me, from the pen of Bisharut's commanding officer, who knew him intimately and had the highest opinion of him, who investigated all the circumstances on the spot and heard the statements of the villagers who were eye-witnesses of the deed. The knowledge of the facts, doubtless, pointed my pen in what I said of Major Hodson, but I would fain have drawn a veil over this part of his proceedings. Nor will I, unless I am compelled to do so, publish them, in all their hideousness, even now. The story was first published, through no influence of mine, by the most recent historian of the Mutiny, Mr. Holmes; and when Mr. G. Hodson questioned its truth, General Crawford Chamberlain at once came forward to vouch for its accuracy and to offer to give him all the details. He has not heard from Mr. Hodson since![1]

It only remains to deal with the charge of plundering in time of war, and, on this question, I need hardly do more than quote words which I have used elsewhere. As regards the particular charge that Hodson enriched himself by looting, I say at once that I regard the evidence as overwhelming. Over and above the general belief, evidence of which has reached me from the most opposite quarters, from friend as well as foe—belief which it is impossible to suppose could ever have been so general, unless there was good ground for it—I have before me the direct statement of General Pelham Burn, Military Governor of Delhi after its capture, who was intimately acquainted, both personally and officially, with all Hodson's proceedings there, who started with him in the same buggy for the subsequent campaign in Oude, and who saw the boxes of loot which accompanied him. Further, I have the statement before me, taken down from his own lips, of General Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B., who succeeded Hodson in the command of the Guides, and, after his death, in the command of his Horse. It fell to his lot to open, for special reasons, Hodson's trunks before the 'Committee of Adjustment' had begun its task, and in them, to use his own words, he saw 'loads of loot.'

As regards the small quantity of effects (worth only 170*l.*) which appear to have passed through the hands of the 'Committee of Adjustment,' I have been informed by those who have a good right to speak upon the subject that the Sikhs who had accompanied their leader in his raids and

[1] Since the above was in type, the story of the murder of Bisharut Ali has been published in considerable detail by Mr. Holmes in an article on 'Hodson, of Hodson's Horse,' contained in the *National Review* for August, 1884. His view of Hodson is, on most points, substantially an agreement with mine.

had helped him in his plunderings, now, upon his death, not unnaturally helped themselves. But further, and, possibly, most significant of all, I am in a position to prove, on the authority of General Sir Henry Norman, K.C.B., as will be shown at length in the letter which I quote from him at the end of this Appendix, that Major Hodson, who had notoriously been in great pecuniary difficulties when the Mutiny broke out, was able, by the month of January 1858, to remit to a place of safety a very large sum, amounting to some thousands of pounds. General belief is not, of course, legal evidence, but, when supported by a certain number of undoubted facts, it gives a degree of certainty which amounts to legal evidence. Was there ever so universal a belief that an officer who, in other ways, was rendering such brilliant and much-needed service to all concerned, was so guilty in this particular, without good reason? Was there ever so much smoke without there being a fire to cause it? Military jealousy, and gossip, and the way in which gossip goes may account for this or that particular story, but it is certain that this accusation of wholesale looting is not lightly propagated by a large body of officers, some of whom may, possibly, have been not over scrupulous in this respect themselves, and who are themselves, therefore, liable to have a similar accusation retorted upon them. The rings taken from the Delhi Princes and the cow-house story do not, perhaps, go very far in themselves, but they show which way the wind blows, and, when supported by the undoubted facts and testimony which I have given, prove that the general belief was not without good foundation.

The version of the cow-house story given by Mr. Hodson is not, after all, so very different from that given by me. If Major Hodson captured from the luckless tribes near Delhi, in his raids, some fifteen hundred head of cattle, and, hearing the General exclaim that he did not know what to do with them, bought them from him, at the price of some four shillings a head, sent them, under the care of his troopers—who were, of course, the servants of the State—to Delhi, and then sold them for his own benefit at an enormous profit, he was guilty of an act which was not, perhaps, technically dishonest, but which no very honourable man would have done. If he could send them to Delhi for his own profit, he could have sent them there for the profit of the Government whom he served. His looting was indeed, in the strictest sense of the word, notorious. 'He was,' said Captain Light (a man who was highly distinguished in the Mutiny, and whose deeds are often referred to with admiration by Hodson himself), 'he was the most notorious looter in the whole army.' 'Poor Hodson, he must be killed in looting some day,' was the frequent exclamation of General Archdale Wilson before Delhi. 'Poor Hodson, we knew he must be killed in looting,' was the exclamation of many a civilian and many a soldier who knew him well, in different parts of India, when they heard that he had met his death at Lucknow.

But was Hodson killed in the act of looting or not? When I wrote the Life of Lord Lawrence, I stated, on what I believed to be unexceptionable authority, the independent testimony of three distinguished officers, who, if they were not eye-witnesses, had had at least considerable opportunities of learning the truth, and statements made in published books, which had never, to my knowledge, been contradicted, that he was so killed. The moment that I saw any reason to doubt that the charge was *literally* true I cancelled the words, and am very sorry that I should have been led, in perfect good faith, to write them. But when Mr. G. Hodson and his friends express loudly their horror and indignation at the charge, it seems pertinent to ask whether they have ever expressed similar horror at acts of plunder which were undoubtedly committed by Hodson during his lifetime. Has, for instance, Mr. Hodson ever expressed any indignation at his brother having taken the rings and armlet from the fingers of the Princes whom he had slaughtered and sending them to his wife? Has he not rather expressed approval of it? If a man is guilty of repeated acts of plundering during his lifetime, I am not aware that one act more or less, even if that act be his last, makes any serious difference in our moral estimate of him. That Hodson was not killed 'in the *act* of looting' is proved, I think, by a letter from one of the 93rd Highlanders, who says that 'no looting had been *then commenced*, not even by Jung Bahadoor's Ghoorkas.' The looting had not begun, because the killing was not over. But, on the other hand, it is quite certain, as Sir Henry Norman's letter shows in detail, that Major Hodson was not killed at his post of duty. He ought to have been at the head of his regiment, which was, at that very moment, engaged in a critical operation which could not properly be performed without him. In other words, he was in the place of all others where he ought not to have been and he was not in the place where, as a soldier, as an officer, and above all as a commanding officer, he was bound most imperatively to be. If poor Bisharut Ali deserved to be put to death by Major Hodson on a charge of desertion from his regiment, when he had been sent home invalided by his commanding officer, and was living quietly there, what did Major Hodson himself deserve?

It was well known in camp that the Begum's palace contained large quantities of treasure; further, I have the statement of a distinguished general officer, who is now in London, before me to the effect that he 'saw Hodson on his way to the storm, to which *his duty did not call him.* Behind him came an orderly with a large haversack, which could be wanted only for purposes of plunder. He was killed forcing open the door of what was then believed to be the treasure room. Every one in camp knew that Hodson had gone to plunder.' Once more, a Civil officer now in authority at Lucknow, Major W. Forbes, writes, in a letter which has been forwarded to me by Sir William Smith Marriott, to whom it was addressed: 'Hodson was a *mauvais sujet*; but Mr.

Bosworth Smith is mistaken in supposing that he was killed in the act of looting. If he had lived three minutes longer, however, he certainly would have died in the act. This I know on authority which cannot be disputed.' If I find a suspicious-looking character, against whom many previous convictions have been recorded, inside the area of my house on a dark night, armed with burglarious implements, I have no legal or technical right to say that I have caught him in the act of burglary; but any show of virtuous indignation on the part of himself or his friends, if I do say so, is at least somewhat out of place.

I propose to conclude this account, which I have been driven to undertake most reluctantly in self-defence, as well as in the defence of what I believe to be the cause of truth, of justice, and of humanity to our subject-races everywhere, by quoting from the mass of letters which have reached me, and which all tend in the same direction, four which, though they necessarily involve a good deal of repetition, have been written from very different points of view and throw scattered lights on various aspects of the case. The writers' names will speak, in great measure, for themselves—Sir George Lawrence, Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir Henry Daly, and Sir Henry Norman. The reluctance with which they —with which anyone would—come forward to state what they know, under such painful circumstances, is self-evident.

The first letter is from Sir George Lawrence, K.C.S.I., the eldest of the distinguished Lawrence brothers, the prisoner and the friend of Sikhs and Afghans, and a man who was regarded, by friend and foe alike in India, as a model of pluck, of generosity, and of chivalrous honour. He was, moreover, through life, devotedly attached to his brother Sir Henry, and was not therefore likely to be prejudiced or unjust to his brother's friend.

MAJOR HODSON AND MR. BOSWORTH SMITH.

To the Editor of the 'Daily News.'

Sir,—It has been brought to my notice that letters have been written to the 'Daily News' and elsewhere impugning the accuracy of the account given by Mr. Bosworth Smith in his Life of my brother, the late Lord Lawrence, relative to the character and career of Major Hodson. I knew Major Hodson personally and by reputation. He was sent up by my brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, to be my assistant at Peshawur. I sent him back as soon as I could. His proceedings connected with the building of the Lawrence Asylum at Kussowlie proved to me that he was not to be trusted. I have read carefully Mr. Bosworth Smith's narrative, and I do not think that he has over-stated the case with regard to Major Hodson's career. In expressing this opinion, I know that I am fully supported by those who knew Major Hodson most intimately in the Punjab, and had the best opportunities of forming a judgment on his character.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEO. F. P. LAWRENCE,
Lieut.-Gen. (Retired) Bengal Army.

20 Kensington Park Gardens, W.: June 8.

The second letter is from Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., formerly Brigadier-General of the Punjab Frontier Force, and the hero of a score of frontier fights, more recently Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army.

Lordswood, near Southampton: June 21, 1883.

Dear Mr. Bosworth Smith,—In reply to your note of the 15th inst., I feel bound to answer without reserve the questions you have put to me as to my estimate of Major Hodson's character.

I knew Hodson well, and, from my first acquaintance with him, was naturally drawn to admire the many manly qualities possessed by him to an unusual degree. Hodson was gifted and well educated, and had good looks and a good figure; he was also a good horseman, and his address was frank and attractive. As a soldier, he combined daring with judgment, and the men he led had confidence in him.

The above was his good side, and I am sure I have not over-coloured it.

The defect in Hodson's character was the distrust he inspired amongst those he was associated with in regard to money matters; and the common opinion held in the Punjab was that he was not clean-handed.

All the grounds upon which this general opinion was founded I am unable to state; but that such was the general opinion is, my memory tells me, quite beyond dispute; and I know of no other instance in which suspicion of the kind was attached to any other officer in the Punjab. If this judgment was the outcome of malevolence, jealousy, or prejudice, or any unworthy motive, why did the imputation prevail only against Hodson? I believe that everyone who has served in India will admit that an imputation of the kind is never lightly propagated, but, rather, that the Services are proud of the character they bear for integrity, and are jealous of the honour of their individual members.

Of my own personal knowledge, I am only able to state that Sir Henry Lawrence was most indignant with Hodson for the manner in which he kept, or rather failed to keep, the accounts connected with his (Sir Henry's) visit to Kashmere. Hodson went with Sir Henry as his assistant, and, amongst other duties, had charge of the accounts. I was at Lahore when they returned, and Sir H. Lawrence often made these accounts the subject of bitter reproach against Hodson because he could not get him to render them. How they were eventually settled I never became aware.

A public scandal was that of the accounts of the Guide Corps. These gave rise to much discussion at the time throughout the Punjab, and were the subject of a long Court of Inquiry, out of which Hodson came with discredit. When I was lying wounded before Delhi, Hodson occasionally came to see me, and he sometimes endeavoured to remove from my mind the unfavourable opinion he knew I entertained as regarded his connection with the Guide accounts. I always frankly told him that it was impossible for me to credit that he had been misjudged by the Court of Inquiry and by Sir John Lawrence, and that nothing he could say could convert me.

I am bound to say that Lord Lawrence had no opinion of Hodson's integrity in money matters. He has often discussed Hodson's character in talking to me;

and it was to him a regret that a man possessed of so many fine gifts should have been wanting in a moral quality which made him untrustworthy.

The only official in the Punjab whom I can call to mind who believed in Hodson's integrity was Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, the Chief Engineer, now Lord Napier of Magdala. I have, on more than one occasion, discussed this subject with him, and we each retained our own opinion.

In reply to your question as to whether Hodson looted at Delhi, I am constrained to say that, in my opinion, and in the general opinion of those I was then associated with, both he and his men were considered to have been prominent in doing so. In Major Hodson's camp was to be seen a miscellaneous collection of animals and conveyances of various kinds, and these could not have been brought together without his knowledge and sanction.

In answer to your questions as regards Hodson's treatment of the mutineers and rebels, I have no personal knowledge beyond what he himself told me and what I heard at the time from others. But the impression thus conveyed to my mind was that he was certainly severe, if not relentless, and that he considered himself justified in getting rid of such persons by summary execution.

It was certainly a time when men's passions were greatly inflamed, and when often the penalty of death or entire release was the only alternative, as it was not possible to guard, or to carry about prisoners; but I believe I am justified in saying that, according to general opinion, Hodson was less inclined than other officers to entertain scruples as to taking life.

I have answered your questions at some length, because it seems to me that the survivors of those times are bound to speak out when the accuracy of a character drawn in history is disputed. At the same time, I must confess my great regret at having to write in any sense in disparagement of a brother officer, who was, beyond doubt, an undaunted soldier, and a brilliant leader of Light Horse, and who, as such, was admired by the whole army.

Yours truly,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

The next letter is from Sir Henry Daly, K.C.B., who succeeded Hodson in command of the Guides, who made one of the most brilliant marches with his regiment ever recorded, from Peshawur to Delhi, at the outbreak of the Mutiny; who, when he himself was wounded before Delhi, protested, on the strength of his knowledge of what had preceded, against the re-appointment of Hodson to the Guides; and, finally, saw with his own eyes in one of Hodson's trunks, after his death, evidences of the looting with which he had been accredited, and a document, the possession of which—as Sir H. Daly's letter shows—was even more discreditable to Hodson than the possession of any quantity of loot. The document in question was also seen by Lord Napier of Magdala, who has, strangely enough, after this, given, in the new introduction by Mr. Hodson, a certificate of character to his brother.

. . . . I was not in India at the time the formal Court of Inquiry on Hodson

was held; it was so condemnatory that he was removed from civil, &c., employment.

Major Reynell Taylor, who succeeded in the temporary command of the Guides during Lumsden's absence, was directed (after the Court of Inquiry), at Hodson's instigation, to collect further evidence, &c. Reynell Taylor's papers were sent to Government. Hodson reverted to regimental duty with 1st Bengal Fusiliers; Lumsden, after resuming command for a short time, went to Kandahar (April 1857), on which I was appointed to the Guides—on or about May 7, 1857. A few days after I had been in command, I received a file of papers (Reynell Taylor's report), with a minute from Lord Canning expressing dissatisfaction, and directing explanations on many points of Taylor's writing.

This was sent to me by the Brigadier (Sir N. Chamberlain) under the authority of Sir John Lawrence. The papers I never read, but within an hour of their receipt wrote to Sir N. Chamberlain and Sir J. Lawrence, stating my inability to do what was required. I took the file with me to Delhi, placing it in the secret drawer of a small desk, known only to the Adjutant and myself. After I was wounded at Delhi, the command of the Guides fell temporarily to Hodson. On the day of the storm, September 14, I resumed command. After the fall of Delhi, I was called upon to return the file; the desk was searched; the file was missing. Hodson was asked; he replied that he knew nothing of the records during his tenure at Delhi. A few months elapsed, and the siege of Lucknow was in hand. I was with Sir W. Mansfield and Hodson, and in command of the Horse. He was brought in mortally wounded to Banks's house, where I was, and he died that night. I was at once asked by Sir W. Mansfield to take command of Hodson's Horse. I stipulated for freedom in connection with Hodson's affairs and his 'commission of adjustment.' This was accepted by the Commander-in-Chief, and I took command; but on the day I did so, remembering the missing file from the desk at Delhi, and having strong grounds for thinking Hodson knew, I went to an independent friend, whose tent was near, and begged him to come with me to Hodson's tent before the assembling of the 'commission of adjustment.' *In Hodson's trunk the file was found.* I forwarded this to the Government officer, still living, through whom I received it, describing the discovery, and suggested that Sir J. Lawrence's sanction be asked to leave the matter in silence. Sir J. Lawrence acceded to this suggestion, and so the matter remained till 1860, when, stung by the remarks in Hodson's Reminiscences, Sir John spoke to me about publishing the statement I have now made, the particulars of which are known to several still living.

The last letter I will quote is from Sir Henry Norman, K.C.B., for many years Military Secretary and Military Member of Council to the Government of India, afterwards Member of the India Council at home, and recently appointed Governor of Jamaica.

Steamer 'Moselle,' near the Azores:
December 7, 1883.

Dear Mr. Bosworth Smith,—Owing to press of business, public and private, consequent upon my having to leave England for Jamaica, I was unable, before

my embarkation, to answer your letter of November 3, in which you inform me that you have reason to anticipate an attack by the Rev. G. Hodson, in consequence of the remarks made in your 'Life of Lord Lawrence' on the conduct of the late Major Hodson, and you request me to answer certain questions.

I would rather keep silent than support charges against a gallant soldier long since passed away, who did much good service, and who was certainly one of the most enterprising and capable officers I ever met, and with whom, though never very intimate, I never had an unfriendly word.

But, without committing myself to a concurrence in all you have said respecting Hodson, I recognise that, in writing a Life of Lord Lawrence, it was difficult for you to avoid speaking of Hodson's career and endeavouring to remove what I and many others consider the wrong impression which the Rev. G. Hodson's account of his brother's service in India was calculated to produce with respect to the proceedings taken by Lord Lawrence when Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, which led to the removal of Hodson from the command of the Corps of Guides.

On the recommendation of the late Lord Lawrence, the conduct of Hodson was, by order of the Government of India, submitted to a special Court of Inquiry composed of officers of rank, the proceedings of which were aided by a Deputy Judge Advocate-General. After a long investigation, the Court submitted its report to Government through the Commander-in-Chief, and the result was that Hodson, who had been not only Commandant of the Guides, but also in civil charge of the Eusofzye division of the Peshawur district, was removed by the Government from his appointment and sent back to his regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Hodson's brother, the Rev. G. Hodson, in his book entitled 'Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India,' bestows the strongest censure on those who had any part in bringing about this punishment. He attributes his brother's fall to the hatred and jealousy of his contemporaries, and to the fact that Sir Herbert Edwardes, the then newly-appointed Commissioner of Peshawur, was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to him, and anxious to get rid of him from the charge of the Eusofzye frontier. Those who preferred or supported the charges against Hodson are styled his 'enemies;' and Mr. Hodson asserts that 'all that malice could invent or ingenuity distort was brought forward to give importance to the accusations.' He further states that, as long as Sir Henry Lawrence, to whom Hodson owed his appointment, remained in power, the action of his enemies mattered little; but that, he having been removed from the administration of the Punjab, those who effected his removal and now reigned supreme were not likely to look with favourable eyes upon one who, like Hodson, was known as his *protégé* and confidant, and had not, perhaps, been as guarded as, in prudence, he ought to have been, in the expressions of his opinion on various transactions.

This language is somewhat veiled, and is not accurate, but is evidently intended to assert that Sir John Lawrence, having managed to oust his brother from the Punjab and to become supreme, brought or supported false and exaggerated charges against his brother's friend Hodson in order to ruin him. Making every allowance for a brother's affection, it cannot be thought that such a grave charge as this made by Mr. Hodson could be passed over by any one

who aspired to write a complete Life of Lord Lawrence.[1] It is difficult to conceive a more odious accusation than that set forth in detail by Mr. Hodson, and, therefore, without expressing concurrence in all you have said respecting Major Hodson, I think it is my duty to answer, as far as I can, the specific questions put to me in your letter.

You have first asked me what are the true facts respecting Lord Clyde's letter to Mrs. Hodson, written on the death of her husband. That letter of condolence at page 353, according to the copy given in Mr. G. Hodson's book, says that he (then Sir Colin Campbell) attended Hodson's funeral in order to mark in the most public manner his 'regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under his command, and one whom he was proud to call his friend.'

I have the strongest reason to believe that Lord Clyde's letter did not say this. He felt much for Mrs. Hodson, and wrote her a kindly-worded letter of condolence; but, long afterwards, when he saw Mr. Hodson's book, he disclaimed ever having called Hodson or any one else 'the most brilliant soldier under his command.' Those who know how cautious Lord Clyde was in his choice of expressions of praise, will hesitate to believe that, even in a letter o condolence to the widow of an officer just killed, he would style the officer, however distinguished, 'the most brilliant soldier under his command;' but, apart from this, I have now with me a copy of Mr. Hodson's book, and I find that I noted, after reading the letter, that this expression was not in the original. Further, Sir Anthony Sterling, Lord Clyde's military secretary, who copied the letter for record, has written in the margin of page 353, 'This is a forgery,' and has signed his initials, which are still quite distinct. How far the copy given differs from the original I am not prepared to say, but that it does differ in the direction of exaggerating the praise given to Hodson I am pretty certain. If, however, my recollection and the note of Sir A. Sterling are both inaccurate, the original letter of Lord Clyde, which, no doubt, was retained, can be produced, and if it corresponds with the copy given in Mr. Hodson's book, the injurious impression that an inaccurate copy has been given to the world will be removed.

Mr. Hodson's high character as a clergyman and a gentleman render it impossible that he can have knowingly inserted a false document in view to increase his brother's fame, but, if the copy is not accurate, it rests with him to explain whether he ever saw the original before he published his book.[2]

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[1] General Reynell Taylor, I would remark, quite agrees with this view. 'I wish,' he writes to me, 'that the matter had not cropped up; but I do not see how you could have avoided it in the face of G. Hodson's previous attacks, and it was not feasible, I suppose, to notice it lightly.'

[2] In the most recent edition of Major Hodson's Life, which had not reached Sir Henry Norman when he wrote this letter, I observe that the sentence objected to by Sir Anthony Sterling, by Sir Henry Norman, and by Lord Clyde himself, has disappeared and has been replaced by another. In the former edition the sentence runs: 'I followed your noble husband to the grave myself in order to mark in the most public manner my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one I was proud to call my friend.' In the latest edition, the revised version runs as follows: 'I attended your husband's funeral

Your second question is whether I can give information as to any sums of money sent to Calcutta or elsewhere by Hodson after the fall of Delhi, and what is my opinion concerning them. It was very generally known that, before the Mutiny, Hodson was in want of money, and I am aware that, eight months after the Mutiny broke out, he remitted a very large sum, amounting to several thousand pounds. This remittance was, to the best of my recollection, made to Calcutta, but the facts of the remittance were as follows. Hodson's regiment, like most others at the time, was largely in arrears of pay, and, soon after it reached the Head-quarters' Camp at Futtehghur, in January 1858, Hodson came to me as Adjutant-General, and, having represented to me that his men were in distress for want of funds, asked for authority to draw a sum of money on account from the military chest. The amount he asked for was large, but I satisfied myself that it was within the sum then actually due to the regiment, so I issued authority for it to be paid.

Upon the officer in charge of the military chest submitting to me his next weekly statement of cash in hand, I was surprised to find that his balance had only been slightly reduced during the week, notwithstanding the large advance authorised for Hodson's Horse. The officer in charge explained to me that Hodson had taken the advance mainly, if not altogether, in bills, which, to the best of my recollection, were drawn on the Treasury at Calcutta. I was somewhat alarmed at hearing this, and at once instituted a private inquiry, which resulted in my ascertaining that, although the money had been taken by Hodson in bills, the men had received their payment in rupees. The conclusion I then formed was that Hodson had a large sum of money in his possession at the time he asked for an advance, that this money was his own property, and that he took advantage of this opportunity for remitting his money to a place of security. As the men had received their money, there was, of course, no fraud on them or on the public, and I had no reason for taking proceedings against Hodson; but the occurrence made a strong impression on my mind, and led me to believe that there was truth in the common belief in camp that Hodson had freely availed himself of the many opportunities for plundering which must have presented themselves to him.

My recollection as to the general facts of this transaction are quite distinct, but I am not sure whether the whole or part only of the remittance was to Calcutta,

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yesterday evening in order to show what respect I could to the memory of one of the most brilliant officers under my command.'

If an important letter like Lord Clyde's could be so tampered with before it reached the printer's hands, the question cannot but arise, as to what may not be the case with many other letters and statements in the book which were received with a shrug of incredulity, or even with a shout of derision, when they were first read in India by those who knew the circumstances of the case? For instance, the statement made on p. 159 of the old edition, that one of Hodson's principal accusers declared on his death-bed that he regretted his shameful conduct towards Lieutenant Hodson, was universally disbelieved by Lieutenant Turner's brother officers, who knew him to be a man of the highest character, and was attributed to Hodson's own invention. It too has disappeared, without note or comment or apology, from the last edition!

and I cannot say the exact amount. I believe, however, that the whole amount was sent to Calcutta, and the largeness of the sum quite startled me. It was, certainly, several thousand pounds.

The third question you put is as to the comparative importance of the report of the Court of Inquiry which led to Hodson's removal from the Guides, and of the report by Reynell Taylor which is supposed to exonerate him from the charges investigated by the court. I have never seen either report, although I heard a good deal about the Court of Inquiry which was assembled at Peshawur when I was Assistant Adjutant-General of that place. The Court of Inquiry was ordered by the Government of India on what were considered by that Government sufficient grounds to call for an investigation of Hodson's conduct. The Court was composed of three selected field officers of high reputation, and the proceedings were conducted by a trained Judge Advocate. I always heard that the investigation was very carefully conducted. The report of the Court went to Army Head Quarters, and after consideration there was transmitted to the Government of India, the result being that Hodson was removed from his appointment.

With regard to Reynell Taylor's report, I am ignorant who ordered this second inquiry, and I do not think that is shown in Mr. Hodson's book. Without a careful comparison of the two reports it is impossible to say whether exactly the same charges were dealt with in both inquiries, whether the evidence taken by Reynell Taylor would have been convincing to a Court of Inquiry, whether the witnesses were subjected to any sort of cross-examination, and, in short, whether Taylor's report did really and effectually dispose of the charges preferred before the Court whose report led to Hodson's removal.

No doubt it is in Hodson's favour that Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir R. Napier should have thought Taylor's exoneration of Hodson complete; but it is to be recollected that both of them were very favourably disposed towards Hodson, and that neither of them had any official responsibility in the matter. Nor is it at all clear that either of them had ever seen the proceedings of the Court which led to Hodson's condemnation. Nor does it appear reasonable that the opinion of one individual should overrule that of a very competent court which had before it the evidence of both sides and heard, no doubt, Hodson's cause put forward with that ability for which he was conspicuous. No more chivalrous and high-minded officer exists than Reynell Taylor, but I should think the unconscious bent of his mind would impel him to take a kindly view of the acts of a brother officer, and, at all events, until I saw some very good ground for it, I could not think that his verdict would have led the Government to alter their decision.

That Taylor's report was wilfully suppressed out of enmity to Hodson, as stated by Mr. Hodson, is to me utterly incredible. Hodson was not the man to remain silent when he knew that there was a report in existence which he considered would entirely exonerate him, and I am aware that only a few days before the outbreak of the Mutiny he received a reply to an appeal he had addressed to Lord Canning to the effect that, notwithstanding his past good services, the information before Government rendered it impossible for him to be again entrusted with responsible employment. I may add that when I heard this I remarked that,

whenever real difficulties arose, I was convinced that Hodson would come to the front again.

Your fourth question is as to whether Hodson had any business at the spot at which he met his death—that is, inside the Begum Kotee at Lucknow, after that building had been stormed by our troops on March 11, 1858. To this I am obliged to answer that in being there he was decidedly out of his proper place. No doubt when an attack is going to be made upon an enemy's position by a portion of an army, officers whose corps are not engaged or likely to be engaged, and who are off duty, often go to witness the attack, and, so long as they do not get in the way, are not likely to be found much fault with. The position of Hodson, however, was peculiar. He was in command of a strong regiment of cavalry, posted, as the one link of communication and investment on a line of several miles extending from the camp of the Commander-in-Chief to the position of the Alum Bagh. Lucknow was swarming with the enemy. The position occupied by Hodson's Horse was one of considerable importance, especially while an attack was in progress, such as that on the Begum's palace. Further, Hodson had, that very afternoon, received orders to shift his camp and move in closer to the city. At such a time, as commanding officer, he should have remained with his regiment. It appears, however, that, having given directions to his adjutant about the move, he said he would ride on and find a good spot for the encampment and be back in time to march with them. The regiment got ready and remained ready till it became so dark that they were forced to march without him. Mr. G. Hodson says that, hearing firing, Hodson found the Begum Kotee was to be attacked and rode to the place, where he joined Brigadier Napier, who, as Chief Engineer, was directing the attack, and accompanied Napier into the palace after the assault had been successfully delivered. It appears that he became separated from Napier, and that, looking into a dark room, it is said in search of concealed sepoys, he received a mortal wound. These main facts are probably accurate, but I must add that the Begum Kotee had been breached for several hours before the assault, that I believe it was no secret that it was to be assaulted that evening, and that it was supposed to contain much valuable property. This latter supposition proved correct, for, besides the plunder taken at the capture, a considerable amount of treasure was discovered, several months later, by the troops then quartered in the Begum Kotee. Without giving any judgment in the matter beyond my opinion that Hodson was decidedly out of his place when wounded, it is not to be wondered at if many who lamented the death of a gallant soldier did not hesitate to express their conviction that love of plunder had led him to that death.

Besides the specific questions you have put, you rather invite me to give a general estimate of Hodson's character. I cannot do this. I have heard various stories about him of a painful nature, but I cannot vouch for their accuracy or the reverse. I prefer to think that, besides being a gallant soldier and an accomplished man, he had many good and Christian impulses, as shown in some extracts contained in his brother's book. I never was on what I could call intimate terms with him, but, on several occasions, I saw him render a splendid service, and, on more than one occasion, I was able to befriend him. He has received high praise from various quarters, and I would gladly have never seen the reverse side of the

shield held up to the public. If that reverse side has been displayed by you, perhaps, in a more prominent way than was actually necessary, in your anxiety to vindicate Lord Lawrence's conduct towards him, this has been brought about by the brother who, in his zeal and affection for Hodson, was not content with painting him as one of the best of soldiers and of men, but thought it necessary to bring most serious charges against those who disapprove of Hodson's conduct, and, in the discharge of what they conceived to be their duty, brought about his removal from responsible employment.

I regret extremely the whole discussion; but if you are compelled to reply to Mr. Hodson, and think it essential to publish this letter, you have my permission to do so.

I am, yours faithfully,

H. W. NORMAN.

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